

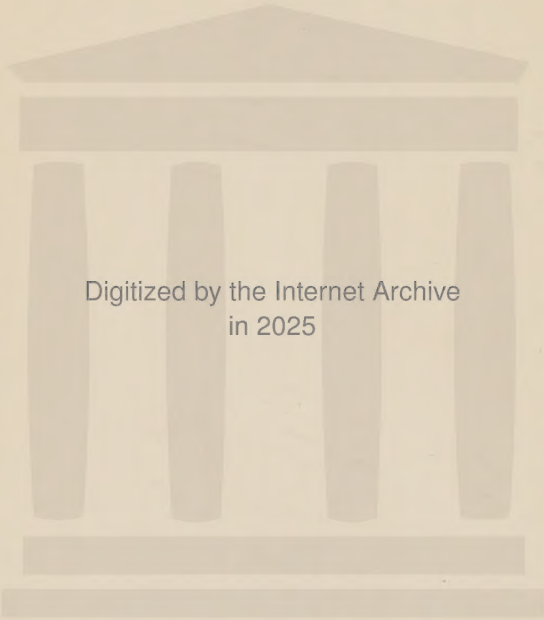
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BEETHOVEN:

A BIOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED BY

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FROM THE GERMAN OF

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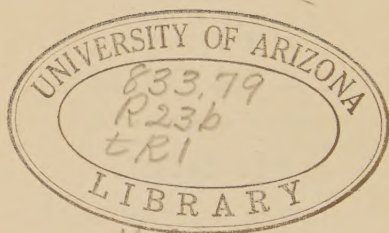
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H.C.

BEETHOVEN:

A BIOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE.

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

There is scarcely a more beautiful or more romantic spot on the shores of the Rhine than Godesberg, situated near the pleasant town of Bonn. The road leading to this charming hill, which is crowned with a magnificent ruin, runs through a rich plain, bordered on the right by a wooded mountain, at whose feet a multitude of little villages, in a long row, have comfortably nestled. On the left the Rhine rolls its silver, sparkling waves majestically along, while at some distance rise the strange forms of those seven mountain peaks which, a branch of the western forest, form the so-called Seven Mountains.

And what a charming prospect the heights on this side of the Rhine now offer! the broad, fruitful valley, the proudly-flowing stream, the forests and fields, the villages and farms, and, yonder, the magnificent Seven Mountains themselves, from all of whose summits the ruins of old castles beckon to the intoxicated beholder, like greetings from the old, long-buried times.

Do not saga and story weave around each of these ruins a magic veil of mist? Do they not entwine about them as the ivy, with its dark-green, clings to the decaying walls? And what does the Drachenfels say to you, as he rises almost perpendicularly from the stream, with his terraced vineyard, which towers above the shore like a colossal wall, and his castle ruins, which stand like the works of a sculptor? Does he not whisper to you the legend of Siegfried, who slew the dragon that made his den here?

Do not the ruins of Lowenberg greet you solemnly, telling you of the famous old race of the nobles of Heinsberg and their deeds, of William IV. and his cruel death, of the reformers Melancthon and Bucer, who for a long time found hospitality and protection behind these walls, then so firm and proud? And what a marvellous story of the beautiful Agnes of Mansfield, and the Elector Gebhard, do the breezes bring from over there.

It is really worth the trouble to listen to all these mysterious whisperings which the seven old comrades up yonder entrust to the breezes, and which these garrulously bring over to the solemn Godesberg and its proud crown of walls.

To Godesberg and its ruin a merry company was now on its way. It consisted of Frau Von Breuning, the widow of the Electoral Hofrath Von Breuning, with her two sons, Stephan and Christoph, and her daughter, Eleonore, an intimate friend of the latter, the lovely little Rosa, and the family friends, Ries, Wegeler, and Beethoven.

That there should be mirth among this little company was a matter of course. Frau Von Breuning was herself cheerful, and still young, and knew how to live with these young people who surrounded her. Stephan was sixteen years of age, Christoph and Ludwig Van Beethoven, fifteen, and the two girls were just entering their fourteenth year.

Only one older man, the worthy Chamber-Musician and Director of the Electoral Chapel, had, as usual, joined the merry circle. He was indeed counted almost a member of the Breuning family, whose comforter and adviser he had been since the death of the Hofrath. In the favorable seasons of the year, it was one of the chief pleasures of this family to take walks in the glorious surrounding country, for sensibility to the beauties of nature was natural to them, as, in fact, was receptivity for everything good and beautiful. These impulses proceeded from Frau Von Breuning. To her merry disposition she added strict moral principle and a well-rounded character, rare in a woman especially at that time, the last decade of the previous century, in which the corruption prevalent in almost all the German courts reacted so contagiously upon the masses.

Frau Von Breuning was also a remarkably practical woman, and loved to unite what was agreeable and useful with what

was beautiful and noble. Therefore, she always sustained in her home a wide circle of useful energies. She resolved that her children should find here what she found, and through this life of intellectual activity at home should escape from the devious paths without. A liberal culture was added to this youthful merriment.

The study of new literature was one of the pleasures of this circle. Both in summer and winter, they met regularly on certain evenings, when the writings of Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, and Herder were taken up. Even in their walks one such author was always present. When they had looked to their heart's content, some pretty little nook was chosen in which to pitch their camp, and, after a bodily refreshment, which the young people usually carried in their botanizing boxes, enjoyment was also provided for the intellect.

Music was not less a bond of union in this company. Frau Von Breuning was herself an accomplished pianist; Ries, the Chamber-Musician, excelled on several instruments; Stephan Von Breuning played the violin moderately well; while Christoph and Eleonore had already made fine progress on the piano under their friend, the talented young Beethoven. These were usually joined by two other young friends, Bernhard and Andreas Romberg, the first of whom was an admirable violoncellist, and the other played no less skillfully on the violin. These together made very pretty concerts, conducted by Ries, and made brilliant by Christoph Breuning's recital of original or selected poems. But the most brilliant star among them was without doubt the young Beethoven, who possessed a glorious musical talent, and had already in this circle distinguished himself by composition.* He was the son of Johann Van Beethoven, tenor singer for the Elector; but the father troubled himself little about the son. He led a dissolute life; and the mother, good as she was, could not always prevent disagreeable scenes. Ludwig grew to feel less at home in his parents' house than at the Breunings', and was soon treated there like a child of the family, and spent not only the greater part of the day but also many a night with them. Everything

* Biographical Notices of Ludwig Van Beethoven, by Wegeler and Ries, p. 9. Biography of Ludwig Van Beethoven, by A. Schindler, Musical Director and Professor, pages 18, 19.

there conspired to make him cheerful, and to develop his intellect,—all here loved him so well that they received even his morose and sullen demeanor with indulgence; and there was soon no one who could exert so softening an influence upon him as Frau Von Breuning, with her cheerful, sensitive nature. For example, when Ludwig, who was then a young man of fifteen years of age, and already considered a remarkable player upon the organ and piano, made no effort to conquer his repugnance to giving lessons, and behaved “like a bad-tempered donkey,”* how often was it that Frau Von Breuning, by gently reminding him of the hopes which his poor mother rested upon him, inspired him to the faithful performance of duty. Ludwig knew, too, what a friend he had in the Hofrath’s widow; he not only admired her clear, practical wisdom, but he loved and honored her as his second mother. Frau Von Breuning was proud of his love, for her womanly instinct enabled her to see in the young Ludwig Beethoven, in spite of his rough exterior, the decided talents of a great musician.

He was often morose and sullen, and, at times, fell into a fine frenzy, as she called it; but did not these objectionable qualities proceed from the consciousness of the struggling power of a Titan in a young man whose home education had been by no means favorable? He was sensitive and easily irritated; but did not this proceed from the extreme delicacy which characterized his whole mental organization? Many found the young man peculiar and even repelling. Frau Von Breuning saw deeper; she perceived in his eccentricities the sharp edges of an uncut jewel; she saw in them genuine originality; and, in his gloomy and reserved moods, she felt sure he was seeking the keys of an inner world which the unfolding spirit suspected but had not yet found. For his inner world Ludwig must be his own Columbus, but his friend could help him to find the true intellectual channel, and this she faithfully did. That he had a warm heart for everything beautiful and great she had long known, but she admired still more his stern morality, which could not tolerate the smallest thing bordering on coarseness. Through continued intercourse with herself and hers, she hoped to correct his clumsy and awkward bearing.

* Schindler, p. 23.

Today the Breuning family had taken a long walk ; and the glorious spring weather enticed them to go to Godesberg. The greater part of the distance was now behind them, and finding half way up hill, on a projecting rock, a beautiful spot which commanded a fine view of the Rhine valley and the Seven Mountains, they pitched their camp there. The young people produced the lunch and some bottles of wine from their botanizing boxes, while Eleonore and Rosa busied themselves with spreading a white cloth upon the grass and arranging their frugal meal. Fun and merriment were kept up all the while. The young people had applied to each other the names of the elves in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and had made bewitching little Rosa their Queen Titania. Each one now attempted to act and speak in the spirit of his role which caused much laughter, but Beethoven, as Puck, was not pleased with his part. Indeed, he was a little "extraordinary" again today.

Frau Von Breuning was about to propose that they should read something when, at a little distance, she perceived several peasants shading their eyes with their hands, and looking up into the sky. Involuntarily, the glances of the little company followed in the same direction, and now they discovered a scarcely-perceptible black point moving in a broad circle in the blue sky.

"A falcon !" cried Christoph.

"No !" answered the older Breuning ; "considering the height and distance the point is too large for a falcon."

"What else can it be ?"

"With what majestic pride he moves in those circles !" said Eleonore. "It must be fine to hover above the earth as he does."

"Yes," answered young Beethoven, "it must be truly divine. Oh, to have wings to fly toward the sun, far above the world and men !"

"Have you forgotten the legend of Dædalus and Icarus ?" asked Frau Von Breuning.

"No," answered Beethoven, seriously ; "but what is it to perish when one has looked into the shining face of the sun ?"

"I am of a different opinion," continued Frau Von Breuning. "Are we not here on this mountain height nearer to the sky and to the light, and do we not look out upon the broad

and beautiful world? But we have two other great advantages: in the first place, we feel firm ground beneath our feet; and, then, we are glad and joyous in the midst of creation, and can move among our kind. Up there, on that dizzy height, which not a sound can reach, the loneliness must be terrible."

"And for that reason glorious," said Beethoven, "for one is alone with himself, and hovers sublime, as a god, above the whole creation. When I look at that bird, as he soars, majestically and slowly, in the blue ether, it is as if some mysterious power were drawing me up and away to him."

At this moment Ries returned from the peasants, of whom he had been inquiring what was attracting their attention so unusually. It must be something remarkable, for a peasant does not watch such an every-day sight as a falcon.

"Well," they all asked, "what is it?"

"It is an eagle," answered Ries.

"An eagle? In this part of the country?"

"He may have flown here from Switzerland; this often happens; but the peasants know only too well that it is an eagle, for he has already carried off a large number of hens, geese, and rabbits before their eyes!"

"Then why don't they shoot him?" asked Eleonore.

"Probably they are like the Nurembergers," said Christoph, "they never hang a man till they catch him." Here he suddenly stopped, and, looking wonderingly around, cried "What has become of Ludwig?"

All eyes now sought young Beethoven. He had indeed vanished.

"He has gone to find a Dædalus," said Ries, "to glue wax wings on to him; he had a desire a while ago to fly to the sun. He has one of his rhapsodies again, as the mother calls them, but it is not fair to leave the company."

"No doubt, he will come back again soon," said Eleonore, excusingly.

"Well, let us leave him," said Stephan, "and read the odes of the glorious Klopstock;" and he began and read several of them with a rich voice, and such true appreciation that all listened with delight.

While Breuning was thus reading, young Beethoven, without knowing it, had approached much nearer to the top of the

hill. The eagle, hovering in the air, had awakened in him thoughts of greatness and sublimity until he had forgotten everything around him. How it pained the young man that he was not a Dædalus, not a Greek. The same, or a like success, might have been his, and his ardent soul thirsted so eagerly for greatness. But what has been, may it not be again? Ludwig thought of Lessing, of Goethe, whose fame was even then ringing through Germany, of Bach, Handel, Graun, Glück, Haydn, Mozart. Why should not he, too, like these, achieve a name which should have a right to go down to posterity? He was but fifteen years, and already known as a virtuoso on the piano, the organ, and the violin; yes, he had been already recommended by his patron, Count Waldenfels, to the Elector of Cologne, residing in Bonn, as organist and Chamber-Musician. Even in composition, he had already done well; and what power, what strong impulse, to be and to do far, far greater did he feel within himself.

While he was thus thinking, his mind turned again to the eagle, soaring so far above the world in his illuminated loneliness, and, all at once, it became clear to him that, if he would be truly great through music, he must live and act for this idea, and for this alone,—that he must esteem it above all else in life, above friends and kindred, above friendship and love, above riches, honor, happiness. He stood still, for an ice-cold chill ran over him. He had in thought had a glimpse of that soundless, lofty loneliness in which the eagle, great but joyless, was hovering, and it shook him as Mahomet was shaken when, according to the tradition, God laid his hand in blessing on his head. At the same moment, he heard a peculiar rustling and beating of the air above him; he looked up, and an immense bird, with outspread wings, passed over him, and alighted on the crown of the ruin.

It was the eagle which had descended from the heights.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

There are moments in the lives of men which, though they may appear accidental, and even trivial, seem to the mental

vision so powerful and prophetic that they have a decisive influence upon the future.

Such moments all great men have had, and are still having. Self-deception, imagination, and the too ardent reverence of followers in the earlier darker centuries, explain these moments as divine revelations. We know they are revelations from the man's own soul, which, in times of exalted activity, beholds itself in full clearness, and becomes conscious of its own destiny.

The young Ludwig Van Beethoven had just passed through a moment like this. Lost in such thoughts of future greatness as rush through the soul of every noble man, the swift flight of the eagle above his head had no less power to surprise than to electrify him. The conjunction of his thought with the strange appearance caused him for an instant to identify himself with the apparition.

Like a wonderful presentiment, the thought came to him, "That is the image, the symbol, of thy future," but this presentiment lasted but a second; then he was thrilled with holy awe, and nothing remained but a strange inspiration, which aroused all the forces of life, and called to him in the inmost depths of his soul, "Up, and become great, also, in thy calling;" and Ludwig sank into thought again. The world around existed for him no longer.

Leaning against the half-fallen wall of the ruin, he looked out fixedly into the distance. His eyes saw not, his ear heard not, but so much the clearer was the flashing and the ringing within him. Thoughts and purposes crowded upon each other, and, while he lost the outer world, a rich inner world was disclosed to his spiritual sight.

The development of such an earnest character in a young man of fifteen years was remarkable, but it was not new to Ludwig Van Beethoven. Many a time, with interest, had Frau Von Breuning noticed him in such a mood, and had rightly judged when she said, "This stern gathering up of the whole soul, and this communion with himself, are the heralds of a great future."

While he was leaning against the wall of the ruin, and gazing out into the distance, the Breuning family were preparing to continue their walk. The two girls took the table-cloth, the young men helping them, and, amid jests and laughter, put

it, with the remnant of their little meal, in their botanizing boxes.

Godesberg was not at that time of so much consequence as it is today, when the locomotive carries us thither from Bonn in a few moments. Now it is a small but elegant watering-place, with magnificent villas. At that time, it was a miserable little place, scarcely worth naming. Now, in our century of comfort, a beautiful, gently-sloping road leads to the ruin, where, in addition to the glorious prospect, a good hotel awaits the wanderer. At that time he had to climb wearily the wild, rough road; rocks and shrubbery hemmed him in on every side, and wild roses and blackberry bushes often teasingly threw out here and there their green, prickly arms; but in the conquering of these little difficulties lay an especial charm. The goal, wearily reached, rewards with redoubled enjoyment.

So the Breunings started for this goal, for this ruin. They knew that they should find Ludwig there, and Eleonore's sharp eye had soon spied out her young friend and teacher. She was on the point of communicating her discovery to the others by a joyful outcry when the company, at a curve in the half-fallen wall, came upon an interesting group. Stretched upon the soft moss lay a fine-looking elderly man; two quite young people, who were apparently twin brothers, for they were as much alike as two eggs, sat before him. Both had books lying upon their knees, and were drawing so busily that they did not notice the party as they approached. But the strangest thing of all was that while one of the youthful artists had his eyes directed toward the glorious Seven Mountains, the other turned his back to this wonderful prospect, and was evidently occupied taking a portrait of the sleeping man.

"Done!" he cried at length in triumph, so loud that the sleeper awoke, and, at the same moment, the latter sprang up, and, reaching out both hands to Frau Von Breuning, cried, "Frau Von Breuning, is it possible! what a delightful meeting!"

Frau Von Breuning was also greatly surprised, for before her stood her husband's best friend and the champion of his youth, the Elector of Cologne's worthy Counsellor of the Exchequer, Von Kügelgen, who, in former times, had spent so many hours and days at her house. Of course, she gave him a

joyous welcome. "But," she added, in her winning way, "how is it that I find you here? I cannot think that you have been in Bonn without visiting us."

"I should have done so tomorrow," answered the Counsellor, "for we intend to go into Bonn again this evening."

"What brings you this way?"

"The education of my sons," replied Herr Von Kügelgen, beckoning to the twin brothers, and introducing them,—“Gerhard and Karl. I am going to send them to the Jesuit school, in Bonn.”*

At these words of the father, Frau Von Breuning held out her hand to the two boys. It did not escape her quick sight that Gerhard's eyes moistened, and Karl looked down with a suppressed sigh.

"You do not like to be separated from your father," she said, gently.

The boys nodded their heads in assent, but the Counsellor said, "They have a greater grief; they would both like to be painters, since nature has given them fine talents for this art, but, after mature consideration, I have destined them for the study of medicine and the law."

"Why," asked Frau Von Breuning, "if their natural bent impels them to art?"

"No one can honor the true artist," replied the Counsellor, "more highly than I; on the other hand, mediocrity in art is the most miserable thing that can be; and how many arrive at perfection?"

"But does it not depend upon the attempt?" interrupted Frau Von Breuning, timidly.

"Which will cost the best years of life," cried the father, sternly, "and lead in the end to nothing profitable; then every other career is spoiled, the object of a man's life has failed, his character is distorted."

"Do you not judge too severely?" said the widow.

"No, no," returned Herr Von Kügelgen; "I know that a youthful, gushing fellow imagines himself a genius at the very

* Historical.—Gerhard and Karl Von Kügelgen, in spite of their decided taste for painting, were brought by their father in 1785 to study at the Jesuit school at Bonn. Notwithstanding this, Gerhard became in time a highly-esteemed historical and portrait painter, and Karl was not less distinguished as a landscape painter.

first success ; this pride of genius deranges his ideas of the value of things in the world."

"Can this be the case with all who consecrate themselves to art?" asked Ries, not wholly without a tone of reproach.

"God forbid," cried the Counsellor ; "I am speaking only of those who think themselves artists, and are not."

"The young people seem to find great pleasure in drawing," said Frau Von Breuning, and asked Gerhard and Karl for their drawing books. Both hesitated a little, but when their father nodded approvingly, they gave them to her.

And now the whole company, including Ludwig, who in the meantime had joined them again, crowded about the drawings. They were very pretty, and showed fine talents.

"At all events, we shall keep your sons in Bonn," said Frau Von Breuning. "Be assured that they will always find a second home in our house."

"I was about to beg this very favor of you," returned the Counsellor ; "in the circle of your family, I know that my children will be safely sheltered."

The old gentleman now passed on to reminiscences of happy hours spent in the Breunings' house, while the young people made each other's acquaintance. Only Ludwig remained serious and reserved. During the whole evening his thoughts were wandering in other spheres, and yet fate had here formed the germ of the beautiful tie which should unite all these youthful hearts for a whole human life. Thus does an apparent accident turn the destiny of mortals.

A magnificent sunset at length brought the company together again. The whole Seven Mountains shimmered in the Alpine glow, which was magically reflected by the Rhine, while in the west the sun sank like a queen behind the wooded hill. All stood for a long time in silent rapture. At last, Christoph Von Breuning cried out, "Is not that divine? who could write a more glorious poem than Nature has written here before our eyes?"

"You call this magnificent sunset a poem," one of the two Kùgelgens said timidly ; "then it is surely a poem of color and light, that is, a wonderful painting, for which God himself has mixed the colors and guided the brush. Words can never represent what we see here."

"And I," cried Ludwig Van Beethoven, "I call it a

triumphal song of creation,—a symphony of symphonies, a harmony of the jubilees of the whole world. The *allegro* of life has died away. In the gentle glow of the last sunbeam the sound comes up to us in plaintive tones, as in wonderful *adagio*,—a farewell,—a peace, peace ; but light clouds, borne by merry winds, play about the departing sun in a joyous *scherzo*, until, with the sinking of the queen of day, all the floods of the tone-world are opened and rise to a majestic *finale* in unspeakably-grand modulations. Oh, how it rushes and heaves and rings a jubilant unison of creation ! How the heart and head are filled even to bursting ! Ah, who could render a scene like this ! ”

“ In its whole fullness, truth, and grandeur, God the Eternal alone. But man can, and must, in poetry, painting, and music strive for like completeness in expression,” said a gentle voice, in an accent almost Austrian.

All looked around astonished. Behind them stood a man of middle height, strong and thickset, in a simple gray dress. Out of his large, blue eyes shone the unmistakable reflection of a noble soul. His expression was frank and attractive, his nose slightly curved, his mouth well formed, his forehead high. It was the Elector Maximilian Franz. He had taken a walk quite alone, as he often did, drawn thither by the mineral springs.

Arrived at the ruin, he found the company admiring the glorious sunset, and earnestly engaged in the conversation it had awakened. The expressions of the young people delighted him, and, with his usual sociability, he joined them. When he was recognized, he rejected all ceremonious attention. Ries, whom, as Director of his chapel, he often saw and talked with, introduced him to his friends. When Ries named Ludwig Van Beethoven, the Elector tapped the young man upon the shoulder, and said :—

“ I think the fine sunset of today will be a sunrise for dear Beethoven. I was pleased with what he said. I love a young artist full of ideals. That he is skillful I know from Count Waldenfels, who has recommended him to me as Court-Organist. Let him come tomorrow afternoon, at three o’clock, to my private office, and receive his appointment.”* With

* A. Schindler, p. 19. Wegeler and Ries, p. 12.

these words, Maximilian Franz bowed pleasantly to the company, and went on his way home.

Ludwig was greatly moved. Suddenly, several voices cried out, "The eagle! the eagle!" At this moment the bird flew up again from the pinnacle of the tower, and, by a powerful beating of his wings, raised himself once more to the heights of the heavens, which were now growing dark.

All looked toward him until he had vanished. Young Beethoven looked also; but, as the whole company now crowded upon him with congratulations, he scarcely heard what his friends said. He had no words, he only pressed the hand of each, and on the whole way home, however joyful or excited the young people became, he was silent, and communed with himself.

MAXIMILIAN FRANZ AND HIS COURT.

Maximilian Franz was the youngest son of Maria Theresa, an empress never to be forgotten. He was born on the 8th of December, 1756, and soon gave evidence that nature had endowed him with an unusual measure of valuable talents, clear-sighted wisdom, and a joyous temperament. All the care was of course given to his education which is fitting to a prince of his rank and station, while his father, Franz I., and his mother, Maria Theresa, instructed him by their example in benevolence and virtue.

The young Maximilian received his teachers' instructions deep in his heart and mind. Even in later years he loved to go back to his early days, and dwelt with delight on this bright period of his life. In his eighteenth year he went on a journey, and visited Germany, France, Holland, and Italy. Nothing of interest which these lands could offer in politics, science, or art could escape his eager thirst for knowledge, or his inquiring mind. He returned, therefore, rich in experience of all kinds, and became at once the favorite of the Court and of the imperial city. Everywhere he pleased and interested the people by his noble heart, by his acuteness, and by his modest behavior.

Maximilian Franz was a handsome man. He had the freshness and health of youth, and his intellect shone out in his expression, and love and earnestness in his eyes. He was also a most agreeable companion, owing to his many-sided knowledge and his unaffected cheerfulness.

Johannes Von Müller once said, "One learns from history not what is to be done in single instances, for all things are infinitely changed by circumstances, but the general result of periods and of nations. Fill with your whole soul the position assigned to you by fate. Let nothing appear to you so high that you cannot attain unto it, nothing so low that you may neglect it; then do duties become great, then does the man of genius obtain unfading laurels."

The government of Maximilian Franz was founded upon these principles. Accordingly, he effected in all branches of his administration the most healthful change, though he met at first with the most violent opposition. With the common sense which pervaded his whole conduct, the Elector of twenty-seven years went on unmoved in the path on which he had entered, and brought back to his country the strength and prosperity which had been sacrificed under the tyranny of former rulers.

Even the shady side in the character of this remarkable man grew out of his superiority. The consciousness of his capacities and of his good will often made him deaf to the wise counsels of the best men around him. It was therefore fortunate that his highest officers were wise men, such as the minister Von Waldenfels and his associates.

Count Waldenfels was a man of distinguished talents, a protector and patron of the arts, such as is seldom found. Music, in particular, he passionately loved, was considered a connoisseur, and could perform with much skill, while, as a generous patron, he was ready to support with delight every budding talent. Young Beethoven had in his hands the most striking proof of this, and even his present position of Court-Organist had followed upon the special recommendation and intercession of Count Waldenfels. Ludwig honored the Count as a father.*

Today, after a long interval, he was to see his benefactor

* Beethoven dedicated to him later the Sonata in C Major, Opus 53.

again, for Waldenfels had been travelling on government business during the two months since Beethoven had received the position of organist, and today young Beethoven was appointed Chamber-Musician at Court. He was just stepping out of Fürst street, through the great portal, into the castle when Father Ries, in company with a young man, turned the other corner. The Director greeted Beethoven heartily, and then introduced his companion to him as a young actor and singer, engaged since yesterday at the Elector's theatre.

"Lux is a splendid fellow," Ries added. "A year ago he escaped from a monastery, and tomorrow evening you will admire him as the best comedian in the world in Ditter's Doctor and Apothecary."*

"You seem," answered Ludwig, looking at the young man, "by no means fitted for a cloister life. The wag is plainly to be seen in your face."

"Who knows whether appearances are not deceitful? Don't rejoice too soon in my heroic deeds. But one thing is certain, if, for a single day, I have not been merry, I say with Titus, '*Diem perdidit*.'"

"But, do not people have a grudge against you for this strange leap from the cloister to the stage, and especially here at this religious Court?" asked Ries, as they were going into the castle.

"I care as much about that as a May-bug about natural history," and the dry seriousness with which he said it made both his companions laugh. Ludwig now took a closer side-view of the young man. His was a solid, somewhat small, but powerful figure, whose legs might certainly have been straighter. There was in his expression a mixture of the grotesque and comic, which forced an irresistible laugh from the beholder, even when his face was apparently grave. Lux had only to move a nostril or an ear, or to give a jerk to the corner of his mouth, and the gravity of a Philip of Spain would not have been proof against him.

This, however, was an introduction, a greeting, and nothing more, and Ludwig scarcely listened any longer to the conversa-

*Lux, afterwards celebrated as a comedian at Mainz and Frankfurt, whose bust for many years adorned the proscenium of the Frankfurt theatre, had actually escaped from a convent.

tion between Ries and Lux, which soon came to an end when they entered the concert-hall. This was a summer-house at the west end of the castle.* The large, elegant room, with its immense chandeliers and Venetian mirrors was still almost empty. Only here and there groups of gentlemen and ladies were standing or walking up and down in couples talking. The sight was new to Ludwig, but it by no means made upon him that impression which it would perhaps have made on any other young man. It seemed to young Beethoven as if he had been there a thousand times.

Great personalities have a balance-weight against imposing external impressions in the consciousness of their own worth. It was long after this that Beethoven became a great phenomenon in the realm of music. He was still young, and, although he was already an artist on the piano, the violin, and the organ, he was yet a novice in the musical world. He did not exalt himself in arrogant pride, but there was in him a consciousness of slumbering greatness which lent him moral courage, and exercised a controlling influence upon his surroundings.

Already there was something impressive in the appearance of the young man. His figure was thickset and powerful, like a young Greek, as the Frenchman said, "*Homme taillé à l'antique.*"† Indeed, he lived continually in intellectual relations with the Greeks and Romans as if he belonged to them. The freedom of thought of the ancient Greeks inflamed his youthful heart, and flashed out of his eyes, in whose deep, significant glance there was something wonderfully charming. His expression was not otherwise beautiful. There was an austerity which even the freshness of youth could not diminish. On the other hand, when one looked at him more closely, there was something regal in his lofty brow, shaded by a heavy growth of hair. Ambition in the noblest sense of the word was beneath, too much even of firmness, but also a powerful impulse to be and to create something great.

Such a character was of course not pleased with the atmosphere of the Court. He was not subdued by it, but the men who were accustomed to breathe there seemed to him horribly

*The same which now contains the museum of Westphalian antiquities.

†Alexander Oulibicheff: Beethoven, *Les Critiques et les Glossateurs*.

small. Could he have judged otherwise from what he heard and saw? Close in front of him stood two young noblemen, whose figures, dressed in the latest fashion, even to the smallest particular, and whose senseless faces would have told enough. Unhappily, young Beethoven was also obliged to listen to their conversation.

But the folding-doors of the main entrance now opened, and the Elector appeared, followed by the ministers Von Waldenfels and Von Forstmeister, and a long line of courtiers and cavaliers. The crowd, which had in the meantime made their way into the hall, fell at once into motion, and formed a living, sparkling hedge on both sides of a broad path.

Maximilian Franz bowed with his natural friendliness, and stepped slowly along the broad pathway, exchanging a few pleasant words with the ladies and gentlemen on his right and left.

After a quarter of an hour the concert began. It was excellently arranged by Kapellmeister Ries, and executed by the choir with surprising precision and skill. At the express order of the Elector, Ludwig Van Beethoven, with Ries and Bernhard Romberg, had played in an enchanting manner a trio by Pleyel amid universal applause.

When the performance was over, and the choir was about to go, the Elector sent for Ries and Beethoven. As they approached him, he stood with Waldenfels in a recess near the window. They were engaged in earnest conversation.

"Well, how does the matter stand?" asked the Prince. "Tell me everything frankly. He gives promise of great ability, but I must not, therefore, give the reins to his haughty spirit. The singer Heller, a member of the choir, has complained of him to me."

Waldenfels smiled. "It is not so very bad, your Highness," he said, "a stroke of genius, but it shows the great talent of the young man."

"I am eager to hear about it."

"You remember that the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah, which are played every year on three days of Passion Week, were to be repeated?"

"Certainly."

"The Lamentations consist, as your Highness knows, of short

sentences of four or five lines, which are not rendered in a distinct measure."

"I know, I know," said Maximilian Franz. "In the midst of every phrase, according to the choral style of ancient church music, there is a rest on one note, which the pianist should fill in with a free movement on the piano."

"That is so," answered Waldenfels. "Heller was appointed to sing. Your Highness may, perhaps, remember how intolerably conceited Heller is. He was boasting this time so loudly of his skill as a performer that young Beethoven, in jest, laid a wager that, in a certain place, he would put him out without his noticing it, but he would not be able to sing any more."

"That was promising much," said the Elector. "Heller is very sure."

"He took up the wager, for, in his pride as an artist, he considered the thing an impossibility."

"Well, and?"

"When Beethoven found the right place in the performance for carrying out his design, he led the vain singer, by a skillful modulation, out of the prevailing key into one quite remote from it, but keeping, meanwhile, the key-note of the former key always fixed, so that our young virtuoso, Heller, could not find his way in this unfamiliar region, and was obliged to stop. Your Highness can imagine the malicious laughter of the members of the choir, and the anger of the conceited singer, now so sadly humiliated."

"Certainly," returned Maximilian Franz, smiling. "The incident gives evidence of great talent, but he must receive a slight reprimand. Such jokes are out of place in office, and most of all in the church."

The Elector then beckoned to Beethoven. Ludwig obeyed without ceremony, made a somewhat angular bow, to the amusement of the courtiers, who were standing at a distance, and then looked up frankly at Maximilian Franz. This candid demeanor pleased the prince. One glance into that eye, at that lofty brow, convinced him that he was talking with an equal. The reprimand, therefore, ended very graciously, and Maximilian only forbade, for the future, similar strokes of genius.*

*Schindler; Biography of Ludwig Van Beethoven. Wegeler and Ries; Biographical Notes of Ludwig Van Beethoven. Coblenz, 1838, p. 14.

"Apropos," said the Elector, stepping up to Ries and Waldenfels, "you have all played nobly today. My brave old Ries may always be assured of my full appreciation. With you, too, young man, I have been satisfied. Whenever a place is open in my chapel, you may come in as Chamber-Musician."

Beethoven thanked him with joyful surprise.

"Are you still of the opinion that music is in a position to dethrone painting and poetry?" the Elector continued. "I think you said something of the sort when I met you a few days ago at Godesberg."

"Certainly," answered young Beethoven. "I am still of the same opinion. Harmony is the picturesque element in music, especially when it is represented in counterpoint. Independent forms stand near together, but with decided, opposite relations, each one supplemented and placed in its peculiar light by the other. Music has its pictured representations, which appear to the fancy as forms rich in color."

"But it is still inferior to painting," said the Elector, "since these pictures are not plainly to be recognized, and lack clearness of outline."

"But I did not say that music was drawing," replied Beethoven, embarrassed. "It paints, but with a splendor and wealth of color which make us forget the lack of a sharp contour. Is not an orchestra, in its musical activity, a wonderfully-true image of human life, made up of various powers, and stirred by changing moods?"

"He is not wrong," said Ries. "An orchestral composition, in which the voices come in in a lively manner, makes the composer, even without his intention, a painter of a stirring scene in life."

Beethoven went on, excited: "Cannot the musician, even without the help of the human voice, reflect with wonderful truth and depth the wrestling of his own soul; the change and the contrast of moods; the strife for strength and victory; the sinking back in despair and longing; the rising of the soul to blessed harmony with self, with the world, and with humanity? Thus he is, at the same time, painter and poet. A fine, resounding symphony is a painting, and also what a Pindaric ode is in poetry."

"Yes," said Max Franz, "our great Haydn has taught us what can be made of a symphony."

"Oh," cried young Beethoven, inspired, "glorious as the symphonies are which our great Haydn has composed, he will yet delight the world with still greater. There are yet other strings which may be struck."

"According to his opinion, a great future is in store for the symphony," said the Prince.

"Certainly, certainly," answered Beethoven, eagerly. "Of this I am convinced, that the symphony, by its massiveness and its universality, is more than any other form fitted for grand impressions, for charming and imposing tone-pictures. I even maintain that universality belongs to the symphony alone, and that for that very reason it must be regarded as the crown of pure, that is of instrumental, music."

"But may not that be a rash opinion?"

"Hardly, your Highness," answered Beethoven, firmly. "The symphony combines all voices; it unites the clear, sounding wind instruments with the more ideal organ. By this means the composer is able to create a picture of emotion, of life, in all its fullness and strength, stirred to its full capacity. I can conceive of a symphony which should present a complete picture of life as it stirs in the inner nature, powerfully revealing all its aspirations. Then, it goes out and takes within its grasp the great external world, with the pains and joys of humanity, and this no other form is able to do. Oh, if I could only express what I divinely feel within me! Like the ode, the symphony must be able to thrill the soul of the listener, to uplift him, to hurry him into the boldest flights. But great thoughts are also needed, varied and strongly-expressed rhythm, the sudden and striking modulation of a brilliant, fiery style which carries everything with it."

During this flow of enthusiasm, the beautiful blue eyes of the Elector had rested with admiration upon young Beethoven. "Bravo!" he said at length, joyfully patting Ludwig upon the shoulder. "It is right. He must grow into something with such views as these. But, to go back to the thread of our conversation. The musician cannot compare himself with the poet, for to the poet, above all, the whole spiritual world stands open."

"And to the musician?" asked Beethoven, with shining eyes and blushing cheeks. "Has not the musician also entire

freedom? Has he not an immeasurable domain into which the creation of worlds can never enter? All things twine themselves about the ideal conception of pure music. Yes, it has two divine beauties for one, the material, the acoustic effect, and the spiritual."

"Well, young man," said the Prince, "with such enthusiasm in my heart, even I might advance to the composition of a symphony."

"Ah," answered Beethoven, gravely, "that would be to exalt one's self in opposition to our glorious Haydn and Mozart. I feel a mighty impulse to emulate these great masters, who fill me with reverence and awe.* Yes, I will confess it, this impulse fills my whole soul, but I know how far from me this goal yet lies."

"It is true," said the Elector, "Haydn and Mozart, as artists in melody, harmony, and counterpoint, are indeed hard to reach."

"Yet, there must be progress in music. I would hazard my life to reach them some day," cried Beethoven, in his holy zeal, quite forgetting where he was. "My aim is their great knowledge of counterpoint, the beauty of their thoughts, the perfection of their works, and their irreproachable purity of taste."

"So may it be," said the Elector; "and that you may gain this goal, young man, keep your youthful enthusiasm, your fresh faith in the good of life, your power of imparting, and your ardent inspiration."

He bowed slightly to Ries and Beethoven in parting, and withdrew with Waldenfels.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

The Elector's interest in young Beethoven was greatly increased by this last conversation. It soon showed itself in a practical manner by the invitation to attend his musical *soirées*. Here the young man had the finest opportunity to

* Schindler; Biography of Beethoven, pp. 22, 24. Oulibicheff; Beethoven. p. 100.

display his eminent talent, and to prove to the Prince his usefulness and ability.

It often happens that an occurrence, insignificant in itself, draws after it important consequences, and an event otherwise unworthy of notice gained the favor of the Elector, so that Beethoven, though only fifteen years of age, had no longer to wait for the appointment of Chamber-Musician.

The Prince loved Pleyel's compositions. One evening he brought with him a trio by this composer, which was quite new, and asked Ries, Bernhard Romberg, and Beethoven to play it *prima vista*. Of course, they hastened to gratify, to the best of their ability, the wish of their exalted patron. but, in the second part of the *adagio*, the artists did not keep together. This had never happened before, but they played on, notwithstanding, with so much spirit, and with such great presence of mind, that they came out well and in good time at the end.

The Elector admired this work of Pleyel's, but when the separate parts were examined, it was discovered that, in the part for the piano, two measures had been omitted. Beethoven had extricated himself from this difficulty in a masterly manner. A week later, as has been intimated, he was appointed Chamber-Musician to the Elector of Cologne.

But how his ambition, his almost unbridled desire to create for himself, despised these promotions. A strange unrest took possession of him. It was the impulse to grasp, to arrange, to bring to light the musical ideas which were fermenting and storming in chaos within him, yet they still lacked that maturity which could make possible their birth in instrumental expression, and prepare for the soul a feast of victory.

He who understands such a sensation knows how painful, how narrowing, how depressing, it is; how this seeking and not finding disturbs the mind and excites the nerves. No man was ever more sensitive to such impressions than young Beethoven; what was worse, they often changed in him into ill-humor, making him passionate, hard, and repelling.

Now came unpleasant domestic scenes, caused by his father's dissolute life, wounding, as with a sword, his natural delicacy of feeling. Ludwig's father was Johann Van Beethoven, who united to fine musical talents a frivolity so unconquerable that his good qualities disappeared beneath it.

He loved his wife truly, and she certainly deserved it; nevertheless, domestic peace could never find a home in the Beethoven family, for Johann Van Beethoven, by his dissolute and extravagant conduct, was always giving fresh cause for reproach. His poor wife scarcely knew how to get along with her three children, in her straitened circumstances. Ludwig, it is true, now began to be independent; but could he afford to continue his musical education? Karl and Johann were mere boys of nine and eleven years, who, by their wildness, and still more by their want of ingenuousness, gave their mother much anxiety. Naturally, the poor mother's heart clasped Ludwig to itself with redoubled affection. He was his mother's hope and comfort, for, like Frau Von Breuning, she did not fail to recognize the precious kernel which reposed in this rough shell. But she discovered also, greatly as it pained her, that Ludwig felt more at home in the Breunings' house than in his own family circle. The perpetual struggle, the oft-recurring scenes of dissipation, naturally repelled the young man, so delicately attuned, so sensitive, so refined.

Such a scene had taken place today. Returning home, after a night of revelling, excited by wine and losses, Beethoven had raved at his wife and children, like a madman, till his wife sank down, wringing her hands and bursting into tears. Karl and Johann had embraced her, crying, and Ludwig had run away in utter despair. Ludwig's unhappiness knew no bounds. Angrily, he collected himself, and, in order to escape his painful feelings, threw himself with close reserve into the high waves of the musical world within him, which were ever surging.

He was sitting now in the Breunings' house, his only refuge in hours like this, storming out at the piano, in wild fancies, his pain, his eager desire. How the music surged and roared, like forest brooks, as, wildly foaming, they throw themselves with gigantic force over cliffs and rocks! how, by marvellous turns, it revealed magnificent harmonies, the deep, mysterious sanctuary of art! What a mirror of his emotional life it was! In tones, now gentle and heavenly, and now infernal, joy and sorrow, pleasure and displeasure, met and engaged in conflict, like light and shadow, like angels and demons.

If it is true that the genuine artist must be a man "wholly

permeated by the Eternal," Ludwig Van Beethoven here made known his genuine artistic nature. He projected his own subjectivity into the element of universality, into the struggles and pains of all humanity, and when his feelings were exhaling and dying away in tones and accords, he felt no longer like a personality. He rose into harmony with the great eternal fate which controls the world and humanity.

Frau Von Breuning listened with amazement. She had never heard Ludwig play so. The work with which she was sitting at the window sank into her lap; her heart beat violently. She could have embraced Ludwig as her own son, but she did not venture to interrupt him.

Little Eleonore and little Rosa were present also, but, without Ludwig's suspecting it, they stood in the doorway, holding their breath and listening, but their young teacher neither saw nor heard them now. The tones flew up as if by magic from beneath his fingers, devouring each other, now apparently wild and confused, now gentle and soothing, like sounds from other spheres. A full hour must have passed in this way. It struck eleven o'clock. If Ludwig had heard it, he would surely have sounded a piercing discord, for, with this stroke, the empty, common-place encroached upon the ideal world which encompassed him: at eleven o'clock he had to give a lesson at the house opposite, where the Austrian ambassador, Count Westenphal lived. But what thought had he of time or of lessons? His double must remind him. Frau Von Breuning never lost sight of the practical. She rose, therefore, though unwillingly, stepped behind his chair, tapped Ludwig on the shoulder, and said, pleasantly, "Ludwig, it is eleven o'clock; you have a lesson to give." A cloud passed over the young man's brow; he nodded, and went on playing. Five minutes passed, then Frau Von Breuning tapped him on the shoulder again, and whispered, "Dear Ludwig, the Countess is waiting. Do not forget your duty."

Beethoven paused. There was something almost wild in his expression. He passed his hand angrily over his brow, and cried, "This confounded teaching! I cannot, I will not now."

"You will not?" repeated Frau Von Breuning.

"I beg you," said Ludwig, at last, coming to himself. "In the mood which I am in at present, it is an abomination, an

impossibility, to me to give lessons, especially to that silly old Westphal."

Frau Von Breuning laid her hand on his head, looking at him with her clear, wise eyes, and said, "The good man has always the time and the will to fulfill his duty. Think of your good mother, Ludwig. She hopes in you as her only support."

Ludwig rose, took his hat, and, with a curt, hard "Adieu," went out of the door. Anyone who had not known him well would have been frightened at his dreadful expression. Indeed, Eleonore and Rosa were frightened, but Frau Von Breuning only said:—

"Yet, he is a good man. When the rough shell shall some day be stripped off by fate, it is to be hoped that the precious kernel will come to light all the more beautiful."

In the meantime young Beethoven had left the Breunings' house, but obstinacy was struggling with his better convictions. He could not bring himself to go straight across the street to the Count's house. Walking on slowly, he took a long and indirect course. All who passed him were frightened. At last he forced himself as far as the house; he had even grasped the door-knob; then a wild thrill ran over him: "No!" he cried, obstinately, stamping with his feet, "I will not,—I do not like it,—I cannot now;" and, as if the evil one were pursuing him, Ludwig ran away, "like a bad-tempered donkey."*

This human nature is a strange thing, with its sublimity and its weakness. We call ourselves free, and the chains of our passions never cease to clank, not even with the best of us, but we are free only when we succeed in subduing all our impulses to the rule of reason.

Ludwig was not yet at the age when the complete conquest of himself could be expected. Indeed, with him, as with all strong natures, it was a question whether he would ever attain to it. So, yielding to his mood, he stormed on at will.

Above Poppelsdorf, a place lying close to the castle Clemensruhe, said to have derived its name from the Roman villa of one Publius, rises a chain of mountains, at whose feet is a steep hill, called Kreuzberg, still crowned by the remains of a convent with the church belonging to it. From Poppelsdorf three

* A. Schindler, p. 23. Wegeler and Ries, p. 18. Oulibicheff, p. 58.

roads lead up the mountain to the sacred places, which are visited by large numbers of people, especially on holy days. One is a winding path, on which is represented in pictures the Passion of Christ. The other, by the side of this, is a broad, paved road, artistically laid out between rows of pines. The third goes off at right angles, half way up the newly-built road leading to the Ahr. Without consciously turning in this direction, Ludwig had struck into the first of these three roads.

In the stillness, he lamented his stubbornness, but from obstinacy he would not confess this repentance even to himself. As men do, he laid the blame upon fate, and was indignant with the power which, through his painful domestic circumstances, put him so often in an irritated mood. Thus he reached the top of the mountain.

How beautiful the world lay here before him. Above the wooded line of the nearer chain towered the summits of the Seven Mountains. Down the Rhine, far away on the horizon, rose in faint outlines the towers of the ancient city of Cologne. From the plain opposite the village and castle of Poppelsdorf sent up a kindly greeting. Then the eye passed on beyond the lofty city buildings, which covered the mirror of the Rhine, to the places on the opposite side, with their towers, monasteries, and churches, and on till the little city of Siegburg, with its ancient convent of St. Arno, completed the prospect as with a soothing accord.

Even Ludwig grew calmer here. The effort of climbing had checked the exuberant strength of youth. The repose of the outside world was reflected upon the inner nature. The keen, pure air refreshed him and cooled his hot blood. Ludwig perceived his fault, but to confess a fault to one's self is not yet improvement, it is often nothing more than the wish to forget it. Only the examination of a fault gives the strength to avoid it in future. Ludwig had not so far conquered. He looked out defiantly into the glorious prospect, but the ever-echoing discord made him soon forget it. Without being aware of it, he went on thoughtfully toward the convent.

In the year 1627, on this most beautiful spot, the Elector Ferdinand had laid the foundation of a church. A convent of the Lay Brethren was added, and the two soon rose to completion. At this time the convent was still standing in a per-

fect condition. The facade of the east end of the church was built in a remarkable manner. The portal, rich in architectural ornaments,* was in imitation of the palace of Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor.

In the centre of the balcony stands a statue of Christ, with the purple mantle and the crown of thorns. Behind him are seen marching servants of the Roman Court, and, on the left of the main group, the soldier guiding them. On the left of the sufferer stands Pilate himself, in the act of directing the people assembled below to the persecuted one. Inside the building is a stairway of twenty-eight steps, in imitation of the sacred stairway at Rome, and also of that at Jerusalem.

Striking as all these things were, young Beethoven, to whom they had long been familiar, did not notice them. He passed them by in a meditative mood. He was thinking of his future. He never felt more keenly than today the necessity of tearing himself away from his depressing family circumstances. The future had never seemed to him blacker. Whence could he procure the means to continue his musical education, which he greatly needed, especially in the direction of counterpoint? Following the impelling power within him, he wished to rise to the clear heights of the classics, from which, like golden stars, the names of Haydn and Mozart were shining upon him. These were his idols in the realm of music, as Plato was his ideal in the realm of life. But how could he reach these great men,—the former, if all possibility of high culture was cut off from him, the latter, if the surging of his passionate nature annihilated again and again that repose which so greatly distinguished Plato, and made of him the true philosopher? Sunk in deep thought, he followed, without looking up, the arched way into which he had accidentally turned.

“Oh, if we could only cast one glance into the future!” he said to himself, half aloud. “Do you really wish to lift yourself above the level of the commonplace? And what will your future be?” he went on thinking. At the same moment he uttered a cry.

“Oh, dead among the living!” he cried, horrified, for, without being aware of it, he had passed into the crypt of the church,

* This is still to be seen.

where the well-preserved corpses of many convent Brethren, long since deceased, gazed at him, cold and dread.

"Dead among the living !" he repeated, trembling.

"Or living among the dead," answered a sweet voice near him. "It only depends upon how one takes it."

Ludwig looked around, and saw at his side a charming girl. She was a beautiful, light blonde. Her figure was not large, but very graceful. Her expression indicated intellect, the mild glance of her pretty blue eyes, sweetness of disposition. Her dress betrayed the fact that she belonged to the upper classes, and, at a short distance from her, guided by a monk, was a large party of ladies and gentlemen looking at the wonders of the place.

Young Beethoven was agreeably surprised by this apparition, and, at the same time, so confused that he found at first no words to reply. But the young girl said, sympathizingly, "The horrible sight seems to have struck you too unpleasantly."

"Only because it surprised me in thoughts to which it seemed an unwelcome reply," Ludwig answered. "I have known the place for a long time."

"Then why did the sight surprise you? and why do you not avoid it?"

"Because I came here absorbed in thought. I probably saw your company enter, and followed involuntarily."

"Those must have been deep thoughts indeed," said the girl, smiling; and this smile lighted up her pretty face so bewitchingly that Ludwig could not turn his eyes away from her, but blushed deeply.

The little blonde noticed this, and a slightly scornful expression passed over the corners of her mouth, but since she was glad by meeting him to be turned away from the terrible impressions which the tomb and its contents had made upon her, she continued the conversation by asking:—

"What were you thinking about?"

"About my future," Ludwig replied, growing serious. "I had just put to fate the question concerning it."

"Which, by your outcry, you answered badly."

"Why?"

"Because we, here, are not dead among the living, but living among the dead. Shall I explain to you this word of fate?"

"Yes," said Beethoven, for he was thinking that no more beautiful lips could do it. But he had not the courage to utter these words. He thought they would sound like flattery, and that his frank soul abhorred.

"What is your profession?" asked the girl.

"An artist," answered Ludwig.

"Indeed? what kind of an artist? painter, poet, musician?"

"Musician."

"Then you see that one need be no sibyl in age or wisdom to explain this word of fate. The artist, especially the poet or musician, often preaches to deaf ears. He lives in his art, while the world around him, which has no comprehension of the sublime, is, as it were, dead."

Ludwig was forced to smile. "You are very kind in your explanation; but I really do not know what would be worse than to be dead among the living or living among the dead."

"I think we must feel that here for ourselves," said the pretty blonde, smiling, for she wished to suppress the slight shudder which came over her at these thoughts. "But must I stay here?" she said, almost angrily; "those people may be told the uninteresting names of every one of these saints, and listen to their history. I prefer life to death, and outside is the fullness of life, and a glorious prospect besides. Will you be so kind as to show me the way back?"

"Very gladly," said Ludwig, who was also longing to go out, and he went forward quickly.

Both the young people drew a long breath as the blue heavens smiled again upon them, and they were penetrated by the keen, fresh mountain air. With a double pleasure they now looked out into the magnificent distance, and listened to the song of the birds. It seemed to them both as if they had risen from a severe illness, or awakened from a painful dream. Fortunately, the company came up to them at this moment.

"Well, Jeanette," said a well-dressed, elderly gentleman, "you escaped us."

"Yes, father," answered the person addressed, as good-natured as she was unembarrassed, "for I like it better out of doors with God's free nature than with your dreadful mummies."

"Be quiet, Fraulein," cried a young lady in derision, "you were afraid."

"No," she answered, "but why should I receive an impression which is repugnant to me? Besides, father," she added, turning again to the old gentleman, "I met a young artist who felt as I did, and who kept me company." With these words she turned around, but Ludwig had disappeared.

"Why, he has gone," she said, almost sorrowfully. "I should have liked to introduce him to you."

The company now sat down to a table, which the monks had arranged in the meantime, in front of the convent, and had richly loaded with eatables.

Ludwig did not reach home till toward evening. His mother sat at the window with her eyes red from weeping, looking out sadly into the falling darkness. Anxiety for her husband and for her children's future weighed heavily upon her.

All at once she felt that an arm was thrown gently about her neck, and a kiss was burning on her cheek. It was Ludwig, her only joy and pride. How she clasped him to her faithful heart! How she wept out her grief upon his breast! How her son's wise and loving words comforted and calmed her! The two sat together till the moon rose above the Rhine and its gentle beams poured repose over the slumbering world, and into their hearts.

When Ludwig went to bed, he resolved to give two lessons the next day at Westphal's, and to leave off two things,—his opposition to giving lessons, and his obstinacy. The purpose was good if, with us human creatures, it was not always the old story, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." If only that great man had not been right when he said, "We are the sport of every breath of air."

LIFE AND ACTION.

The life in the Breunings' house was growing daily more beautiful. It seemed as if a happy chance was to collect there the disciples of all the arts with their youthful aspirations. At least, music, painting, and poetry were now represented.

The first by the whole Breuning family, by Ludwig Van Beethoven, Ries, Wegeler, and the two Rombergs; painting by Gerhard and Karl Kügelgen, who, besides their company, practised their favorite art industriously; and, finally, poetry by Christoph and Stephan, the sons of the house.

Frau Von Breuning perceived this happy conjunction with delight, and made such a use of it as was inspiring and entertaining for the young people.

"You must form a little Academy of Arts," she proposed one evening, when the young people were gathered about her, each contributing something to the general amusement. The idea kindled quickly; first with the ardent Stephan, and then with the others. Two evenings in the week were immediately fixed upon, when they should meet and arrange some formal entertainment, according to rules to be made later. Every month a larger performance was to take place, to which a small number of friends were to be invited. Besides music they must have poems and exhibitions of drawings, in which the two Kügelgens, Rosa, and Christoph Breuning were to take part. Father Ries received the appointment of superintendent and director, and as such was to report, at meetings to be held quarterly, the industry and progress of the young men and women of the society.

Frau Von Breuning reserved to herself the privilege of presenting a prize each time to that member to whom Father Ries might give the preference.

It was delightful to observe the zeal of these gifted young people. There was pleasure for them all in studying and practising; a much greater one, of course, in executing. They did not work merely mechanically. Beethoven and the two Breunings came out independently as creators, the former by composing pretty pieces for the piano, the latter by the production of both serious and comic poems.

An increase was also in store for the little academy. The Counsellor's widow received a letter about this time from the family of a dear friend Herr D'Honrath, from Cologne. They were on a journey to Frankfurt. On the way back, they promised themselves a short stay in Bonn; and Jeanette, the only daughter, and a dear friend of Rosa and Eleonore, was to remain a few weeks at the Breunings'. They all rejoiced, for

their expected guest was beautiful, talented, and amiable. Ludwig did not know her, nor did he prize the opportunity of knowing her. He was graver than ever, and did not admit that this little academy, which had originated in jest, had any other value to him than that of a new inspiration to accomplish something still better, and to surpass all others in a technical and creative direction. But he was extremely well-contented in this stirring, pleasant circle, and as they all loved him, in spite of his often morose and repelling behavior, and his many eccentricities, he could not close his heart to these good people; though, since his encounter with the pretty blonde at the Kreuzberg, the pleasant picture of the beautiful girl was enthroned in a quiet corner of his heart.

He scarcely confessed this to himself, but his dreams, his little compositions, the tones flying up from under his extemporizing fingers, told more than his inmost self. He longed for something, and did not know clearly how to designate that something. Now it seemed to him as if it were honor, fame, the opportunity to pour himself out in great musical creations. Sometimes he was vexed with himself, and cursed the day when he had seen the girl, for it was her image that usually called forth in him this mood so alien to his nature. This new activity in the Breunings' house was, therefore, quite right for him, but one thing frequently put him out of humor. This was the entrance of a young Austrian recruiting-officer into the family circle, which had grown so dear to him.

Herr Von Greth was descended on his mother's side from a very good family, and some supposed that his father belonged to the upper circles. However that might be, in Bonn and in the Rhine country, nothing was known of it. Captain Von Greth had appeared to the Archduke Elector with recommendations from the Court of Vienna, and had been kindly received by him. He also gave him an introduction to the house of Count Westphal. Here he often met Frau Von Breuning and her sons, and thus friendly relations were soon established between him and the family. Young Captain Von Greth was a fine-looking, cultivated man. At least, in the refined society in which he moved, he proved that he could be so. But this oily behavior in good society, and his wild conduct in lower circles, offended Ludwig's delicate sense of propriety. Even at that

time one of Ludwig Van Beethoven's most prominent characteristics was a sublime purity of soul, above all reproach.

In this Plato was his ideal, and, like him, he regarded morality as the highest good, itself an end, for whose sake all else must be done and desired. The appearance of the young officer, therefore, had a painful influence upon him, chilling his soul, like the approach of an immoral man upon a somnambulist. He said nothing of this either to Frau Von Breuning or to the captain himself, for, in his austere way, he avoided him whenever he could. In vain did the Counsellor's widow seek to mediate between them. An instinctive antipathy overcame with Ludwig all reasonable arguments, and, in fact, after Frau Von Breuning had a knowledge of Greth's double character, she was not in very deep earnest. She only endured the young captain herself because, for propriety's sake, she could not turn him off.

On the other members of the Breuning family Herr Von Greth made precisely the contrary impression. His rank, his beauty, his early career, his checkered character, and the confidence with which he kept up appearances, all these things made an impression. When he entered, with his proud bearing and soldier's dress, twisting his moustache, his black, curly hair slightly powdered, his dark eyes sparkling with a military boldness, and yet the pliability of a man of the world, everyone was compelled to admit that there could scarcely be a finer young man. There was something fascinating about him, and the prudent Frau Von Breuning would have acted more cautiously if Eleonore and her friend Rosa had not been children.

Besides, in these visits one could but give the young captain credit for extremely-refined behavior. These visits were rare, and in fact had almost wholly ceased of late, much to Ludwig's satisfaction, who now went with especial pleasure to the house, which had grown to be almost like the house of the old times.

The summer was drawing to an end when Ludwig Van Beethoven went as usual one evening to the Breunings' garden, where, during the pleasant season, they used always to assemble. Here, in the spacious arbor, the little meetings of the academy were held; here many a beautiful festival had uplifted and inspired their youthful hearts, and no festival was really

needed, for, as the Breunings' house lay close to the Rhine on the Old Turnpike, the prospect, beautiful as a paradise, was sufficient to fill with rapture every receptive spirit. Goethe himself said of this prospect, "It is so enchantingly-beautiful that one can scarcely resist the attempt to describe it in words."

There the glorious Rhine rolls on, bearing upon its proud bosom ships of every kind. Down the stream lies the city, above whose gables and roofs rises the bell-tower of the Minorite church and the solemn walls of the convent. Then the eye glides swiftly down to the glistening mirror of the stream until the projecting shore on the opposite side limits the view. Here wonderful forms seem to rise from the waves; they are the shades of the ambassadors of the German kings, Heinrich I. and Charles of France, who, once upon a time, here, in the midst of the free Rhine, formed a solemn alliance. But only for seconds do these memories hold the inward vision, for the outer eye flies quickly over yonder to the beautiful ducal hunting-castle, Bensberg, and the rich Benedictine abbey, Siegburg. Up the stream, following its winding course, the majestic crown of the Seven Mountains, that Alpine chain along the Rhine, spreads itself out in magic beauty, and, on the right, the proud ruins of Godesberg and Rolandseck look down from their heights, grave and thoughtful.

"There can be no more beautiful spot along the whole shore of the Rhine," Ludwig cried out today, as the landscape, so often seen, yet never growing old, lay stretched out before him in the evening glimmer. He remained a long time in silent introspection, breathing the pure air which was blowing up from the stream, and leaving the grand impression which this prospect always made upon him to have its way.

He did not perceive that he was observed. Not far from him the faces of three young girls, one fresher and rosier than the others, were looking out from a thicket on the edge of the garden. "That is he," one of these lovely listeners said at length to the curly-head which popped out near her, like a cupid from the luxuriant foliage. A blush passed over the charming face, while the words "That one?" in a tone of surprise, escaped from her lips.

Eleonore and Rosa giggled in their girlish way.

"I thought so," said the latter to the younger of the Breun-

ings. "She imagined him different. He is as grave as his Plato again."

"But then he is good," Eleonore continued, "and there is more in him than one would think. Only wait till you hear him improvise this evening on the piano, then you will hear wonders."

"I know him already," said the pretty blonde, but the explanation died away in the direction of the garden, towards which the girls were now retreating.

Ludwig Van Beethoven also awoke from his gazing and dreaming. He walked on quickly, but a fresh surprise checked his steps. The door of the summer-house, which was at the same time that of the drawing-room, was decorated with flowers and festoons of leaves, which surrounded a white shield directly over the door. On the shield, in large letters, arranged with care, between tasteful arabesques, were the words "Health and happiness to our dear Ludwig." Underneath was the date, "Aug. 25th, 1785."

Ludwig smiled, for he had quite forgotten that it was his birthday. How much his motherly friend had thought of it he had yet to discover. He found here a large company, and learned that a little concert had been prepared in his honor. The love manifested by this attention touched him deeply. Any other young man would perhaps have been proud of it. Ludwig, who missed all domestic affection where he ought to have found it, felt thrilled by this compensation in the house of another.

But now the concert began. Eleonore and Rosa played a sonata as a duet with surprising readiness, and an expression which did almost more honor to their youthful friend and teacher than to the scholars themselves. Stephan Breuning followed with the recital of an original poem in praise of Shakespeare, opening with a brilliant passage in honor of the great Englishman, and passing from this special point to Ludwig, to whom at the close he presented Wieland's translation of Shakespeare, in a rich and tasteful binding. The two Rombergs, Wegeler, and Ries were also heard in a quartette, composed for the occasion by the latter; and Gerhard and Karl Kügelgen gave to their young friend two drawings by their own hands. The first was a successful portrait of Beethoven, which Gerhard,

with unusual skill had taken, without Ludwig's knowledge, when the latter sat one day for half an hour lost in thought, without seeing or hearing what was going on around him. The portrait and the occasion were the cause of much laughter through the evening. Karl's work was a view of Godesberg, as a memento of the day on which they had met for the first time.

But the festival had not yet reached its highest point. Christoph Breuning now came forward, and Ludwig perceived, for the first time, that the farther end of the drawing-room was concealed by a curtain. Casting his eye over the company, he discovered that Rosa and Eleonore had disappeared. How fine and full of meaning was Christoph Breuning's poem ! It hailed music as the soul of all arts, the mystery of all form, as a foreboding of mechanical laws, and her disciples as the happiest sons of creation. Then, by a skillful turn, he addressed the muses, calling upon them to appear to the friend in whose honor this festival had been prepared, and, if they found him worthy, to show him the wreath which, through continued faithful effort, should one day deck his brow.

While Christoph was still speaking, gentle melodies were heard, the curtain rose, and a general cry of delight greeted a wonderfully-beautiful group. The Genii of the symphony, of spiritual and dramatic music, adorned with their emblems, and represented by Eleonore, Rosa, and a friend, stood around a graceful altar on which a flame was burning. Above the three rose Fancy, with a lyre in one hand, a laurel-wreath in the other. From her head, adorned with a fantastic crown, flowed a wealth of fair hair, and her blue eyes sought young Beethoven, to whom, with smiles and blushes, she kindly held out the wreath. Then the music ceased, and the curtain was drawn, amid loud applause from all sides. Ludwig alone stood as if he were fastened to the wall, not knowing whether he were waking or dreaming. Was that which he had seen reality or magic ? for this pretty, graceful figure which stood before him, as the Genius of fancy, was the silent ideal of his heart, — was that lovely girl of the Kreuzberg, that sweet creature toward whom, since that time, his soul had lovingly yearned.

HAYDN AND BEETHOVEN.

The sun was already high in the heavens when the Elector drove toward the neighboring castle of Poppelsdorf in one of his state-carriages. He was in full dress; and, with kindly affability, looked out from his carriage and respectfully thanked those who greeted him as he passed by. The Poppelsdorf castle is reached from Bonn by a beautiful avenue, lined with a double row of chestnut trees, which enclosed at that time the green park intended for the tournaments of the nobility.

Max Franz loved the avenue and Poppelsdorf very much, and it was a good omen when this beautiful castle was appointed the place of meeting for a convention or a court-festival.

Poppelsdorf was a magnificent building for those days. On entering the castle-gate a spacious circular court was seen, which boasted an arcade of thirty-six divisions. In the centre a beautiful fountain threw its silvery rays into the air. This court was the entrance to the marble hall where proclamations were usually made, and whose three glass doors, including the whole breadth of the hall, offered a glorious prospect over the pleasure-gardens, laid out in Dutch and French taste, and on towards Godesberg and the Seven Mountains. But the pride of the Elector, the glory of the castle, was the grotto, or shell hall, surrounded by twelve spacious rooms.

It is well known what a fondness the last century had for fountains, shell grottos, shell temples, and shell caves, from Versailles and Nymphenburg down to the gardens of wealthy private citizens. Castle Poppelsdorf could not therefore be outdone; and in this hall which we have mentioned its builder accomplished something extraordinary. How fairy-like shone all these millions of crystals, gypseous spar, which covered the walls and ceiling with a sparkling shield of precious stones! Among them were countless ornaments of the finest corals and shells. Owls and other birds, monkeys and sphinxes, imitated in shells, with wonderful truth to nature, adorned the room. These were enthroned above the great folding-doors, and over the niches, which were filled with fine divans and immense mirrors. On the right and left of the main wall grottos of rock towered up to the ceiling, likewise adorned with shells and

coral, and throwing their water like rushing forest brooks and foam from step to step. From the middle of the ceiling a huge coral tree grew downwards, stretching its branches in all directions, like a chandelier. When its massive lights were burning, the effect of it, with the myriad rays reflected from the mirrors and crystal, was gorgeous beyond description.

No wonder then that the Electors residing in Bonn loved Poppelsdorf; no wonder that Max Franz liked to choose this brilliant place for his abode, either for festivals or for important proclamations.

Such an occasion had induced him to announce a large convention and a court-dinner to take place there today. What the object of it was no one knew except his ministers and his most-trusted Counsellors. A fact was to be made known to his countrymen and to Bonn, his beloved residence, whose consequences for both were not to be mistaken.

In order, by the careful nurture of the arts and sciences, to raise the culture of his people, at the same time to give a new ornament to his residence, the predecessor of the Elector had erected an academy in the year 1777, eight years before our story, and endowed it with the property of the abolished order of Jesuits; the academy being supported at the same time by contributions from the convent, so that under Joseph II. he succeeded in raising it to a university. But the imperial papers, confirming it, had not arrived when he was swept away by death. We know with what active zeal this idea was grasped by his successor. It might be said that the fulfillment of this desire made his happiness complete. Imperial papers which raised the academy at Bonn to a German university had arrived yesterday, and were to be communicated today to all the temporal and spiritual authorities.

A great historic deed lay before the Elector; nothing stood in the way of his carrying out his plan of making men happy. When he arrived at Poppelsdorf the people, who had been called to this unusual convention, assembled in the marble hall. His ministers were there, with the exception of Counts Waldenfels and Von Forstmeister, who had just entered in their own carriages, and were following him. Then the chapter, the deputies, from the rank of count and knight, the archbishops residing in Bonn, and the delegates from the city and the

academy. All rose respectfully at the entrance of the Prince, a joyful suspense expressing itself in their faces.

The general movement was full of delight when the Elector announced the event of the day. Baron Spiegel, from Dessenberg, replied in the name of those present, and in inspired words expressed their gratitude to the noble Prince. When he had finished, the whole assembly rose again, and sent out three times from their full hearts a resounding cheer.

There was now some consultation, for the Prince wished to go quickly to work, and then the professors of the university were nominated. A prayer of thanksgiving by the electoral archbishop completed the official act, after which they went to the castle chapel to attend public mass, the solemnity of which was heightened by the execution of the high mass of Sebastian Bach by the court choir. After the service there was a pause in the ceremonies before dinner, during which the whole company might wander without restraint through the castle and grounds. The Elector was just going down the steps of the marble stairway, which leads from the audience-room into the garden, when Count Waldenfels, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, stepped up to him. The Prince, perceiving them, paused to receive the man, who was dressed in a simple brown suit, but whose countenance was frank and expressive. Then he said, with his usual affability, "Whom are you bringing to me, my dear Count? Without doubt, a visitor whom I can heartily welcome on this happy day. But, who?—I know these features, surely. We have met before in Vienna—Ah! it is Haydn, my dear Haydn."

Maximilian hastened toward Haydn, stretching out both hands, seized both his, and pressed them with genuine Austrian good-will.

Haydn thanked him. He had scarcely expected that the Archduke, who had only seen him once, at Prince Esterhazy's, would still remember him.

"How could it be otherwise?" said the Elector. "He who has seen you direct your glorious work in your own person cannot forget you. But what happy accident brings you to us now?"

"I am returning from a journey to England."

"Where the Kapell-meister has gained most brilliant victories," added Waldenfels

"They were almost too kind to me," said Haydn; and, called forth by so many happy recollections, that child-like smile played about his mouth which was so peculiar to him, and which was reflected in all his tone-creations. "England is mourning even now over her Händel, who has no superior."

"Her Händel?" interrupted the Elector. "I think we shall not permit ourselves to be robbed of the honor of calling Händel ours."

"Certainly not," answered the Kapell-meister. "Who could have a better right than Germany to be proud of her glorious son; but England has appropriated him to herself with such love that she may indeed speak of him as hers."

"Do they celebrate his memory there so fondly?" asked Baron Von Spiegel.

"Yes," said Haydn, "quite according to his merit, for Händel is the unequalled Master of all masters. What can compare with his colossal creations,—the wealth of his ideas, which impressed on all his works the stamp of eternal bloom? Alas! he is far too little honored and appreciated in our good Germany."

"That may be," answered the Elector, thoughtfully; "and I cannot declare myself wholly free from this sin of omission. But what is the cause of it?"

"May I be candid?" asked Haydn, so childlike that even the Elector was forced to smile as he said:—

"Be so always."

"Great spirits," he replied, "are related to the short space of time in which they live, as great buildings to the small square on which they stand; we do not see them in their grandeur because we stand too near them, but when once a century is between them and mankind, they are seen in their true importance."

"Very true," said the Elector; "but could that be the only reason?"

"There is, alas! one other," continued Haydn, "and that is the envy of his associates, for the influence of an important man depends greatly on his reputation."

"What you say is very true, but very sad," answered the Elector. However, if you had just been in the chapel, you would have been obliged to acknowledge that we pay homage to German genius."

"I was very happy to perceive it," said Haydn, and his eyes lightened up brightly.

"Then you were present at the high mass of Sebastian Bach?"

"I was so happy to have this great work pass over my soul once more!"

"Were you satisfied with the execution?"

"It was so successful that it could scarcely be more perfect anywhere. In what a masterly manner the choruses were sung, — those most difficult and sublime of all choruses, which, in spite of their learned construction, wholly familiar only to an adept, yet produce upon every soul, however simple, the most powerful impressions? How suitable and intelligent the execution was from the vanishing *pianissimo* in the 'Mortuorum' to the jubilee in the 'Sanctus.' There was something rare about it, a genuine musical inspiration which did not admit of weariness."

"You are right," said the Elector, flattered, for he thought a great deal of his choir. "The 'Dona Pacem' was scarcely less fresh than the 'Kyrie.'"

"Your Electoral Highness must possess a very extraordinary Kapell-meister."

"You ought to know him and my whole choir. There are very skillful and deserving people among them."

"Who was it, if I may ask, who played the organ so finely?"

"A certain Beethoven," said Max Franz, "a young man, but very talented. Do you know that you could do me a favor?"

"I am at your service, your Highness."

"Waldenfels must see that you become acquainted with young Beethoven. Will you then have the kindness to test him? Your judgment, honored Kapell-meister, will be a guide for me as to what I can do for the young man. Will you undertake this duty?"

"With pleasure."

"Very well; then, my dear Haydn, as I must take a little longer walk before dinner, I will leave you now."

"We are celebrating today, as you may perceive, one of the happiest days of our lives. Heaven has sent you to us to make this day still happier, so you will dine with us, and, after dinner, we will have a chat about our dear Vienna."

The Elector pressed Haydn's hand, and, bowing pleasantly, left him. The Kapell-meister looked after him for a long time, then turning to the Count he said, "He is a charming gentleman; he cannot disguise his good, Austrian heart." Count Waldenfels smiled, then, turning the conversation, he said, "Suppose we undertake the Prince's commission at once, and look for young Beethoven."

"That is agreeable to me," returned Haydn. "I am always glad when I can contribute anything to commend a talented young man to the world; but, my dear Count, I have one peculiarity which you will perhaps pardon."

"What is that?"

"When I am to make the acquaintance of anyone upon whom I wish to pass a judgment of importance, I like first to see or hear something of him without his being aware that I am near. Then he is unembarrassed, and I am impartial."

"That can easily be arranged," answered Waldenfels. "Let us go into the room adjoining the concert-hall, and I will wager that Beethoven will be improvising at the piano, while the others will be busy with trifles."

They did as the Count proposed. Beethoven was there, as Waldenfels perceived through the half-opened door, but the latter would have lost his wager if anyone had gone into the room, for Beethoven was by no means improvising, but standing at the window looking out into the distance.

"It is bad weather," whispered Waldenfels to Haydn, who was standing near. "Our friend is there, but he seems to be in bad humor again, and not to be in this world, and under such circumstances, it is doubtful if he will play. If you will have patience, I will try my cure. At least, since he is quite alone, I hope he has heard nothing of your being here."

Haydn nodded assent, and the Count went in carelessly. Ludwig remained immovable; he either did not observe him, or did not wish to do so.

"How are you, Beethoven?" said the Count, aloud, acting as if he had seen the artist for the first time.

Beethoven turned slowly around, but there was something in his expression so hard and repulsive that even Waldenfels was frightened, and broke out:—

"For Heaven's sake what is the matter with you? Has anything unpleasant happened to you, or are you sick?"

“Neither of the two,” answered Ludwig so curtly that any one else would have been offended and withdrawn, but Waldenfels knew this peculiar character thoroughly, and, as he really wished the young man well, he took no offense at it. He left him, apparently, without further thought, made something to do in the room, and opened the piano unobserved.

Ludwig had turned round again, and was looking out of the window as before. Then, as if by accident, the Count touched one of the keys of the piano, saying to himself, “What a dust there is everywhere!” and, moving to blow it away, his finger again touched a key, and again a tone resounded.

Ludwig did not stir; deep thoughts must have occupied him. Had Bach’s mass taken such hold upon him? Were its full choruses still echoing within him? Had the wonderful masterpiece so uplifted him that his spirit was moving in other spheres? Or did the thought pain his striving soul that he could never measure himself with this giant of the tone-world? Who could tell?

Then a few chords from Bach’s mass resounded from the piano, and the Count, who had touched them, said gently to himself, “The instrument is out of tune, it must be tuned,” and, saying this, he left the room, but without closing the door.

“You have come back without accomplishing your object,” said Haydn.

Waldenfels smiled, and gave the Kapell-meister a signal to be quiet. Both now looked cautiously through the half-opened door. At the sound of the chords, young Beethoven had turned round, but evidently, without hearing or seeing anything else that was going on about him, a new and unconscious musical relation was now established between him and the instrument.

The full sound of a single tone may excite our nerves by its reverberations, but it leaves the emotions unsatisfied. Then this tone passes by us, growing stronger and stronger to the highest measure of its strength. The destiny of this tone expresses the destiny of our own life, of nations, and of the world. It expresses development, power, and decay, ruled by eternal laws, but it does not satisfy us to feel the bare weight of these laws which embrace in an immeasurable circle all created things, then from the dying tone springs forth the living octave.

Beethoven had heard sounds that were within his soul, and by these were given the impulse to express in tones what he was thinking. Looking forward with his eyes wide open, sending his gaze into unmeasured distances, he now strode slowly, almost like a somnambulist, up to the piano, sat down as if in a dream, and raised his hands. Suddenly, it seemed as if, with the rushing tones, the spirits of the heights and depths were awakened; then as if the spirit of Sebastian Bach arose, and in his most striking singularity, but also in a new way, breathed out his thoughts in a magnificent succession of harmonies. What power, what boldness, in these strides! what sublimity in these combinations!

Haydn and Waldenfels listened breathlessly. They were only Bach's thoughts which he was introducing into his free *fantasias*, but the style of the composition, the ease with which he entered into the spirit of the immortal Master, even the flashes of original ideas and variations, proclaimed to Haydn a rising genius of very considerable power. All at once the player left Bach's theme, and, following his own thoughts in a similar strain, he poured out his inmost soul to the listeners.

"What is the life of the individual," thus the tones seemed to cry, "if it does not rise from the dust to the Eternal, the Divine? if, blossoming in a single great idea, it does not react upon the claims of common life? Is it more than a wave that rushes softly by, follows without any will of its own the direction of the stream, and then disappears, leaving no trace?"

There was something touching in this questioning and complaining, which wandered through all the modulations of pain and died away in the major chord, held in *pianissimo*. Suddenly, other tones arose, *maestoso*, solemn, and bold, and they cried: "Rise, then, and struggle boldly for the crown of life, grasp the palm, and the laurel-wreath which the hand of the Eternal has suspended from the stars." The tones now rise with a transporting jubilee, as the sun rises in the morning from the grave of night, brilliant, conquering, all-animating.

Haydn could no longer contain himself, he hastened into the room, and, stretching out both hands to Beethoven, cried: "Young man, come to my heart! God has destined you for something great."

At these words, Beethoven awoke as from a dream. He

looked round amazed, as if he would ask where he was, and who stood before him. But the Count stepped up and said, pointing to the stranger, "It is our great Haydn!"

"Haydn! Haydn!" cried Beethoven, and flew into the Master's arms. "Haydn, the glorious Master! this is my happiest day."

They embraced each other heartily, and pressed each other's hands with emotion,—the youth with the deepest reverence, the man of fifty-two years, crowned with fame, with sincere joy at finding a young and glorious genius.

A BREAKFAST.

On the following morning the electoral choir gave a brilliant breakfast to Father Haydn, at Godesberg. Max Franz had arranged it with Ries, and had furnished from his own cellar the necessary supply of wine. As a patron of art, he wished his musical guest to receive every attention.

It was a wonderfully-beautiful morning, when the large company, with their guest in their midst, made their way toward the appointed pleasure grounds. The heavens smiled in their purest blue, and below, like playful genii, light, silvery clouds were sailing to and fro. The earth was sweet with fragrance, the morning breeze was blowing fresh and strong, and the autumn coloring of the foliage gave to the landscape a peculiar charm.

In this merry company there was no lack of zest for life. Papa Ries was there as leader, and the joy of seeing his ideal Haydn, and paying homage to him, transformed the man, usually so thoughtful, into an enthusiastic youth. The two Rombergs, and all the young musicians were there; there was the whole merry choir of opera singers, and singers to the Elector, Father Beethoven, Heller, and Lux at their head. On the way to Godesberg, then, there could be no lack of noise and uncontrolled merriment. This was not quite suited to the plain character of the guest, who preferred quiet pleasure to such noisy enjoy-

ment, but Haydn was wise enough to reconcile himself to it. He recognized the good purpose to please and honor him. He noticed at once, with regret, that young Beethoven was not in the company, although, when he took leave of him the day before, he had promised him not only to come but to bring him one of his compositions for inspection.

When he expressed his surprise at this to Director Ries, the latter shook his head, smiling, and said, "It is nothing, he will come. Why should he, your most ardent worshipper, be missing from this beautiful festival? But he is peculiar, often outwardly proud, stubborn, and repulsive, but within a strong character, giving promise of great intellectual power and mighty impulse toward independence, though his extreme delicacy of feeling often makes him appear sensitive and irritable. I can assure you, you will scarcely find a young man with a more lofty purity of soul, more ideal views of life, or a more decided talent for music than he."

"I am greatly pleased to hear this," said Haydn, "for he has already become dear to me, and I hope very much from him as a musician."

The general merriment now interrupted the conversation. Lux entertained them with coarse jokes, poems, and conundrums. Haydn, to whose gentle nature the entertainment was quite opposed, was by no means at ease. He was, therefore, glad when they reached the ruin.

The Elector had thoughtfully decorated the place without saying a word to anyone. Wreaths and festoons of laurel and ivy twined gracefully around the half-fallen walls of the courtyard, in which stood a number of neatly-covered tables loaded with viands. On the tower was displayed the signature of the Master whom they were honoring, surrounded by a laurel-wreath.

When Haydn entered, and a resounding cheer rose from all who were present, his eager eyes filled with tears, and only with a voice trembling with excitement was he able in simple words to express his gratitude. His talent, he added, with characteristic modesty, was not his work, but a good gift from Heaven, for which he believed it his duty to prove himself thankful.

The breakfast was now served, and Haydn showed that he,

too, could be cheerful. Pure, fresh humor was one of his chief characteristics. He was quick to discover the ludicrous side of a subject, and no one could spend a single hour with him without perceiving that the spirit of Austrian good-will was in him. This humor shows itself strikingly in his compositions. His *allegros* and *rondos* especially have for their purpose, by easy turns from apparent gravity to the highest degree of the comic, to banter his hearers and dispose them to gayety.

But Haydn was now in all the better humor because young Beethoven had just entered. Ries must sit down on one side of him, and Ludwig Van Beethoven on the other side, and then all three were happy, but when the wine from the Elector's cellar began to work too strongly, Haydn gave his two friends to understand that it would be agreeable to him if he might retire with them. So Ries proposed a walk toward the Draitsch fountain only a few rods distant. They sat down under the shade of the trees, and Ludwig fulfilled his promise to show Father Haydn one of his latest compositions.* Haydn looked it through with great attention, and the farther he went the more kindly was his expression, the more decided and commendatory were the nods of his head. "Excellent!" he said at length. "I should not have expected this from one so young as you, although your organ-playing, and your improvising yesterday, justified me in high hopes. There are several places which are almost too difficult for wind instruments, but you will correct that in time, when the intense earnestness of youth is allayed. At all events, you must go on in the path on which you have entered, for a great and beautiful future lies before you."

Ludwig, inspired by this encouragement from the revered Master, of course promised in ardent words.

"Are you willing to take a hint from your fatherly friend?" asked the guest.

"Certainly," said Ludwig, "every word of yours shall be a gospel to me."

Haydn smiled at the young man's enthusiastic manner, laid his hand soothingly upon his arm, then he said, "I can see

* A Schindler; Biography of Ludwig Van Beethoven, Münster, 1840, p. 21. Wegeler and Ries; Biographical Notices, p. 15. Mars; Ludwig Van Beethoven's Life and Works, First Part, p. 18.

that you are a young Titan who would rather besiege the temple of Fame today than tomorrow, but it must be so if a man, in this cold world, would attain to anything extraordinary. But for this purpose self-control is also needed, and that classic repose which the Greeks valued so highly in their artistic creations. If, then, I may advise you, above all things in your compositions, learn to sing, and especially in Italy. Instrumental music you can study best in Germany, and best of all here in Vienna. Do you know how to proceed in composing?"

"How?" asked Ludwig, eagerly.

"First of all," continued Haydn, "I try to form my compositions as if from a mould. I, therefore, in every part, lay the plan for the principal voice, marking the prominent places with a few notes or figures. When that is done, I breathe life and soul into the skeleton, by the accompaniment of the other voices, by transitions, etc. Finally, I never write until I am sure of my aim."*

Ludwig promised to observe all this faithfully. Then Haydn continued, "I commend to you, as to every composer, not to neglect practical exercises. I know from my own experience what an aid they are to theory. I candidly confess that I am no magician upon any instrument, but I understand accurately the power and the effect of all."

They now rose, and, as the sounds and wild shouts echoing from the ruin showed the utter freedom from restraint of the merry company above, the three made their way back, talking thoughtfully together. Young Beethoven returned to what Father Haydn had said of the repose in the classic works of the Greeks. Haydn listened, smiling.

The extravagance of the enthusiastic youth delighted him. He knew what checks life and destiny must ever lay upon the hearts and minds even of the greatest of men. But this young man's way of looking at things seemed to him almost too Grecian. He said, therefore, "You are right in many things, only I believe that we must hold firmly to this truth.—antiquity made nature the starting point, and sought to spiritualize it, illuminate it, make it divine. Christianity starts with the ideal and seeks to give it a bodily form."

* Joseph Haydn's own words.

A long conversation on this subject ensued till Haydn said, smiling, "You are an enthusiast for Greece."

"Not so much an enthusiast as an ardent advocate of Greece and the Greeks, especially of Plato."

"What attracts you to them particularly?" asked Haydn, more and more pleased by the earnest manner of the young musician.

"The idea of beauty which we find everywhere embodied among this people," answered Ludwig.

"It is true," said Haydn, "the Greek nation comes forth from the chaotic mass of the other ancient nations like a divine plastic form among rude beginnings in sculpture."

"Is that a marvel?" cried Ludwig, and his great eyes, so full of soul, flashed more brightly than before. "The bright sky of Hellas, the luxuriant fruitfulness of the soil, which demanded from the arm of man but little of the common labor of life; trade and commerce; intercourse with other nations. All this must have had a wonderfully powerful effect upon the active minds of the Greeks. Then, how pure and clear the air, how grand and ever new in beauty the broad ocean, how vivid the colors of all nature there; how delicate and symmetrical her forms. Must not the sense of beauty among the Greeks have been awakened early?"

"That is certainly true," said Haydn, his glance resting with pleasure upon Beethoven. "The love of the poetic, the noble, the ideal, permeated all things there from the beginning."

Ludwig was all aglow. "Beautiful!" he went on, inspired. "Men seemed beautiful there, in form and expression; dress was artistic; architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, were sublime! Beautiful above all these was the culture of the mind. Was it not inevitable that the sense of beauty should express itself in the whole life, and in all private relations? And it was so," young Beethoven continued, more and more animated. "It was in their games, their festivals, their exercises for body and mind, in love, and in religion. They refined all beauty and goodness in man up to its highest significance, to divinity, while other nations degraded the idea of God to a monster. From this arose those charming legends of the gods which still delight us, and will delight mankind as long as the sense of beauty exists."

"But," said Haydn, in his quiet way, looking with pleasure at the young man's face, glowing with excitement, "even if we accept the fact that the Greeks were superior to all other nations in this, I believe we must also maintain that the idea of beauty is inborn in every human being."

"Yes," said Ludwig, "it must exist everywhere in the depths of man's being, but in very many people not a suspicion of it appears."

"Because it does not come to the consciousness."

"Then the effort must be made to bring it to the consciousness."

"Are not we artists doing that?"

"Certainly," cried Ludwig, with an ardent glance at the Kapellmeister; "the name of Haydn, among others, is proving that."

Haydn made a sign of dissent, but Beethoven continued, "For this reason, my art is a sacred thing to me, and no power in the world, not the kingdom of Cræsus could turn me from my path."

"That is a brave young man," cried Haydn, grasping Ludwig Van Beethoven's hand. "Hold firm to this principle, and you will climb the heights of art. But is it quite clear to you what is to be understood by the idea of beauty?"

"I think so," returned Ludwig.

"Tell me," said Haydn. "I sympathize with you, and so you must pardon me if I am a little intrusive."

Ludwig thought a moment, then he said, "On observing closely an object which is called beautiful, we find a meaning, an intelligence, a thought, on the one hand, and a sensual impression, a real appearance, on the other hand, so that the interior shines through the outward appearance."

"Good, very good," Haydn said, nodding pleasantly. "But not everything, by means of which a thought is expressed, is beautiful."

"Certainly not," continued Ludwig, "but only that, which finds in a sensual form its completely corresponding expression. I will try to make myself still more plain by an example. One of the finest statues of antiquity is the Apollo Belvidere, the god of the most perfect manly beauty. The beauty of this masterpiece lies not only in the wonderful form of the statue but in

the fact that the idea of divinity, blossoming in eternal youth, finds here its purest expression."

"Excellent!" cried Haydn, shaking Beethoven's hand, joyfully. "We possess pictures of the Madonna from the middle ages, of unspeakable beauty, but the chief charm lies not in the features or form, in the expression of the highest womanly beauty, but in the fact that these pictures embodied at the same time the idea of child-like purity and of pure, tender motherhood and piety. So, in every artistic work, and, of course, in every great tone-creation, there must be the ideal, the spiritual. The sensual form, whether color, stone, or form, must serve, as far as possible, to make the ideal appear in more distinct individuality."

"God help you in this path," said Haydn. "Only the man who embraces art with a child-like, pious soul, and devotes his whole life to it, will, under the protection and blessing of God, entwine about his head the garland of eternal fame. The world will not only gaze at his creations, they will bless him as a benefactor of mankind."

They had now approached Poppelsdorf, and, as Haydn wished to take leave of the Elector, and to give his report concerning Beethoven, he separated from the young man. Ludwig was wonderfully happy, and, feeling that his mood was too lofty for the world, he buried himself with it in the loneliness of nature. No one saw him again on this or the following day.

A VOW.

A long time had passed since Haydn had left Bonn, but the meeting with this great man did not pass out of Ludwig's memory. It seemed to him every minute, when the Master was embracing him, as if the Genius of music had pressed upon his brow the kiss of consecration. From that instant he felt himself dedicated to the service of art, and his purpose to be her living votary was firmer than ever. New zeal took possession of him, and led to bolder development. From that time

forth he was noticeably more earnest, and more profound, not only in his artistic efforts but in his character.

Frau Von Breuning perceived this with pleasure, for she followed the young genius, this genuine German, with motherly care and love. Thoughtfulness was Beethoven's chief characteristic, and preserved him in his youth from every kind of superficiality. The Germans are cosmopolitans, who seriously regard the universe as a common abode for a single large family, and this characteristic is found in their science and art. Penetrating the smallest details, they also rise on the eagle wing of intellect to the great whole. This was not now the case with young Beethoven, but the tendencies were in this direction. Haydn had recognized this, nor had it escaped the keen glance of his motherly friend. Now his grand creations stand before the world; let her judge for herself.

Beethoven, at this time, was a man of German directness, integrity, and simplicity, but in his retirement with his art he gave himself with passionate fondness to the study of the classics of the old and new time, and sought to lay up in his mind many-sided knowledge. To him the language of art, immortal poetry, was the common language of the human heart. Therefore, all nations, especially the Greek nation, spoke to him, and he understood them.

For that reason, his view of the world was always that of an artist. He lived and moved, he thought and wrote, in tones. Everything became music in him. His outward eye was often blinded because his inward eye saw so clearly. The outer world vanished before the glory and wealth of the inner world, which far outshone it. He lived only in his musical thoughts; the form and inner meaning must be harmonious. Artistic treatment of the subject, artistic symmetry, were his first demands. Empty form he could not endure. It was horrible to him in life, in his intercourse with other men, and still more horrible in art. He demanded that art should be filled with thought and refined by science as, according to his view, these must embody themselves in pure forms. So his honest and eager effort was directed toward progress in art and knowledge, but a secret, often overwhelming, consciousness said to him that only art could satisfy him in life, that only in artistic unity of form and spirit could he find peace and happiness.

But now it seemed at times as if somewhere else also blessedness might be found for him. Jeanette's wonderful eyes were preaching this new gospel. Ludwig loved the girl with the fervor of a youthful heart, although he did not know how he had come to this love. But who can solve for himself or others the problem how love is born? The eye alone is the betrayer of this mysterious sympathy. It is that by which we penetrate to the interior of the heart when lips are silent, and words deceive. It speaks when feeling finds no other expression, and thought struggles in vain for words. It rejoices when the heart is filled to overflowing with the most blessed of feelings,—“I love, and am loved in return.”

Jeanette's beautiful eyes had not yet justified Beethoven in such a rejoicing, and yet it had often seemed as if they said to him, “I love thee truly.” In this thought there was for the young man, with his perfectly simple, child-like spirit, a paradise of happiness. Oh, that poisonous serpents did not lurk beneath the most beautiful flowers of paradise! Here was the demoniac pair, doubt and jealousy, for, not long after Ludwig's birthday festival, he had come to the conclusion that his friend Christoph Breuning and Captain Von Greth, who was already repulsive to him, loved Fraulein D'Honrath.

Jeanette, in her innocence, did not notice this. She was as contented in the Breunings' house as a child. Everyone treated her with so much warmth and affection that she easily forgot her own home, and returned no less heartily the affection offered her. Above all things she must be able to laugh and joke, and also to love, and she loved the people about her, nature, music, and good books. She brought to all the same kindness, but that her beautiful eyes were still brighter when she talked with young Beethoven she did not know, though the blood rushed strangely warm to her heart.

With Christoph and Stephan this was not the case. She liked better to tease them, as she did her brothers at home, and toward the captain she was kind and polite, because propriety demanded it, and he and she were guests at the Breunings' house.

Ludwig had no claim upon Jeanette's love, except the tenderness in his own heart, but jealousy and doubt confused so sorely his usually undimmed vision that he felt hurt by the

kindness of his beloved to Herr Von Greth, which was founded only on regard for politeness. There is a little plant of quite a peculiar kind. The gardener calls it *mimosa sensitiva*; the ordinary name is *noli me tangere*, or the little 'touch-me-not.' This wonderful plant has a prickly stalk and pinnate leaves, with small leaflets in many pairs. As soon as the leaves are touched, ever so gently, they lie together and hang down to the ground.

Young Beethoven was such a 'touch-me-not' in the world of men. All who had any intercourse with him knew this, and it now showed itself again. His jealousy and exaggerated delicacy of feeling being excited by Jeanette's politeness to the captain, he retired within himself. No power could have brought him to the Breunings' now, and weeks passed away without his seeing the house once so dear to him. Everything seemed dark to him, the day gloomy, the world a prison, men contemptible. He did not leave his room, except for the duties of his office and his lessons, or, late in the evening, to get a little air in the darkness. In this mood the organ was his favorite instrument, with its high, ideal, energetic power, its elementary objectivity. Often, when he sat playing upon it until it was dark, alone in the church, with the exception of his associates who were walking about, a crowd of people would stand and listen.

With a force springing from the mysterious bosom of the power which moves the world the organ roared on, unconcerned about the little world, of its despicable machinery, an ideal entering into common reality, striding through it undisturbed, with majestic dignity, extending beyond it with power of a higher, self-existing, universal force. What sublimity in this playing, what power in the volume of tone!

"That is young Beethoven," the people in front of the church said, amazed, but they did not know, they could not understand, that a warm, loving, longing heart, too delicately attuned for the world, was crying out, oppressed by mighty pains, but that, at the same time, a powerful mind, angrily shaking off these pains, as a man brushes off the tears which flow against his will, was rising through grief above the dust of the earth to greatness, depth, world-moving power.

As the organ supplies to the weak powers of the voice, and

to simpler instruments, a steady basis of sound, and fullness of harmony, which lends strength to the whole movement from its deep and massive proportions, so Ludwig Van Beethoven drew from this flight toward the highest in art and thought new strength and unity.

This very day he had been playing a long while on the great organ in the Minster, formerly the first church of the Archbishop of Cologne, next to the world-renowned cathedral. As the waves of tone rushed through its spacious halls with greater and greater power, and his whole soul with its pains and its pleasures, its loves and its longings, its struggle toward greatness, and its worship of beauty and divine sublimity, expressed itself in wonderful harmonies, it suddenly seemed to him as if the whole harmony of the world was sounding with the tones of the organ, as if his playing was no longer in one-sided subjectivity, but had blended with the mighty tone-forces of the universe, and was soaring upward, encompassed and upheld by these.

He touched the keys with still greater inspiration, and the tones knelled out with increasing majesty, and filled the whole cathedral. It seemed to him as if he were no longer playing himself according to his own will, and of his own strength, but as if the mind of the Eternal was filling him, and leading his mind, and he was only its instrument. It roared on with splendor, with sublimity, and dignity, and beautiful modulations revealed themselves in the wealth of harmony, so grand and yet so simple, so unconstrained, like the development of an organic nature. In these tone-spaces, extending always deeper and farther, not only was the musical strain moving with sublime grandeur, but the single melodies were resolving themselves into a power and inexhaustibleness, attainable only on such sacred ground and in such a mood.

Ludwig Van Beethoven trembled with emotion. He gazed into the depths of the church, sending flashes of inspiration into the twilight which surrounded him. His sharply-marked features gave to his face a commanding, almost regal, expression, his rich hair hung in waves about his head like the mane of a young lion. With the newly-swelling harmonies it seemed to him as if spiritual forms appeared before his eyes, like that lovely group which he had seen at his birthday festival.

They were the Genii of spiritual and dramatic music, and again the Genius of fancy hovered over him, showing from afar the palm of future greatness. But the shining face did not this time wear the features of Jeanette, but of a lofty priestess of divine art. As Ludwig, enchanted, looked up to the Genius, it seemed to him as if he heard the words, "Tear earthly love out of thine heart. Thou hast pledged thyself to me, the Genius of music, and to me alone shalt thou belong."

Then there was a cry in the organ as of pain, and again a shout of triumph, and suddenly the tones flew out from all the registers, and it resounded in solemn chorus like a sacred oath, a vow. Ludwig cried aloud, "Yes, yes, I renounce all earthly love, and will belong to thee alone, will worship only thee, divine, heavenly music." As he played on his resolve was fixed, and his spirits grew lighter, till, with a few powerful accords, he sprang up like a regenerated creature. He had made a resolution. After so long an interval he would go on once more to the Breunings, and meet Fraulein D'Honrath pleasantly, but with a quiet heart.

When he left the church a crowd of people stood in front of it, who, as soon as they perceived him, bowed and stepped back reverently before him. Ludwig returned the greeting mechanically, although he was not conscious of what he was seeing or doing. His mind was upon his resolution.

When he approached the Breunings' house a row of brightly lighted windows greeted him. He was astonished, not so much at this sight, which was not very unusual, but that he could be so much of a stranger here. Before he went in he wished to know what was going on, and whether visitors were there. He was, therefore, glad to meet Heinrich, the old house-servant, just at the door, but it touched him deeply when the old man, to whom he had been almost like a son, was half frightened at seeing him, and cried out, astonished:—

"*Jesu Maria*, Herr Beethoven!"

"Is it anything new?" said Ludwig.

"Indeed!" answered the old man, "you have not been here for weeks."

"Very true," answered Ludwig, gloomily, "But what is going on up there?"

"What is going on?" asked the old servant, astonished.

"Have not the young gentlemen told you?"

"No," answered Ludwig, shortly.

"It is not possible!"

"I tell you, no! I have not spoken to them for a long while."

"Then you do not know?"

"I know nothing of what has happened here."

"That Herr and Frau D'Honrath from Cologne are here?"

"And?"

"And that Jeanette's betrothal is celebrated today?"

Ludwig stood as if benumbed. "To whom?" he asked, and the words almost died away on his tongue.

"To Captain Von Greth," said the old servant.

"To whom?" Ludwig repeated, turning his ear toward the old servant, as if he had not heard truly.

"To Captain Von Greth," the old man said again.

"And Fraulein D'Honrath?"

"Struggled terribly in the beginning, but when his Electoral Highness himself came to the father as intercessor for the captain, she yielded to the wishes of the captain and of her parents."

"But she is almost a child still."

"For that reason only the betrothal is today. The marriage is to take place next year."

"Is Fraulein Jeanette gay and happy?" asked Ludwig, eagerly.

"I think so," said the old servant, with a beaming face.

"She pouted and cried a little at first, but then suddenly it was fair weather again, and now it is a pleasure to hear her laugh and sing. The captain is a fine, stately gentleman, too, well respected by the Elector and Emperor."

"And Frau Von Breuning?"

"The good lady and Herr Christoph don't like the affair very well, but what was to be done? Everything went so quickly. Between us," added the old man, in a confidential tone, leaning toward Ludwig's ear, "between us, I think Herr Christoph had an eye on the young lady, too. The good young gentleman looks very pale since the affair was settled, and has grown so quiet you would not know him at all."

"Good-night, Heinrich," said the young man abruptly. A more delicate ear than the old servant's would easily have per-

ceived that this tone was meant to conceal emotion, but Heinrich was only astonished that the young friend of the family was turning away so soon.

"*Jesu Maria*," he cried, "are you going away so soon?"

Ludwig nodded.

"And not going up? They would all be so very glad. You have no idea how often they have asked after you."

"Who?"

"Why all, except the gracious lady."

"Was Frau Von Breuning angry with me?"

"No, but she said ——"

"What?"

"You will be offended with me."

"Certainly not."

The old man smiled good-naturedly, then shook his finger menacingly, and said, "You had your rhapsody again, and so they must let you alone."

"Good-night," Ludwig said again.

But Heinrich held him fast and cried, "Dear Herr Van Beethoven, you have taken my gossiping ill?"

"No," said Ludwig, gently, "it is but the truth."

"Yet, you are going?"

Beethoven made no farther reply. He held out his hand silently to the old man, pressed his and went. Ludwig felt strangely. Sooner would he have expected the heavens to fall than Jeanette's betrothal to the captain. Had these beautiful eyes which looked so faithful deceived him. "Enough," he said to himself in a rude, hard tone; "it is a sign from Heaven, and I should have been prepared for it." But this renunciation cost the young man a hot and heavy struggle. If it had been voluntary, and he had seen Jeanette as before at the Breunings' house, a lovely creature, charming everyone, there would have been something inspiring in this very renunciation in favor of art, his lofty spiritual beloved, but the thought that she was in the captain's arms destroyed this painful charm. Fate had stepped before him too sternly and coldly, and taken him too quickly at his word.

He rushed out into the night, which had long lain upon the earth deep and silent, and feeling that he must oppose this powerful emotion by strong outward impressions, he sought the

Rhine. There, close by the river, in the upper part of the city, he sat alone on a rock which projected far into the stream. A deathly stillness reigned around. Only the rushing of the mighty river, which rolled majestically on in broad volumes, pierced through the night and filled Ludwig Van Beethoven's soul with a sense of grandeur. Incessantly, these colossal masses of water flowed on in calm repose. Incessantly, with ever equal motion, wave followed upon wave, coming and going swiftly, like human life. Incessantly, with ever equal majesty, Father Rhine swept his waves on to the sea.

Yonder lay the dreaming city like a black monster; its machinery stood still, its noise had died away, and the men in it, with their wishes and hopes, their passions and conflicts, were mute in the arms of sleep. The pulse of public life had ceased to beat, and all the walls, houses, and streets were only a great stone coffin.

The waves which beat against its walls whispered mysteriously the legends of the deep, of the treasures which had lain under them for thousands of years; of the human bones which, lonely and forgotten, were bleaching there below. Ludwig listened and listened, for now it seemed to him as if the waters were gurgling melodiously and singing a wonderful song.

Then he made a vow not to forget this day, but to dedicate heart and soul, and mind, and his whole strength and love to music.

A CARNIVAL.

The great marble hall of Poppelsdorf Castle was glistening in fairy-like magnificence, for Max Franz was giving a brilliant *fête* as a celebration of the carnival, and Count Von Waldenfels, in conjunction with several artists, had devised something truly beautiful.

At the first glance into the marble hall everyone was surprised at the splendor of the decorations. Immense palms, taken from the Elector's hot-houses, stretched up to the ceiling, and transported the vivid imagination to the paradises of the

southern zones. From the galleries tasteful draperies hung down in gentle folds, and between the double rows of pillars which supported the temporary galleries, and of which each one was twined with garlands, shone large, lighted balloons of various colors. Besides these, the immense chandeliers, consisting of countless prisms and pendants, were pouring out a sea of light, which was broken into all colors by the thousands and thousands of surfaces.

The most charming sight was a rotunda, on all sides of which were verandas, shaded by fragrant shubbery, out of whose fullness of foliage and flower melons and other fruits of the south peeped forth enticingly. In the back-ground an excellent painting of the Bay of Naples was displayed in a bright light. The glorious city, bordered by Vesuvius and St. Elmo, produced a magic effect, and the impression of the whole was heightened by the lively play of color among the crowded multitude.

"Wonderful! it is indeed wonderful!" the melodious voice of an elegant female domino was saying at this moment. Her garment of sky-blue silk sparkled with rich embroidery, and her beautiful neck was surrounded by a costly ornament of pearls and diamonds. "Wonderful!" repeated the domino again, casting a glance from the rotunda upon the whole scene. "I must confess that I have seen nothing more beautiful even in Vienna."

These words were addressed to another female mask, whose domino of rose-colored silk was noticeable for its simplicity, and upon whose arm the sky-blue mask was hanging.

"I can scarcely believe that," said the simpler of the two. "You, fortunate creature, have been present at so many court *fêtes*."

"Of course," answered the other. "My husband's rank has given me the *entrée* there, though, you know, I have by birth no right to appear at Court."

"Yet you prefer our *fêtes* to those of the Court of Vienna?"

"As far as the arrangement and the taste of the decorations are concerned, decidedly, although greater splendor may be displayed there, and then——"

"Well?"

"How much more affable people are here than at the Court

of Vienna? Oh, my Rhineland, it is surely very beautiful here."

"Then you have not quite forgotten us and home? That is good of you."

"If I had, why should I have come here? For a long while my husband would not let me make the journey, but, at last, he saw that home-sickness was breaking my heart, and so he consented to a short visit to my parents."

"How they must have rejoiced to see their dear daughter again after three years!"

"They were very happy, and it was hard for me to tear myself away from them for a few days to seek out my dear friends here."

"We thank you most heartily for coming. You were always a little bit of my good mother's heart."

"As she was to me a second mother, I believe there are few such excellent women."

"Yes, indeed, what do we not owe to her?"

"How well she understands keeping young, always spreading life and joy around her like the sun. Ah, Eleonore, I can never forget the tone of youthful good-nature and unrestrained gayety which always prevailed at your house. How happy we were in those days?"

"Do you remember the excursion to Karpen, which we made in my brother's vacation?"

"Certainly, certainly; I was speaking of it to Christoph only a short time ago. He grew enthusiastic at the recollection."

"Which is for him a happy and, at the same time, a painful one."

"Hush! Eleonore."

"He was really very fond of you. We first noticed it when you left us with your parents, just after your betrothal, but this trial brought in its train one good thing for Christoph."

"What was that?"

"The pain and the silent renunciation consecrated him for a poet."

The sky-blue domino was silent for a few minutes, then its wearer nestled closer to her masked friend and asked, "Where is he?"

"He? who?"

"Why," said the beautiful figure in the blue domino, lowering her head a little, which was gracefully decked in a bonnet with a snow-white ostrich plume and a sparkling diamond agraffe, and stroking with her fan the costly point-lace of her domino, "he,—Ludwig."

"Ah, yes, indeed," said the other. "You will see him with us still. He is the same old friend, only a little more serious than he used to be. Besides, he no longer sees or hears anything but music, and he composes magnificently."

"I have heard nothing of him since the year of my marriage."

"Then you will hear something all the finer from him this evening. A knight's ballet is to be performed by the nobility."*

"You spoke of it to me."

"He has written the music for it. Magnificent pieces are to be presented,—a minnelied,—a German song and a drinking song."

"A minnelied?," repeated the blue domino, gently. Does he understand love?—does he love?"

"Oh, there is no more ardent lover," answered the young lady in rose color, with a slight laugh.

"What!" cried the other; but she quickly restrained herself, and said, with apparent composure, "Whom? Ah, well—"

But, at this moment a flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the Court.

"Pray tell me whom?" repeated the blue domino.

The brilliant assembly of masqueraders, which had been fluctuating in a chaotic mass, now separated, and permitted the Elector, bowing pleasantly, to pass with his train through an open way to his elevated seat.

"Whom does he love?" whispered the light-blue domino once more. Then she added, apologetically, "It really interests me;" but it seemed as if her voice was trembling. A good-natured laugh was heard from beneath the mask of the rose-colored domino, then she leaned forward to her friend's ear, and whispered, "Musica——. Are you at rest now?"

At the same moment the orchestra began, and, at a sign from the dancing-master, the folding-doors of the adjoining room opened, and a masked procession entered, which made its

*Marx; Beethoven's Life and Works. Part First, p. 11.

way, singing, leaping, and joking, to the seat of his Electoral Highness.

There were more than four hundred masqueraders who had joined the picturesque group. At the head appeared Neapolitan fishermen, carrying on their shoulders the tools of their trade. A merry company of lazzaroni followed, singing the songs of their home to the sound of a mandoline. Then came pretty Neapolitan women, with flowers and fruits; and these were followed by the chariot of Prince Carnival, drawn by eight fools. But the Prince was not alone. His high functionaries, clothed in the emblems of their rank, followed him on the journey from Italy to the Rhine, making a magnificent display.

The Prince took his seat on the throne erected for him, the trumpets sounded, the doors of the suite of rooms on the right opened, and, sparkling in gold, silver, and precious stones, thirty-two couples approached the Elector. They were members of the nobility, clothed in the artistic dress of the middle ages. The music which resounded from the electoral choir charmed all present, even more than the splendor and taste of these toilets, more than the beauty of the youthful pairs. It was a march, composed by the young musician, Ludwig Van Beethoven.*

What a magnificent tone-creation it was, controlling all things by its penetrating rhythmic power! To a keen observer a moment of psychologic interest was here presented. In the midst of the superficial delight suddenly came a profound silence. All followed involuntarily the rhythm and tones of the music, which was now celebrating a mighty triumph over all outward impressions, while, by this almost unconscious yielding to the power of tone, they moved on as it were with it, and were put at once in a mood of festive gayety. What full, rich harmony! What measured, clear-stepping melody, rising with quick variations to its proper place!

Even Maximilian was electrified, and bowed to the Prince of Furstenburg, who sat near him, expressing his approval. The light-blue domino, on the other hand, only nestled closer to her masked friend, and whispered, "Oh, how beautiful!"

But the action previously planned and continued gave no time for calm enjoyment. Max Franz rose and received the

* Wegeler and Ries, p. 16. Schindler, p. 22.

charming couples kindly. After a short ceremonious greeting, accompanied by music, a greeting which consisted merely of one of those stately bows which have descended to us from our grand-parents, the couples took their places for a solemn minuet. The young composer surprised the multitude by an excellent thought. He introduced into the second refrain a lively *scherzo*, thus destroying the stiffness of the performance.

The merriment continued, and when a German song and a drinking song were finely executed by members of the chorus, and a minnelied by one of the court-singers, all followed the example of the Elector, and broke out in a continuous storm of applause.

At this moment the two female dominos went into the adjoining room. "Hush!" said the one in sky-blue. "Your brothers will not find us easily here. We must chat together a little longer."

"If mamma does not mind our being so much alone," said the other, timidly.

"Dear heart," cried the other, smiling, "you forget that you are under the protection of a married woman, and at a carnival ball. But I will not oppose you. Answer me a few more questions, and I will go back with you then to your mother and brothers."

"What are these questions?"

"As we were passing the orchestra, a little while ago, I saw Ludwig from a distance."

"Did you?"

"He did not look cheerful, in spite of the pleasant reception of his composition; on the contrary, he seemed to be graver and more depressed than he was three years ago."

"Yes, he is so just now more than ever."

"Why?"

"For three reasons. In the first place, the unhappy circumstances at his father's house weigh upon him more than ever. His father's mode of life makes him, whose morals are so pure and noble, quite unhappy."

"Your dear friends, who have always been his guardian angels, will certainly be such now."

"At least, he feels happy in our family circle, and forgets for a time what is painful in his situation. But there is another

and weightier care which troubles him at present. Ludwig feels that he is born for something great in music, but he knows, too, that his defects are still infinite, that he needs culture by travel, and by the study of harmony and counterpoint. He has had reason to hope that the Elector would send him for several years to Vienna for that purpose, but month after month and year after year pass without a decision,—even now they are talking of some competition.”

“Can no one influence the Elector?”

“Who can do it if his faithful protector and patron, Count Waldenfels, does not succeed? Influential people must work against him in secret. But, I beg you, dear Jeanette,” said the rose-colored domino, in a tone indicative of anxiety, “let us go back now to my mother and brothers.”

“I am willing,” answered the young wife of General Von Greth, for it was she whom the sky-blue domino concealed, and both went, arm in arm, through the rooms with the brilliant throng, looking for the familiar masks. But it was hard to keep together. The wild crowd now whirled past each other with such force that a single person could not stand against them. Whole troops of clowns passed through the suite of rooms, laughing and joking, and, true to their character, acting Harlequin and Punchinello in the most approved manner. No one was secure against their wit. Now they were here, now there; now they crowded little groups together in circles, which they formed by stretching their hands out to each other; again, they cut off individuals from their parties, and, shouting and laughing, hurried off with their captives.

Unhappily, the whole swarm of these clowns had just pressed into the rooms which Jeanette and Eleonore were obliged to pass through in order to reach Frau Von Breuning and the brothers. Like snow-flakes chased by the wind they flew in at the wide-open doors, and, amid their merry shouts, the other masks sought to save themselves. The two female dominos were driven apart at the first fright, each one flying as well as she could from the mad wit of the lawless crowd. Eleonore succeeded by crouching in a corner, like a timid roe, but only to see how the clowns, with the speed of lightning, formed a chain and carried off her poor friend in triumph. The next moment their shouts over their charming booty could be heard from a

distance, so that Eleonore, with tears in her eyes, saw the coil of human beings disappear at a curve in the gallery. At the same moment the laughing, shouting multitude came upon the Elector, who, with Prince Von Furstenburg and several other gentlemen at his side, was walking along in a cheerful mood.

No one could help laughing at the approach of this comic group, but the clowns understood how far they might venture. They rolled the mass quickly on until quite close in front of the Elector; then they started asunder like a bursting piece of fire-works, leaving the blue domino standing bewildered and confused before his Serene Highness as a startling centre.

But the Elector was quickly composed. "Come here, my child," he said, smiling pleasantly; and, as she hastily followed her deliverer, he pressed unobserved upon a machine, known only to himself, and countless jets of water flew in all directions in a broad bow, and so showered the clowns, who were flying hither and thither, that they rushed out of the hall as if mad, with horrible, piercing shrieks.

The Elector and his companions had, of course, been spared by the water-jets, and the terror, the confusion, the clowns' attempt to save themselves, and their final flight, had been so unusually comic that they all shook with laughter.

"That was a healthful baptism," said the Elector as he sank down quite exhausted, "and a brilliant satisfaction for you, my pretty masquerader."

"For which I thank your Electoral Highness sincerely from my heart," replied the liberated girl, "for the young rascals deserved it. It will cool their impertinence a little."

"I only regret," Max Franz continued, "that you, my charming friend, have had so many misfortunes this evening."

"How?" answered the domino, unembarrassed. "To be rescued by his Serene Highness is the highest and best fortune which could befall me."

"Look at the little flatterer," said the Elector, smiling. "But, dear child, you do not consider that you have fallen into a new imprisonment."

"Into that of the most noble knight of the whole Rhine," replied the lady, with a graceful bow, "beneath whose fatherly protection everyone feels happy."

"Father!" laughed the Elector; "how artful. But today

we know nothing of the Father of the Country. I, on the contrary, will play the gallant knight who does not give up quickly such rare and precious booty. I pray you, pretty mask, take your place at our side, and you, too, gentlemen. We must celebrate this excellent joke with an extra draught."

Then the Elector beckoned to a servant, and whispered something in his ear. The latter disappeared, but came back immediately with a large golden beaker, which he respectfully presented to the Prince on a chased plate of the same precious metal.

The general's wife, perceiving that she could not properly refuse the invitation of the Prince, had taken her seat, and the gentlemen had followed her. The Elector kept everyone far away from the entrance to the shell hall with his foot, for as soon as the masqueraders approached the open door, a pressure of his left foot opened the flood-gates again, and the water-jets flew up as if by magic.

"You see," he said, turning to the lady, "I have, in spite of my divine office, learned a little of witchcraft. The spot on which we stand is consecrated, and no one can tread upon it."

"I believe," interrupted Prince Von Furstenburg, "we might say, more correctly, the position which your Electoral Highness fills is consecrated not only in the church but in history and in society,—in the latter by a charming affability."

"Which my noble friend displays in no smaller measure," said the Elector, laughing.

An ingenious and witty conversation now arose between the Prince and the blue domino. The latter knew so well how to increase the interest that the Elector at the end offered everything to know who this lady was. But the domino kept her disguise secure.

"Then," said Max Franz, brightly, "we must be satisfied with the charm of the mysterious since you withhold from us the charm of your real appearance. But, my dear child, we owe you our thanks for this happy hour. Take this ring, and if you want anything, and show this ring to me, I will remember this happy meeting, and if your wish lies within the bounds of possibility, I will grant it with pleasure." With these words the Elector drew a ring from his finger, and held it out to the masked lady. She, evidently confused and undecided

at first, collected herself immediately and said, with her former ease :—

“Every ring is the first link in a chain, but since your Serene Highness has liberated me, you will certainly grant me another token of your favor.”

“Well,” cried the Elector, good-naturedly, “you can choose. May I offer you my heart?”

“I should then be robbing the Electorate and all mankind. No! But your Serene Highness wears here, as an emblem, a little golden rose. May I venture?”

“With the greatest pleasure,” answered Maximilian, gallantly taking off the rose and giving it to the domino. “It will possess the same power as the ring.”

“Now,” said the lady, concealing the rose in her bosom, and bowing gracefully, “with my heartfelt thanks for so much chivalrous generosity, I beg to be returned to my friends.”

“With or without my witchcraft?” said the Elector, laughing.

“Without the witchcraft, please,” begged the mask, with outstretched hands. “Anyone who has once come in contact with your Highness knows that you are able to bewitch.” With these words and a final bow the blue domino slipped out of the little company.

“Who can that be?” said the Elector, and he and the courtiers exhausted themselves with conjectures, but all in vain. The blue domino had vanished.

MEETING AGAIN.

Two days had passed since the great masquerade ball, which the Elector of Cologne had given to the nobility of the Rhine as a celebration of the carnival. The sky was thickly overcast, and was now sending down to the earth huge masses of snow.

The sitting-room of the Counsellor's widow presented a picture of comfort. It was plain that an intelligent woman's spirit ruled there. There was no luxury, no oppressive super-

fluity of furniture, but everything bore the impress of neatness and care. Snow-white curtains, draped in clouds above the windows and hanging down on the sides, gave light and cheerfulness to the room, and hyacinths, jonquils, and crocuses spread over the whole the breath of spring, in spite of the snow which was falling in masses out of doors. A carpet, prettily worked in the fashion of the time, covered the floor, on which shepherds and shepherdesses were guarding their flocks. At the broad window, in the centre, stood a work-table around which Frau Von Breuning, Jeanette, and Eleonore were now sitting, all busy with their work, and enjoying the comfortable warmth dispensed by the large stove.

The fire crackled so prettily, the clock ticked so cozily, the conversation seemed so homelike that, at every gust of wind which drove the masses of snow tempestuously against the window, they felt endless content in the thought of being protected and united by this sweet domestic life.

"It is quite too cozy here with you, dear friends," Jeanette said, letting her fancy work fall into her lap.

"We owe that to the stove," said Frau Von Breuning, smiling.

"If we could only carry this happiness with us into life," Jeanette continued.

"That, my dear child, everyone can do."

Jeanette shook her head, gently. Then she said, "Home is the sweetest expression which the language contains. A house is bought with money; it is filled with the finest furniture, decorated with a thousand costly things. The brilliantly-lighted rooms are filled with perfume, but it is not a home. We have a house in Vienna, but my home is by the Rhine."

There was a heavy knock at the door. It opened in response to a "Come in" from Frau Von Breuning, and Ludwig Van Beethoven entered.

Owing to a slight illness he had not been at the Breunings' for a few days, and had heard nothing of their guest. Her sudden appearance, therefore, surprised him unpleasantly at first. He greeted her hastily, but the blood rushed to his head and heart. "Jeanette!" he cried in joyful amazement, held out both hands to his friend Eleonore, with his usual heartiness, then, as a painful thought oppressed him, he said

with forced coldness, "Excuse me, madame." The name Von Greth never passed his lips; he would sooner have bitten them till the blood came.

This sudden change to ceremonious coldness made a painful impression upon Jeanette, whom the first joyous recognition on Ludwig's part had touched like a warm sunbeam from home.

Nothing had escaped the keen glance of Frau Von Breuning. She read the thoughts of the two young people, but she had expected nothing else at their first meeting, especially from Ludwig's severe nature, but she felt confident that under guidance a greater peace might come to him.

"Well," she said, smiling ironically, "be sure that you restrain yourselves in each other's presence. Show that you have learned the ways of the world in the two years since you have met, for Ludwig places so much value on empty forms."

"It is not that," he said, feeling more tender at the sight of Jeanette's moist eyes, "but I can no longer——"

"Say Jeanette?" said Frau Von Breuning, "why not always in our house? The beautiful relations which bound us all to this child before has suffered no change. It does not seem to me at all as if Jeanette had been away."

"Nor to me," cried Eleonore, "although she has grown terribly above my head, both physically and mentally."

Ludwig, relieved from his first embarrassment, was obliged to admit this; but this very change made him feel less deeply the loss once so painful; and the beautiful repose of the young woman raised her above the ideal girl to a far higher revelation for Ludwig.

Frau Von Breuning knew how to seize this mood of Ludwig's, and to guide and strengthen it. She led the conversation very simply and naturally, but so that in both the young people the ideal chords were always struck, never one which could touch the wounded spot or put them out of humor. After an hour the old free tone sounded again, and after still another, Frau Von Breuning knew that her beautiful plan would succeed.

Ludwig, whose upright, honest character would suffer no secret reserve, told Jeanette quite openly that he had loved her, but he told, also, frankly how his love for her, even before her betrothal, had been glorified into an inspired love for his art. Jeanette listened to this confession not without slight

embarrassment, but by this plain speaking in presence of Frau Von Breuning and Eleonore matters were placed in a clear light. Both young people breathed freely, and the interest they felt in each other needed no longer to shun the light, but a beautiful friendly affection, he a happiness and help to both.

This could not have continued long had not a letter from the general brought to the young wife the news that he was to follow the Emperor against the Turks, and that she might therefore remain with her parents until the end of the war. So Jeanette gained from her parents permission to stay longer in Bonn.

The social life in the Breunings' house was blooming more beautifully than ever, and a new sun was rising upon it in this lovely young woman. Beethoven, Ries, Wegeler, the two Rombergs, and the brothers Kügelgen were never missing for a day. The latter were now very happy. Their father had been dead a year, and they could now follow the desire of their hearts and devote themselves to art. For Beethoven this beautiful period was most important. Jeanette's tender affection awakened perfect spring-time in his heart, and the beauty and purity of the relation to her gave to them both that brightness and wonderful harmony which they had so often admired in Frau Von Breuning, and which they now felt to be the greatest happiness of life.

There was something else which made this period one of the happiest for Beethoven. He had formed such a friend as he had pictured to himself in his ardent enthusiasm for ancient Greece. Ludwig, at that time, stood in no need of acquaintances and friends. Stephan and Christoph Breuning, and all the other young men in the circle, were near enough to him, but a real friend, such as his heart desired, he believed to have found for the first time in the talented young musician who was with him in the electoral chapel.

When a character like Ludwig Van Beethoven lays hold upon anything, it does so with the tenderness and earnestness peculiar to it. Ludwig did not wish to be inferior to the ancient Greeks in his friendship. He longed to be able to make some sacrifice for it, and Berton gave him opportunity enough. During the last few weeks he had starved himself in secret, because, in order to relieve his friend from a difficulty,

he had given him the little he could spare. Such a sacrifice only served to increase his happiness.

At this time of joyful enthusiasm Ludwig wrote his first sonatas and the variations on 'Viene Amore,' after a theme by Righini. He intended in the beginning to dedicate them to Jeanette, but, persuaded by Frau Von Breuning, he dedicated them to his pupil, the Countess Von Hartzfeld.

It was a golden period for Beethoven, and for Frau Von Breuning also, for she was supremely happy at the excellent shape which matters had taken, and at the beautiful development of her favorite. Under her influence, and that of Jeanette, Ludwig's repelling characteristics had almost retired into the back-ground. The lessons he always gave unwillingly, still he forced himself, and gave them. On the other hand, his good side came out more brilliantly than ever. In none of the other young men, although they all rivalled each other in vigorous effort, appeared such decision in the acceptance and pursuit of his calling as in him. What intellectual power showed itself! What a gigantic impulse to make himself known in great musical creations! Added to all this were his purity of soul, a warm heart thirsting for love, and an ardent reverence for the ideals of beauty and sublimity.

Frau Von Breuning was infinitely happy at all this ; but the sunshine was almost too dazzling for her. She knew what share this beautiful relation to Jeanette had in the development of the young genius. How would it be when this influence ceased ? This was the great anxiety which would steal its way into her motherly heart. But she was strong enough to trust the seed which she had planted, and the naturally good soil upon which it had fallen. In the course of the next month an event took place which cast a new sunbeam into the spring-time of life which had opened for Ludwig Van Beethoven.

WHEN ONE GOES ON A JOURNEY.

Max Franz, Elector of Cologne, was Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, and as such had his residence at the castle of Mergentheim. In the month of April the order was issued

for all the officers and servants of the Court, and also the court choir, to prepare themselves by the middle of May for a journey to Mergentheim, and a long residence there.

A journey from Bonn to Mergentheim was about the same as a journey from St. Petersburg to Madrid. The lively little company of the orchestra and theatre had to make the journey in two yachts up the Rhine and the Main; that is, taking into consideration the curves of the river, they took at that time ten hours for a journey which we now, borne upon the wings of steam, can take in an hour.

To a young man like Ludwig Van Beethoven what poetry there was in the thought of taking the whole glorious journey up the Rhine, of seeing Coblenz, Bingen, Mainz, Frankfurt and Würzburg!

He parted unwillingly from the circle at the Breunings' house, which was so dear to him. A sacred bond seemed to claim him there, but fate was very gentle with him this time: she loosed the bond to some extent. Jeanette, unwilling to neglect her filial duty, went for a few months to her parents at Cologne, where she expected to meet her husband.

Nature has implanted in the heart of youth the love of travel, the almost irresistible desire to go out into the world. There, life lays hold upon a young man, tosses him, plays at dice with him, makes him struggle for pleasure and gain, for glory and honor. When he has found all this, or only a part of it, or has grown weary in the storms of life, the recollection of the peace of youth returns. So both feelings, the love of home and the longing to rush out into the world, have their perfect justification in life, and belong to the great motive powers which are brought to bear with such infinite wisdom in this master-piece of the universe.

But another thought occupied Ludwig Van Beethoven. He hoped to see, hear, and learn much that was new in connection with his art, so he rejoiced at the thought of seeing Canon Sterkel,* the composer of the opera *Farnace*, who was there in Aschaffenburg, and was at that time considered one of the finest

*Johann Franz Xavier Sterkel, a very pleasing composer and pianist, who was born at Wurtzburg, 1750, studied theology, became organist and court-chaplain at Mainz in 1778, travelled to Italy at the expense of his prince in 1779, became on his return canon at Mainz, and, after Righini's death, kapellmeister there, where he died in 1817.

pianists. He hoped, also, to make the acquaintance of Righini,* the excellent singer and composer. No wonder that Beethoven looked forward with delight and impatience to the time of starting. Besides Ries, Wegeler, the two Rombergs, and, better than all, Berton, were to be his travelling companions. But the month of June arrived before the Elector left Bonn. Then Wegeler rushed into Ludwig's room one afternoon, and announced with loud hurrahs that early on the next day, but one at five o'clock, the two yachts with their lively freight would start.

What life was stirring when that morning came! The earth itself, so fresh and bright, sent forth its greeting. The sky shone in its most glorious blue; the sun rose like a queen behind the Seven Mountains; and Father Rhine seemed to be sweeping his green waves swiftly on to the sea. Near the shore, opposite the Rhine-gate, lay two magnificent yachts, entwined with leaves and flowers, and gayly decked with flags. Already the sailors, amid the wild jokes of Master Lux, were lifting one cask of wine after another into the hold. Baskets of bread, ham, sausages, and other eatables were received with cries of delight by the travellers, waiting in joyful expectation on the shore, as well as by the curious eyes of spectators. The youth of Bonn took a most important share in this spectacle, but their shouting knew no bounds when Lux, in the overflow of joy, scattered a few pieces of money among them. With cries, laughter, pulling and abuse, the crowd now fell upon one another, each stretching out eagerly and looking for little coins.

The travellers were not all so unrestrained in their joy as Lux. In the more quiet party were Beethoven and his most intimate acquaintances, Berton, the Rombergs, Ries, Wegeler, and the two Kùgelgens, who made the journey at their own expense. Now, at last, all the preparations were completed. The members of the electoral choir and of the theatre went on board, and, with the singing of a merry song, the boat pushed

*Vincenzo Righini, born at Bologna, 1760; educated by Father Martini, a good singer and composer, and a distinguished teacher of singing; in 1783, kapell-meister of the Elector of Mainz; composer of *Armida*, *Alcide*, *Arianna*, etc., the mass at the coronation of Leopold II., and, in 1810, of the *Te Deum* at the birth-day celebration of Queen Louise of Prussia; kapell-meister at Berlin in 1793; died in 1812. Good harmony of different instruments, melody, clearness, Mozart's cheerfulness, and depth are the most distinctive qualities of his musical creations.

off from land. Then the cannon boomed on the shore, the handkerchiefs of those left behind waved their parting greeting, tears stood in many an eye, and many a sigh escaped the breast of a mother, wife, or sweetheart, left at home, at the long, perilous journey of these friends who were floating away from them.

To Ludwig and his friends handkerchiefs were waved from the windows of a little garden-house on the Old Turnpike, and the travellers returned the greeting joyfully. They knew well what faithful love they were leaving there to find it soon again. But young Beethoven was moved by another feeling, which made him very happy. It was the thought of a dear one far away.

How swiftly the next few days passed for the whole company! As the Elector was not going directly to Mergentheim, but made several excursions to the neighboring Courts, there was no hurry about the journey. They, therefore, landed at the finest points, and visited them together. They climbed up to the principal ruins of the Rhine valley, and the fun and wit of the good-natured artistic people often rose to the wildest extravagance. Of course, Lux was always the leader, but all were drawn into a free and merry mood by the glorious region itself, by the fine weather, and by a thousand comic occurrences.

With what shouts on those first days they greeted Andernach, Coblenz, the ruins of Stolzenfels, which they ascended, the magnificent rocks of the Lorelei, the grandest sight which the Rhine offers, Caub, and the Palatinate. They also landed at Bacharach to see the ruin of the Werner Cathedral. Beethoven and his friends clinked their glasses with especial pleasure to the health of the two Kùgelgens, for Bacharach was their birth-place.

The whole company now spent their time in merriment till they landed at Bingen, where they were to pass the night. A hotel situated by the Rhine received the entire freight of both yachts, of course on condition that the greater part of the company must be satisfied with a straw bed in the parlor, as many of the rooms were already occupied, and the others must be prepared for the ladies and the principal members. Such a couch was exactly suited to the ideas of these young artists, and the promise of it was received with delight.

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The next day was spent in one continuous frolic. When the company went back to the hotel, a large table was spread for them. With the speed of lightning the seats were taken, and not till the excellent dessert came, and the fine Scharlachberger, did their wit explode.

Ludwig Van Beethoven had also found the day very pleasant, but after dinner he returned to the room which stood in readiness for the director, and which he was so kind as to share with him. Here, at the open window, with his eye turned toward the Rhine, and the mountain-chain of the Niederwald stretched out like a giant in the darkness of night, with the lights of Rudesheim glittering at its feet, in the first enjoyment of the impressions of the day's journey, he composed the pretty song:—

“Wen Jemand eine Reise thut
Dann kann er was erzählen.”

CHANGE.

There is scarcely a more beautiful, a more poetic, legend than of Orpheus, whose lyre opened even the gates of Orcus. Music opens to mankind an unknown realm, a world which has nothing in common with this outer world of the senses, but which surrounds the latter, and, on entering which, one lays aside all positive feeling to surrender himself to an inexpressible but blessed longing. He who has once cast a glance into this kingdom, who has felt this sweet longing, is drawn to both again by irresistible power.

Beethoven, even after the composition of his song, was too much excited to go to bed, though Ries was already asleep, and, as the night was wonderfully beautiful and mild, Beethoven remained absorbed in thought at the open window. With the composition of this song, with the last dying tone of this lawless day, one of those sudden changes had taken place which were so marked in Beethoven's character. Was it that Ludwig was not created for the enjoyment of continued pleasure? Or was it that, in the stillness of night, the gates of that invisi-

ble realm of which we have spoken had sprung open? In short, the cheerfulness which had characterized him on the first days of the journey had changed. He felt that he had tasted enough from the foaming cup of pleasure, and pushed it back with repugnance. The world within him had grown beyond the external world. Immeasurable as the star-sown infinity above him was the realm into which he now plunged. He laid hold of his heart, which was so full and so deeply stirred, as if he would tear from it great deeds and great creations. Suddenly he remembered an occurrence which was now years behind him. It was that walk with the Breunings and their friends to Godesberg. Then, just as he, walking alone, had come to the consciousness that, if he would become truly great through music, he must live and act for this idea, and for this alone, must sacrifice to it all the pleasures of life,—friendship and love, riches, honor and happiness,—an eagle, with outspread wings, had whizzed by above his head.

Even then that moment had had a decided influence upon him, and Ludwig now felt that the strength of that influence had not died away. It had received new nourishment from that evening by the Rhine after he heard of Jeanette's betrothal. From that time his decision had been firm as a giant, and only concealed at times by passing clouds. Perhaps he was too severe upon himself if he called the pleasures of the past day such a cloud. But, as he had often done before, he cast from himself, with the strength of a Titan, every oppressive weight, and stood free, uplifted by his great resolve, like a regenerate creature. The friends were not very much amazed when they saw this transformation the next day. They were accustomed to this in Beethoven, and, although they sometimes ridiculed his severity, they could not withhold from him their respect and appreciation. There was something grand in Ludwig's character which, in the midst of the most honest and uninterrupted effort, was always crying to itself, "All this is by no means enough, a far too weary flight, checked by the powers of this earthly life. Shake thy wings anew, and soar to the shining stars."

In fact, for the whole company the rest of the journey, though still very lively, was less brilliant than before. They had been a little too boisterous, and not until they had passed

Mainz was Lux once more a model of wit and extravagance, thus giving the tone to the whole party. He knew why his gayety was unbounded. Kapell-meister Ries had privately engaged him for Mainz and Frankfür't, with a large increase of salary, and the promise to pay his debts in Bonn, which were probably not small.

Meanwhile, Beethoven clung more closely than ever to Berton, and his influence seemed to have a transforming effect upon Leo, for though certainly a very pleasure-seeking and sensual young man, he now held back from the general lawlessness like a philosopher. Bernhard Romberg maintained that Berton was a false man, and that there must be some hidden reason for his attachment to Ludwig. This very opposition excited Ludwig's obstinacy, and so wounded his self-love that he now clung only to Berton. Berton fondled and flattered his friend whenever he could, and Ludwig would have gone literally through fire and water for him.

Is it possible to estimate the transporting charm which a youthful friendship has for a strong artistic temperament? Ludwig's noble heart, thirsting for love, involuntarily stretched out its spiritual feelers in search of something which should fill his whole soul. He was on the right road, but he must travel over the road like a human being; and could he do so without human feelings and desires?

Let a pure, comprehensive, divine love once thrill your wounded heart, and it is consecrated forever. To one it comes as a wife, to another as a friend, to a third as art. This is the reason why the poor human heart must search so much and go astray so often.

CANON STERKEL.

So the bright days of the journey passed away, and a similar one has seldom been made under pleasanter circumstances. Youth, talents of all kinds, in rich abundance, that freedom from restraint which permits the most delightful love affairs; beautiful weather, which smiled with unusual constancy upon

the happy company,—these united formed a most charming whole.

On the rest of the journey Ludwig Van Beethoven enjoyed what was beautiful, but with that lofty gravity which had come over him since he left Bingen. This was evidently hard for Berton, who often joined in the general revelry when he saw that he was not observed by Ludwig. But Leo lived mostly for his friend, and he for him, so that Lux gave them the nick-names of Orestes and Pylades.

A day was given to the venerable coronation city of Frankfurt, Hanau was hastily visited, and a beautiful Sunday spent in Aschaffenburg. They were just turning a corner when Ries, addressing his young companion, said, "Have you with you the letter of introduction to the canon which Simrock gave you?"

"Certainly," said Beethoven, "we must be introduced there."

"We do not need Simrock's letter for that," said the director. "I have known Sterkel for a long time, but it is quite as well for you to bring with you a kindly word from Bonn."

"I am much pleased at the thought of this meeting," Ludwig continued. "I have never heard a really celebrated pianist, and Sterkel is said to be very skillful."

"He is indeed," answered Ries, "and was so ten years ago when I first knew him as organist and court chaplain at Mainz. He was remarkable, especially for his light and pleasing touch."

"I should like to learn something in that direction, for my playing is too rough, too hard."*

"Yet I should not like to have you accept his manner entirely."

"There is no danger of that, but why not?"

"Because I think Sterkel plays a little too much like a woman."†

"It is not at all necessary for a man to give up his original style, although he may accept something better which is peculiar to anyone else."

"Keep to that principle. You will find it to be of much use to you. But, dear friend, permit me one more question?"

"With pleasure."

*Schindler; Ludwig Van Beethoven's Biography.

† Wegeler and Ries; Biographical Notices, p. 17.

"How does it happen that your piano-playing should really be often a little hard when you have so much feeling?"

Beethoven smiled. Was it not a weakness of the good Ries that he had not often before called his attention to this, if he knew it.

"How does it happen?" said Ludwig. "I believe it comes simply from my playing the organ so much.* You know that the organ is very dear to me."

While this conversation was going on the two friends had reached the house. Ries rang, and an old servant led them at once to the upper story.

Although the house was old and unsightly, they found there a very pleasant, spacious room, furnished not luxuriously but very tastefully.

"I am curious to see how Sterkel looks," said Beethoven, when the old servant had left them to call his master from the garden. "I have often found that one can judge the occupant by the room with tolerable certainty. There is usually a harmony in the physiognomy of the two."

"I never thought of that," said Ries, "but you may be right. Order within and without certainly correspond."

"I judge from the general impression which this room makes upon me of the character of the occupant."

"How?"

"Why, is there not in this bright, pleasant room, though very unassuming, something refined, self-respecting?"

"Certainly."

"His character," Beethoven continued, "is unassuming, simple, but never lowers itself. Am I right? Is not that Sterkel's picture?"

Ries was about to reply when the door opened, and Sterkel entered.

The canon was a man of thirty or forty years, well-built, and with a noble, frank expression. Beethoven smiled when he saw him, for his opinion was so completely confirmed, not only by his appearance but by his behavior, that the two visitors soon felt at their ease. A lively conversation ensued after the ceremonious introduction and the presentation of the letter,—

* Beethoven's own words.

a conversation far removed from those flat parlor talks which consist of nothing but empty phrases and unmeaning courtesies.

Here they talked about what interested them, about piano-playing, composing for the piano, and the piano itself as a favorite instrument, or otherwise.

"The finest expression of which this instrument is capable," said Beethoven, "does not give to melody the stirring life and the thousands of shades which the bow of a violin or the breath of a wind instrument could produce."

"That is so," said Sterkel; "the player struggles in vain against the insurmountable difficulty caused by the mechanism which makes the strings vibrate and resound by means of a keyboard. Who should understand this weakness better than I?"

"Yet," said Ries, "it is you, as everybody knows, who have gained such victories with this instrument."

"Because it has also its superior side," answered Sterkel, pleasantly, "for there is certainly no instrument which, like the grand piano, comprehends in full accords the whole realm of harmony, and reveals its treasures to the connoisseur in the most wonderful modes, forms. But one thing more is necessary, a skillful composer who knows how to deal with the piano,—and how many have we of these?"

"Men like you," said Beethoven, "must and will call them forth. When the imagination of the composer has grasped a complete tone-picture, with rich groups, bright lights and deep shadows, and thrown it upon the paper, then the artist who executes, be he composer or not, can so reproduce it upon the grand piano that it comes forth from the inner world shining in color, a new creation, and enters into life with a transporting charm."

"Yes," said Sterkel, with a pleasant smile, which was an expression of his enthusiasm for his art, "there is something charming in this reproduction, which is in a certain sense a new creation. The full-voiced score, that real musical book of necromancy, which preserves in its signs all the wonders of the art of tone, the mysterious chorus of many kinds of instruments, becomes inspired under the hands of the master of the grand piano. Yet, do you know, my dear sir, what I am always forced to compare such a piece with, apart from the scene, even when well performed and with all the voices?"

"With what?" asked Ries.

"With a fine engraving taken from a great painting. What is it compared with the original work? No! no! But for fantasias, for executing sonatas, trios, quartettes, quintettes, etc., where the ordinary stringed instruments come in, for these the piano and the grand piano are peculiarly fitted."

"Certainly," said Beethoven, "because here it depends wholly upon the harmonious finish, which of itself excludes the introduction of single instruments in brilliant passages."

"I agree with you," said Sterkel, and he looked at Beethoven with satisfaction, "but young artists must guard against one thing, ordinary piano concerts. I have a genuine dislike of these."

"Why?" Ries and Beethoven asked, astonished.

"Because, usually, the skill of each player should be brought out in passages and in the expression of the melody, but the best player upon the finest instrument, with all the forced passages, can only do artificial work like a rope-dancer, while in the expression of the melody he strives in vain for that which the violinist can accomplish with slight effort."

"Yes, indeed," said Ries, "if only the nimbleness of the fingers is admired little is gained, but *you* have the reputation of addressing the feelings."

"Because, as a composer," said Sterkel, "I take care that a simple but fruitful theme, suitable to the various turns of counterpoint, lies at the foundation of every composition."

"And that all the minor themes and figures," said Beethoven, "are so closely connected with the main idea that the whole addresses the heart, and arranges and twists itself prettily and neatly into the most perfect unity. I know this, Canon, for your compositions have always been favorites of mine."

"I am glad to hear that from my rival," said Sterkel, smiling.

"Why your rival?" asked Beethoven.

"Why," continued the former, "you are beginning, young man, to put my fame in danger. Your variations on *Viene Amore*," the theme by Righini, are a superior creation. I own them, and am fond of playing them."

"You think, then, that I may venture to go on in this path?"

"Venture! My dear young man, if you go on so, the name of Beethoven will be on the lips of everyone."

"That is certainly my highest aim."

"Then go forward, good Chamber-musician. We need skillful composers. There is a mighty stir just now in the field of music. What have not Haydn, Dettersdorf, Glück, and our glorious Mozart done in these later times!"

"O Mozart, Mozart!" cried Beethoven, and his eyes lighted up with enthusiasm. "He is my idol. Now only thirty-two, and his fame fills the whole world."

"And rightly."

"How glorious his operas are!—Idomeneo, The Betrayal, Figaro, his violin quartette dedicated to Haydn, his symphonies in G minor and C major, and, above all, what a colossal masterpiece is his Don Juan! How Mozart, that glorious man, penetrates the secrets of harmony! How he works upon the souls of men! The proportions of numbers which, to most men, are only dead, stiff examples in reckoning are always to him magic forms from which he brings forth an enchanted world."

At these words Beethoven had sprung up, and was walking up and down the room much excited. The two other men looked with delight upon this youthful enthusiasm. After a pause Ludwig said, turning to Ries:—

"Do you know, dear Director, what I have done on our journey since we left Bingen, when they have been too wild for me?"

"Why, you have crept away with your Pylades! Everybody has seen that who had eyes."

"But what did we do then?"

"You must have philosophized with Plato: I know your passion."

"A mistake," cried Beethoven, with proud delight. "We studied Don Juan,—the score, I mean,—its great and innumerable beauties of counterpoint."

"Where did you get the score of this opera?"

"From my friend and patron, Count Waldenfels. He lent it to me for this journey."

"That is right," said Sterkel. "He who wishes to become great must form himself after great models."

The canon added, rising, "Since you are such a great worshiper of Mozart, I will play for you a few variations on themes from his operas." He went to the piano, which was the chief

ornament of the room, opened it, and began to play in his own simple way. What pretty, polished, and yet deeply-felt, playing it was! Beethoven and Ries listened with amazement. Neither of them had ever heard such playing, so delicate, so soft, and with a virtuosity which surprised even these two skillful pianists.

When the canon finished playing, and the visitors had expressed their thanks and well-grounded admiration, Sterkel said to young Beethoven:—

“Now, dear Chamber-musician, it is your turn. Let me hear something from the promising composer of the variations I mentioned.”

“Oh, no!” answered Beethoven, “you do not wish me to play after you,—the beginner after the master.”

“No compliments,” said Sterkel, in his frank, pleasant way.

“I know nothing of them,” returned Ludwig, decidedly. “Regard it as fitting modesty that I do not venture to play before you.”

“This modesty is too great,” said Sterkel. “If you wish to take the world by storm some day, you must not be too modest. That, indeed, is a fault from which most of our young artists suffer very little.”

“I see,” Ries interrupted, “that I must intercede here. My young friend Beethoven is not one of those men who, when they are about to show their skill, suffer themselves to be flattered and urged in order, as they suppose, to make the greater impression. He is simple, true, and open, and many times quite too outspoken.”

The canon laughed, then he said, “That pleases me. I like that in a young man of merit.”

“He is also a very skillful pianist,” director Ries added.

“But, then,” said the canon, with a sly expression, “a man may be a very good composer, and may understand writing very difficult pieces for the piano, but whether all who have done this are able to solve their own difficulties skillfully I very much doubt.”

“Why not?” said Beethoven quickly at these words, for he understood very well that Sterkel meant him, and had expressed the doubt whether he was able to execute his own variations perfectly. This seemed to Ludwig an attack upon

his honor. Ambition restored to him the full energy of his character, and he cried, "We shall soon see. Have you my variations on *Viene Amore* at hand?"

"Certainly," answered Sterkel, pleased at the success of his artifice. But they did not find the variations; they must have been mislaid.

"That makes no difference," said Beethoven, with a proud consciousness, and seated himself quickly, and without another word, at the piano.

"What," cried Ries and Sterkel at once, "you will not play these difficult variations from memory?"

Ludwig made no reply; he only nodded his head, and began. Now the astonishment was on the side of the other two. Beethoven not only played these variations, but he also improvised a number of others not less difficult, and, to the great surprise of his two listeners, executed them all perfectly, and with the same pretty, pleasing manner throughout which he had just admired in Sterkel.*

"Magnificent, magnificent!" cried Sterkel, delighted.

"Genius!" added Ries, and looked at his friend with joyful pride. He knew from that moment that Ludwig Van Beethoven was born for decided greatness. The canon could not be withheld from embracing the young man heartily. Then he seized both Ludwig's hands, and cried, looking at him with beaming eyes:—

"You have excelled me, Beethoven! You will be great some day. Yes, you are permeated by a divine power. Hold it fast, and yield yourself, body, soul, and mind, to the spirit stirring within you. My inmost conviction tells me that you belong to the consecrated ones of this world. You have already learned the deep meaning of the language of that spiritual realm, for you can speak it. Onward, then, with the magic power of genius, call forth all the glorious visions which slumber in your inmost soul, that they may glide through life in shining circles, and fill all who can see and understand them with inspiration and rapture." Sterkel embraced Beethoven once more, and begged that he might be permitted to be called his friend.

How beautiful the hours were which followed, passed in

*Exactly according to the account of Herr Ries himself; Wegeler and Ries, p. 16. Marx; Ludwig Van Beethoven, Part First, p. 13. Schindler, p. 22.

unending happiness by these great men. In young Beethoven the purpose was livelier than ever to sacrifice everything to his art, and to have this alone always before his eyes. He knew that he should find his brightest reward in these endeavors.

The wings of his soul grew, and a strange sensation came over him, as if a divine power suddenly swelled his heart, and he grew to the occasion,—great, powerful, unattainable.

Then he saw in the spirit Jeanette's lovely form as Genius of Fancy holding out the wreath to him, but the form and the wreath were far from him. As he reached after it, it melted away in the evening's golden glimmer.

THE CRY FOR HELP.

The journey to Mergentheim, which had begun so favorably, was soon to take an unpleasant turn for young Beethoven. Scarcely had the company reached their destination when Leo Berton, to whom Ludwig clung with his whole soul, was taken seriously ill. At first, Beethoven thought this illness was only a passing cloud, but the case grew perceptibly worse until physicians declared that a nervous fever had set in.

Now Beethoven's heart showed itself in its best light. In spite of all the entreaties of his anxious friends the reasonable arguments of the physician, the dangerous nature of the disease, which at that time was sweeping off hundreds in Mergentheim and the surrounding country, young Beethoven could not be dissuaded from nursing his sick friend night and day. He only went out to rehearsals and concerts in which he was obliged to take part.

Anxiety, being too much in the sick room, and constant watching at night, so affected his health that he grew very pale and thin. Ries made every effort to moderate his friend's zeal; Wegeler and the Rombergs did the same, but in vain. When did he ever use moderation? He always went to one extreme or the other, and, being naturally suspicious, he could see nothing in the entreaties of his friends but concealed attempts

to separate him from Berton. Was it surprising that Beethoven grew sick as Leo, thanks to his tender care, recovered? But the joy of having saved his friend raised him above danger. After these months at Mergentheim he returned with his friends to Bonn thin and pale, but with restored health. The most important event of the journey home was that on the way Lux suddenly disappeared. A few months afterwards, however, he appeared at Frankfrt and Mainz, well and happy, engaged as a member of the theatre company there, to the great delight of the mirth-loving public. Beethoven did not feel very sad about it. He never really liked Lux, for the two natures were diametrically opposed to each other. He clung to Berton so much the more closely from day to day. He did not succeed in introducing him into the Breunings' house, for the Counsellor's widow had too many objections to offer to this talented and outwardly-respectable young man.

A fortnight after Frau Von Greth's return two letters were handed to her by the servant who had attended her upon her journey. She seized them hastily, cast a quick glance at the hand-writing of the addresses, and cried, "From my husband, and from Eleone." Then she sat down, laid her husband's letter unopened on the window-sill, and with joyful impatience broke open the one from her friend. Eleonore's letter was as follows:—

"Dear Jeanette,

You will be amazed that my last scrawl, which I sent you four days ago, should be followed so soon by a letter a yard long, when, according to our agreement, I ought to have waited for your reply. But do not suppose that it is only the fancy of a girl who finds pleasure in unburdening to her friend a heart laden with secrets. I have already said too much in my last letter of the sensations which were before strange to me, but which now give me so much happiness. 'Out of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and between us, alas! the pen must take the place of the mouth. No more of this, however, except that Wegeler is a dear, good creature.

"Today I have to speak of another good creature, though somewhat obstinate and unpliant. You will know at once

whom I mean. Can it be anyone but Ludwig? Ah, dear Jeanette, he is giving us much anxiety again,—more anxiety than ever; and we miss you, because you know how to soften and quiet him by some wonderful charm. You know from my letters how the young chamber-musician, Berton, has succeeded in controlling his noble heart. But you know Ludwig. If, from some caprice, he is once attracted to a person, he has no longer any eye for his weaknesses. The friendship for Berton owes its excess of devotion to pure opposition to us all, for even my brother dissuaded and warned him. Our fears were realized only too quickly.

“Berton has deceived him shamefully. Behind Ludwig’s back he has obtained from the Elector, through deception, the favor of being sent to Vienna to complete his musical education. What is especially crushing to Ludwig, he has made wretched game of his confidence and love. Imagine the condition of our noble friend, for he is noble still under his rough exterior. Think of him with his dearest wish, the possibility of a fine musical education under the direction of Haydn, Albrechtsberger, and Salieri, destroyed, his whole future ruined. Think of him with his most sacred feelings despised, and do not forget that Ludwig is no ordinary man, that everything in his character tends to excess, and you will admit that we have a right to grieve for him.

“He visits no one, speaks scarcely a word, is even more gloomy and repelling than before, and our good mother fears that, with his peculiar character, this unhappy circumstance may determine his whole life. To an unusually affectionate letter from brother Stephan he made no reply except the words “The happiness of my life is destroyed forever; my faith in mankind is irrecoverably lost.” This must not be. Upon that point we are all agreed. Neither as a man nor as an artist must Ludwig be ruined by the baseness of this miserable fellow. I think it is our part now to show what friendship is. But how? In what way shall we draw Ludwig to us again?

“Here, dear Jeanette, you must advise and help us. We need you as a magician, only I make it a condition that you shall not enchant my Wegeler. But, come! Come soon, for, joking aside, even mother rests her last hope upon your being

here. Now, I know that we do not ask in vain, and shall, therefore, expect you at once.

Your devoted friend,

ELEONORE VON BREUNING."

Jeanette had dropped the hand which held her friend's letter in her lap, and was thinking earnestly of the sad fate of the young man for whose weal or woe a sympathizing chord always resounded in her heart. Suddenly light seemed to flash upon her.

"I have it! I have it! Everything will be right again, and the Elector cannot refuse it to me, for——" But the light died out in Jeanette's eyes as quickly as it had arisen. "What if the matter were already decided," she said slowly. "What if that wretched Berton holds this promise in his hand in writing? But why this irresolution? It is only stated here that Berton has obtained from the Elector through deception the promise of being sent to Vienna. That does not mean that he has the commission and the money for the journey in his pocket. There is then a possibility of rescue, and it must be tried." Jeanette turned to make the necessary preparations for her journey. As she felt for the handkerchief which she had laid on the window-sill something fell on the floor. She looked for it. It was her husband's letter, which she had quite forgotten in the thoughts of the one which told her about Ludwig. Ashamed, she picked it up and read it.

It was brief and to the point. Herr Von Greth, having secretly returned from the Turko-Russian war, hastily announced that the restlessness in France, and the proceedings of the French against their king, made an immediate outbreak of war with France almost a certainty. Austria was already quietly preparing, and since the Rhine district would be exposed to the first and greatest danger, it was his wish that Jeanette should return at once to Vienna.

When Jeanette read the letter displeasure overshadowed her pretty brow. Not that the return to her husband was painful to her, for her wedded life was by no means unhappy. The indifference of husband and wife, together with loyalty to duty, helped them to live easily together, especially as their union had thus far been childless.

At any other time Jeanette would have submitted without hesitation to the wish of her husband, but at this moment the call to Vienna was very inconvenient. But she certainly would not have gone back to Austria without taking leave of the dear friends in Bonn. She, therefore, at once made preparations for a visit to the Breunings, made known to her parents her husband's wish, and wrote to the latter that she would come as soon as possible to Vienna.

When Jeanette entered the Breunings' house on the evening of the next day the delight of Eleonore and the others can be easily imagined.

"I thought so," said the Counsellor's widow, much pleased.

"Jeanette's noble heart could not resist our call for help."

"Say rather the call of a sacred duty," replied the young woman, blushing. "Perhaps I can, in some measure, make good the injury committed against him and myself in my youthful folly."

"Above all things, we must win him again to the world and to life."

"And inspire him once more with his wonted ambition, cost what it may."

"Oh, that will certainly come of itself," said Jeanette.

At this moment the two brothers came in. They greeted the new-comer heartily, then all sat down to hold a council-of-war, and form the necessary plans for attracting Ludwig again.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

The Elector was walking angrily up and down his room. The dark cloud which lowered so threateningly over France seemed about to discharge itself over Germany also. In Saxony, usually so peaceful, the peasants, excited by the news from revolutionary France, were already beginning to revolt, and in various places active measures had been taken. But what was worse, and of far more importance to the Elector of Cologne, was the fact that in the neighboring towns these scenes had of late been imitated.

The times had brought with them another evil. The French nobility were beginning to leave their country, and the revolutionary movements on the other side of the Elector's border were sending a number of emigrants towards Coblenz, Cologne, and Bonn.

Maximilian, cautious and wisely economical, was not a little disturbed by this, for, besides the expense which these uninvited guests might bring upon the country, they might also draw thither the storm of passion which was raging yonder.

All these cares were now occupying the Elector continually. He was passing his hand over his brow with a disheartened air when his glance fell upon the piano which stood in the next room. He was a good musician. Often, in hours of depression, this instrument had chased away his care. He, therefore, turned to it now, but he did not extemporise today as he usually did. He took up a little volume of manuscript notes, and began to play them through. The composition was very fine, but presented difficulties which were not so easily overcome even by so skillful a player. This was precisely what the Elector needed. The effort drew him away from his thoughts, and he was pleased with the conquest which he soon achieved.

He was going on very smoothly when Count Waldenfels entered. The latter stood a long time unnoticed, listening with pleasure. Then the Elector chanced to look round and saw him.

"Waldenfels," without permitting himself to be disturbed, "I am glad that you have come. I should like your criticism upon this sonata."

"Your Electoral Grace has certainly no need of my criticism," answered the minister, with a respectful bow. "I know no more competent judge than your Highness."

"No, no," said the Elector, still playing on, "you are a greater connoisseur in music than I. I beg you, therefore, to give me your opinion of this composition without reserve."

"It is excellent," answered Waldenfels.

"Only hear this passage!" said the Elector.

"How glorious! It is difficult, but Beethoven likes that."

"Who?"

"Beethoven."

"You've guessed wrong," cried the Elector, repeating the last

passage in which he had made a mistake. "The sonata is a work of Berton's."

"I beg pardon, your Highness, you mean Beethoven."

"No, no, no! Berton."

"But ——"

"Now listen to it carefully."

"I know it."

"Impossible! Berton wrote it at my order, and brought it to me with the assurance that no one knew it."

"Then Berton has lied to you."

"Waldenfels!"

"Pardon me, but I must hold to my statement as I was present when Beethoven composed this sonata, and played it to me after its completion."

"When was that?"

"Three or four weeks ago."

"And you are not mistaken?"

"I possess the original manuscript by Beethoven's hand."

"But, Berton?"

"May I ask when your Highness gave Berton this order to compose a sonata?"

"Yesterday morning. I wished to see if he was in a condition to demand anything of his talent. Genius must create like lightning, not collect with the industry of a bee."

"That is precisely what Berton cannot do. He is a very talented young man, but without a spark of genius."

"And you think ——?"

"He did not find himself in a condition to accede to your wish in the short time required. I know that, to Berton, three or four days would have been necessary for this work."

"And so must he ——?"

"In order not to appear unskillful, he has perhaps ——"

"Leave the matter to me," said the Elector, rising, and the old lines of displeasure had gathered again upon his face. "Berton seems to be a fine fellow," he continued, as if he would silence his own doubts, "I have told him I would send him to Vienna. Beethoven has certainly remarkable talent, but Berton has talent also, and —— I have given him my word."

Count Waldenfels made no reply. He knew with what strictness Max Franz clung to his written word. The minister,

therefore, only indicated his regret by a slight bow, and an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders. For a moment he scarcely knew what to do, when the chamber-maid announced a lady.

"Who is she?" asked the Elector, vexatiously.

"She will not give her name, but has pressing business with your Electoral Grace."

"I cannot see her."

The servant made a low bow and went out. In a few moments she returned again.

"What?" asked the Prince, displeased, "will she not be refused?"

"No," answered the servant, "she begged me to give this to your Electoral Grace."

"Ah!" said Maximilian as he held in his hand the little golden rose which he had given to the lovely blue domino at the carnival ball.

All his inquiries for this lady since that time had been in vain, and now she presented herself.

"Admit her," he cried, therefore, in a cheerful tone, to the servant. Then, laying his hand on the shoulder of the minister, who was about to withdraw, he said, smiling, "Do not go, my dear Count, it would be dangerous for an ecclesiast to endure such a meeting alone," going at the same time towards the door which was just opening.

"The wife of General Von Greth!" said the Elector, surprised, "and you were that blue domino?"

"Who owed her rescue to your Electoral Highness," answered the pretty young woman, with a graceful bow.

"How could I have been so blind as not to recognize you?"

"Perhaps your Highness thought I was in Vienna."

Max Franz then invited Madame Von Greth to take a seat near him.

After they were all seated the Prince began:—

"I may, perhaps, ask what brings you to me?"

"A request, your Highness."

"And the rose reminds me of my promise to grant it."

"May I then venture?"

"I beg you to proceed."

"I do so with a lighter heart as it concerns not me, but one of

your most excellent and most talented servants, whose whole future rests in your hands."

"You make me eager to know the name of this man. I already consider him fortunate, since he rejoices in so lovely an advocate."

"Oh!" cried the young woman, with a beaming face, "his best advocates are his noble heart, his brave soul, and his great talents."

"I shall scarcely be able to resist all these qualities combined with your own fair self. Who is this for whom you petition in such a beautiful union?"

"Ludwig Van Beethoven," said the general's wife, with a slight bow.

At these words a smile passed over the minister's face, but it found no response on the face of the Elector, whose expression on the contrary darkened a little.

"How does it happen that you are interceding for young Beethoven?" said Max Franz, after a few seconds, "for I can readily understand that you petition that he may be sent to Vienna."

"That is indeed my request," said Madame Von Greth. "Beethoven's whole future depends on the possibility of a fine education under the direction of the great musicians of Vienna." And now, with an eloquence of which she had not believed herself capable, she explained the whole condition of affairs, painted with no less enthusiasm than grace the great service which Max Franz had rendered to science and art; described Ludwig's character, his talents, his former hopes, his friendship for Berton, his unspeakable pain at the treachery of his friend, and the annihilation of all his glorious hopes, all with such vividness and charm, that the Elector, when she concluded, was evidently excited. But he was also indignant at Berton's conduct.

"You can certify to the truth of all you have said, especially with reference to young Berton?" he asked, with a solemn, steady gaze.

"I can," said the general's wife.

"And I, also," added Waldenfels.

"Very well," answered the Elector, rising, "I will look into the matter myself, especially with regard to this sonata. If I find that it is as you represent, than I have been shamefully

deceived. I shall take back my word, and Beethoven goes to Vienna."

General Von Greth's wife and Waldenfels, who rose at the same time, beamed with delight, but the Elector refused all thanks for the present. "Let us await the result of my further inquiries," he said. "At all events, dear Waldenfels, send Beethoven to me immediately. You, most honored little woman, will also grant me a request, will you not?"

"With pleasure, if it lies in my power."

"Then take this rose a second time and keep it in memory of me."

"How gladly will I do it!" answered Frau Von Greth, "and as often as I see it it shall remind me of the kindness which your Electoral Grace has heaped upon the head of young Beethoven." And with a slight bow she took the little golden rose for the second time from the hand of the ecclesiastical Elector.

"Now, one thing more. Step into this side room for a half hour, you will find good books for your amusement. When I need you again, I will open to you."

The young woman obeyed, and Waldenfels took his leave to send for Beethoven. After about half an hour the servant announced the chamber-musician.

"Let him come in," said the Elector.

Beethoven appeared. He was pale. His face wore an expression of fearful severity.

"Did you compose a sonata for the piano a short time ago?" asked the Elector in a business-like tone, as he walked up and down the room.

"I did," answered Beethoven, shortly and coldly.

"Can you play it from memory?"

"Yes."

"Sit down at the piano, and let me hear it."

Beethoven obeyed. It was the same composition, to the smallest note, which the Elector had been playing, only it sounded much more glorious with the perfect execution of the youthful master.

The Elector, who, during the performance, had been walking to and fro, could not hear enough. He was indeed charmed, but contrary feelings were also thrilling his breast,—just anger at

Berton's miserable conduct, regret that he had given his word to Count Andechs, and the purpose here as always to act with strict justice. When Beethoven had finished he stood before him and asked, with a penetrating glance:—

“Did you write this composition?”

“Yes, your Highness.”

“Then let me have it.”

“I cannot.”

“Why not?”

“Count Waldenfels has the manuscript in his possession.”

“Did you not take a copy?”

“Yes.”

“Can I not have that?”

“Nor that, it is lost, I mislaid it.”

Max Franz went quietly to the marble table, took the notes from which he had been playing, held them before Beethoven, and said, “Do you know this handwriting?”

Ludwig grew pale as a corpse; the memory and the horrible thought which came with it made him tremble. “It is Berton's hand-writing,” he said, scarcely audible.

“Will you permit me to keep it?” answered the Elector. “It is your sonata.”

“Just God!” cried Beethoven, forgetting himself. “Must I bear this also?” And the big, bright tears came into his eyes; but he shook them off wildly, and stood before the prince hard and cold, like an antique marble statue.

Max Franz observed him keenly. He stepped up to the young man, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said, almost with a fatherly tone, “Beethoven, I know your grief, and admire the manly strength with which you bear it. He who has the courage to struggle with fate is a born king among men. Forget a false friend, and go to Vienna to train yourself for three years, under the guidance of Haydn, Albrechtsberger, and Salieri, to be a great musician.”

“Your Highness,” cried Beethoven, amazed, “how can I thank you?”

But Max Franz gave a smile of satisfaction, went towards the door of the next room, opened it, and said, “Here, young man, is the right one to whom you owe your thanks.”

At the same instant the young woman came forward.

"Jeanette!" cried Ludwig, more amazed than before.

"She is your intercessor," said the Elector, "and your good angel. Take her blessing and go and make preparations for your journey. For the sake of your state of mind, you must leave Bonn as soon as possible."

Then Ludwig pressed glowing kisses upon Jeanette's hand. A tear from the beautiful woman's eye fell upon his head in consecration, the Elector said "Amen," and led Frau Von Greth away on his arm. Two days later Ludwig was on his way to Vienna.

"HERE LET US PITCH OUR TENTS."

Years had passed away since Ludwig Van Beethoven had left Bonn for Vienna for the first time. The death of his mother called him back, and again fate, always so hostile to him, decreed that a long time should pass by before he reached the imperial city of Austria for his education. At last, in the year 1792, when a young man of twenty-two years, his dearest wish was fulfilled, and he entered the longed-for Vienna.

In the meantime one of the brightest stars there for him had paled,—Jeanette had left the capital with her husband, the latter being appointed commander at Temesvar,—but the residence in Vienna, very soon after his arrival, rewarded the long and courageous struggle.

"Here let us pitch our tents," cried Ludwig, after the first week. From the very beginning he was so convinced that he had found the right place for his general development that he resolved to remain there and not return to Bonn, even though the Elector should withdraw his pension.*

Vienna was at that time the centre of everything great which was accomplished in the tone-art on German ground. Mozart, that illuminated genius in the realm of tone, who once said of Beethoven, "This youth will yet make his mark in the world," Mozart, although a year among the dead, was still living fresh

* Schindler, p. 25.

in the memory of all who had kept a heart sensitive to his divine revelations. Glück's spirit still lived fresh and vivid in the memories of ancient Vindobona; Father Haydn, Albrechtsberger, Schenk, Schuppanzigh, Kraft, Linke, and as many other distinguished men in every department of human knowledge were still living and working intimately together.

The times were especially favorable for the rise of a musical genius. In all Germany, and particularly in Vienna, in those days, people were devoted to music, and for the most part good music, for as yet they had but little bad. Not until the following century did this flood come upon the world, when the lower classes took up this divine art more and more as dilettants, but seldom bringing to it the necessary intellectual culture or the conception of what music and its lofty purpose are.

Even the number of composers had not then as now grown to legions, but was limited to those truly endowed by nature. On the other hand people were honest with art, which is rarely the case at the present day, and to be honest with a cause to which one devotes his powers is of itself sufficient to advance it. Besides the great poets and artists of the latter part of the eighteenth century, Herda, Wieland, Lessing, and Goethe, together with Glück, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Salieri exercised such a beneficent influence upon esthetic and intellectual culture that art and science became with a large part of the nobility the word of life. The German opera, which had just reached its culminating point in Glück and Mozart, stood on an equal rank with the Italian, which latter, at least in those happy days, esteemed truth in expression, dignity, and sublimity in all things more highly than mere flexibility of throat, hollow pathos, and sensuous charm.

These two exercised a powerful influence upon all who bore in their hearts sensibility to what is truly beautiful and grand. There was besides a noble simplicity, such as is now no longer seen.

Haydn's and Händel's oratorios, with a chorus of one hundred and fifty, or at most two hundred, members rejoiced in immense crowds and the truest appreciation, while in our over-cultivated times we demand a chorus of six hundred, eight hundred, or even a thousand, members in order to delight ourselves by the noise which this legion brings forth. In short,

the beautiful word contentment was understood then; people accepted what was great with gratitude, though offered with small means, sought in music spirit and soul as the highest satisfaction.

There was not a suspicion of the materialism which controls our present musical performances. The dilettanteism of that time was limited to its own place, and did not spread, as in the present day, to all lands and districts. In a word, music was loved and honored without ostentation. It was allowed to work its charm naturally, whether it came from four or four hundred performers, who used it as a sure means of cultivating mind and soul. The German people even then knew how, by a touch, to bring out of music simple greatness and pure human sensations.

In this age, and among its noblest and best men, young Beethoven lived in the pleasant city of Vienna, where his genius found thousand fold encouragement to raise itself to freedom and independence. It was a glorious period for art, one perhaps never to return: as regards Beethoven especially a truly golden age.* All things united to make this a memorable epoch for Beethoven. Social as well as musical life soon offered him much that was delightful. While he was receiving instruction from Father Haydn and Albrechtsberger in harmony and counterpoint, from Salieri in the dramatic art, he made the acquaintance of Van Swieten, a very lovely old man, who valued art and artists according to their worth. Van Swieten was the *cicerone* of the new comer. He attached young Beethoven to himself in a wonderful manner. It is true that the "old papa," as he was called, and as he liked to call himself, owed this especially to the musical enjoyment which his house offered to the young musician. For it was here chiefly that the works of Handel, Sebastian Bach, and the great Italian masters up to Palestrina were executed, and in so exquisite a manner that Van Swieten's musical *soirées* were long held in the memory of all who had the good fortune to take part in them.

But in social life quite another star of fortune was to rise for him. Beethoven made the acquaintance of the family of Prince

* See Schindler's Biography of Ludwig Van Beethoven, p. 24, and pp. 41-44.

Lichnowsky, a pupil and friend of Mozart, who was a true nobleman, and, what was still more, a Mæcenas in the broadest sense of the word. Even at that time, when the Austrian nobility were almost all fine men, his equal in culture, artistic taste, and large generosity was scarcely to be found. His wife, Princess Charlotte (*née* Countess of Thun), was a woman of similar tastes and talents. She was a tall, handsome woman, and the prince and his wife were among the leading people of Vienna not only in elegance and hospitality but in the encouragement of art, especially of music, and in this harbor of culture and fine manners Beethoven found a home. The prince knew him at first through Haydn, became his patron and fatherly friend, and the princess was a second mother to the talented youth.

Could Ludwig Van Beethoven wish more? "Here let us pitch our tents," he had cried, immediately after his arrival in Vienna, and now he lived in the palace of Prince Lichnowsky, who regarded him as his son, gave him a home in his own house, and a salary of six hundred florins, which was to place Beethoven on a firm footing.

With what admiring devotion everyone clung to him ! The love of the prince and princess followed him, and did not diminish in spite of the rude demeanor which Beethoven could no more overcome here than before in the Breunings' house. The princess really spoiled him by indulgence, for though he was too often moody and gloomy, she thought that everything he did was artistic and original. Could the result of such indulgent treatment fail with a treatment like Ludwig's? Whence should Ludwig gain the necessary support for conflicts with the outside world? But of this no one thought for the moment. Ludwig Van Beethoven had never been better off. He was right to cry, as he did then in Vienna, "Here let us pitch our tents."

IN THE PALACE OF PRINCE LICINOWSKY.

Two years had passed away since Beethoven arrived in Vienna, when two young men made their way one evening to

Prince Lichnowsky's palace to visit the celebrated master, Beethoven. They both had fresh, interesting faces, whose similarity was too great not to show them at once to be twins. Gerhard and Karl Kügelgen, returning from Rome, were on the point of visiting their young friend.

That lover of art, the Elector of Cologne, had also formed an affection for these young men, and had sent them to Rome to perfect themselves as artists after Gerhard had been sufficiently prepared under the historic painter, Zick, at Coblenz, and Karl under the landscape painter, Schultz, in France. They had made great progress there, and were now on their way home, already celebrated as artists. They could not deny themselves the pleasure of visiting their old friend, Beethoven, whose compositions were also much talked of in the world, and who, as they heard, was living like a prince in Prince Lichnowsky's family. They were now standing before the palace, and Gerhard said:—

“You do not know how curious I am to see Ludwig again, especially in his present circumstances. There was always something commanding and princely about him, so he is in the right place, perhaps.”

“But will he wish to know us?” said Karl.

“How can you doubt it?” answered the brother. “In spite of a certain pride, and many peculiarities, Ludwig was always a good man who dealt honorably by his friends.”

“But, as our host informed us, he now lives almost wholly among the nobility, who treat him with the greatest respect.”

“Yet he is without doubt among his companions in art. Such a rich nature as Ludwig's may attract in those circles; he can never lower himself to a tool. But we shall soon see.” With these words the two brothers stepped under the gateway of the palace, and approached the Swiss house-master, who was striding up and down with a contemplative expression.

“Can we speak to Herr Van Beethoven?” asked Gerhard.

The Swiss, who seemed to belong to a race of giants, for he was a good head taller than Gerhard, stroked his beard with a solemn air, stretched out his right hand with his silver-headed cane, cast a penetrating glance at the simply-dressed artists, and uttered at length a prolonged “Well——”

“Which way shall we turn?” asked Gerhard. The bear-

ing of the Swiss was still the same. His glance still ran inquiringly over the faces and forms of the travellers.

"Well!" resounded again from the forest of his beard. "May I ask the names of the gentlemen?"

"The brothers Kügelgen, from Rome," returned Gerhard, impatiently.

"Well!" repeated the giant; but the "from Rome" may have made a little impression upon him. Without changing his position in the least, he called to a servant in the lodge, and ordered him to conduct the gentlemen to Herr Van Beethoven's room.

"Well," said the Swiss, as the twin brothers bowed on leaving, "they look respectable, but a suspicious resemblance."

In the meantime, the two Kügelgens followed the servant up the stairs, and through the corridors. He was a jolly fellow, with wide-open eyes and a pleasant manner.

"You wish to see Herr Van Beethoven?" he said, turning round.

"Certainly," answered Gerhard.

"I will conduct you to his room," continued the servant, pleasantly. "I can't vouch for his being there."

"If he should be out, we could come again," said the elder Kügelgen.

Here the servant smiled sarcastically. Then he said, "But the gentlemen might make many journeys in vain."

"Why?" asked Karl.

"Because Herr Van Beethoven does not always live here. It is true that our most gracious prince, during the two years which Beethoven has spent in Vienna, has given him a delightful residence in his house, where Beethoven has lived and still lives, ——"

"But ——"

"But there are times now and then," continued the servant, "when the young gentleman does not like to stay at home; then he runs away, and lives somewhere else."

Gerhard and Karl looked at each other with astonishment. Their look said, "Then he is still the same old fellow." In the meantime, they had reached the room which belonged to their dear friend. The servant knocked, but no "Come in" was heard. He pressed the latch, the door which was not locked, opened, and all three entered.

Here were two rooms richly furnished, and with a taste and comfort which gave evidence of the greatest care. In the front room stood a fine piano from the newly-established manufactory of Streicher, at that time a great rarity, and beside it at a writing desk stood a chair, whose embroidery bore witness to the practised hand of a female artist,—it might be the princess herself.

But how did it look here now? The rooms were unoccupied. Everything lay in confusion. Books and notes were scattered about on the piano, the chairs, and the floor. Pieces of clothing hung over the backs of the most expensive chairs, or peeped curiously out of the half-opened drawer of a bureau. A light coating of dust had collected on every object, showing most convincingly that the occupant of the room had not entered it for some days.

“Gentlemen,” said the servant, with his sarcastic smile, “you see that the bird has flown again, as the prince says on such occasions.”

“You do not know when Herr Van Beethoven will return?”

“Return?” said the servant, “oh, he is in the house every day. This evening, for example, he will certainly come, for it is a musical evening, but when he will be pleased to enter his room again, who can tell? Perhaps in a quarter of an hour, perhaps not for four weeks.”

“Does he not dine here?”

“If he feels like it, yes; but when he has these moods, he prefers a dirty inn to the prince’s table.”

Gerhard could only shake his head. How different had been his idea of Beethoven. Then time had had no effect upon him in this respect, and the old rhapsodies were at their height here in Vienna as formerly in Bonn. As they left the cozy room, he asked if no one knew at all where Herr Van Beethoven might be found.

“Oh, yes,” said the servant, pleasantly, “if the gentlemen will go into the Hunter’s Horn, they will certainly find him. There, in the third story, he has hired a little room for a year, that he may find a shelter when he runs away from here. If you do not find him there, he is sitting down stairs reading the newspaper or composing in the back room, which is like a cellar, and has to be lighted on the brightest day. But he shuts him-

self in, and you must call out your name if you wish him to open to you."

The two brothers thanked the servant for this information, asked the way to the Hunter's Horn, and started in that direction. When they arrived there they were shown at once into the third story. At the peril of their lives they stumbled up the three stairways, and found the door of the room to which they had been directed. It stood wide open, and permitted a glance into the apartment. In the centre stood a table of rough wood, on the side a bed which had not been touched since the night before, perhaps not for many nights. Three common chairs and a clothes-press completed the furniture, with the exception of an old spinet, half eaten by worms, at which a broad-shouldered man sat playing, with his back toward the door.

But what playing! The musician could be no other in God's wide earth than young Beethoven. And he it was indeed, for, closing with a magnificent fermate, the broad-shouldered form turned, and the friends recognized the strong features of Ludwig Van Beethoven.

"Halloa!" cried Beethoven with his stentorian voice, "what do I see? Gerhard! Karl!" and he sprang up, shouting, and clasped both hands at once in his strong arms.

Then there were rejoicings and congratulations. With heart-felt love, the friends pressed each other's hands, and then followed questions about the recent past and the present, showing the genuine interest which they felt in each other.

"And you are from Rome?" cried Beethoven with sparkling eyes; "from Rome, from glorious Italy, the fatherland of so much that is great, and of many great men. You do not know how I envy you this, although it is fine here in Vienna, too. But, Italy, Italy! It is truly classic ground, and I always feel as if everything there must inspire one with the charm of those glorious times."

Here Gerhard shook his head, smiling, and said, "It is beautiful there, and we have seen much that is grand, but we have often been disappointed when we have been filled with youthful enthusiasm, as you are now. The ground is classic, but the men and their doings are often very prosaic."

"But you must have seen and learned much."

"Oh, yes, we have at least studied the ancients, and especially Raphael and Michael Angelo, with enthusiasm and unwearied industry."

"Fortunate men," said Beethoven, laying his hand upon the knee of each, as they sat on either side of him. "How your souls must be enlarged as you stand still in thought, and look over the highest summits you have won."

"Yes, that is an elevating sensation," said Gerhard, and the charm of grand memories was reflected in his face. "For example, when I think of Venice, of that great being which, as Goethe has so gloriously said, sprang from the bosom of the sea, as Pallas from the head of Jupiter; or when I recall to my mind the picture of the Colosseum, and of St. Peter's at Rome, at the sight of which one first learns that art as well as nature can annul all rules,—this is grandeur and glory of which we really have no idea."

"And, then, the Italian sky," Karl continued; "it seems as if its clearness, and the peaceful repose which its deep blue pours into the soul, were reflected in every work of art,—yes, in one's own heart. After a long residence in Italy, one becomes himself clear, calm, and peaceful."

"Yes, yes," cried Beethoven, as if in a dream, "and every day new, grand impressions! Oh, I must go to Italy yet!"

"Why, are you not happy here?" asked Karl, astonished,—
"here where the great masters of tone live,—Haydn, and Salieri,——"

"Yes, indeed, I am," passing his hand quickly over his forehead, "and I should be an ungrateful man if I were not. I have here made the acquaintance of noble men who have treated me with affection, and skillful men whom I esteem, although I learn but little from them. It is true that depends upon myself. I am just as poor a scholar as a teacher. The devil knows I lack patience for either."

"But your name as a composer already has some fame?"

"I have no complaint to make. I have six or seven publishers for every piece, and even more if I take any trouble about it. They do not make an agreement. I make my demand, and they pay."*

*Beethoven's own words.

"That is good," said Gerhard, "for it shows how they appreciate your efforts. But, tell us, man, why do you stick here, in this owl's nest, when you might live like a prince? We looked for you in the palace of Prince Lichnowsky."

Gerhard could say no more, for Beethoven began to laugh so heartily. He had to jump up, and run up and down the room, that he might not choke with laughter.

"You found the bird flown," he cried, still laughing. "They will be making faces up there again, especially the house-master, with his red head and his intolerable air of a protector. But it will make no difference, for I cannot do otherwise. I will not sell my freedom for all the gold in the world, and to show them that I still keep it, I run off—up and away—whenever and as often as I wish." And he laughed again, so that the walls shook.

"But," remarked Gerhard, modestly, "will you not offend the prince and princess in this way?"

"Pshaw!" cried Beethoven, "they know me by this time. They know that I love and honor them because they are good people. The prince's title and the gold make no difference, and I will not have my freedom and independence taken from me by the emperor himself."

"You ought not, dear friend," said Gerhard, "but——"

"But," repeated Beethoven, solemnly, "I must know my position here, and also my life's element. Rank and riches have always been very indifferent things to me, and are still,—mere accidentals for which I have no special respect. I recognize in man only the man; but to bow before Mammon and its keepers would, in my eyes, be perfect blasphemy."*

"How he is throwing away the good and the bad together again," cried Gerhard, cheerfully. "Did you not say yourself that you honored the prince and princess as good, cultivated people?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered Beethoven; "and *that* they are. Never can I thank them enough for all the kindness which they have shown to me. But my principle remains the right one,—only intellect, and that which is truly divine in man, tower by their power above everything material and acci-

* Beethoven's own words.

dental. Here is true nobility, and nowhere else.* However," added Ludwig, quietly, "I have two other reasons for living at times away from the Lichnowskys' house. First, it is painful to me to live always by the kindness of other people; and when this thought comes over me, it oppresses me so that I run away and live for a while upon my own means. You will laugh, for it is this very extreme kindness of the prince and princess which often brings me to despair. I tell you they are spoiling me there with a genuine motherly love, which often goes so far that the next thing will be for the princess to have a glass bell made to cover me, that no unworthy person should touch me or breathe upon me.* Now, do you understand my earnestness?"

"Perfectly," cried Gerhard, laughing. "What would Frau Von Breuning say to it?"

"The good woman!" replied Beethoven; "she would say 'He has his rhapsody again.'"

"I suppose you write to Bonn often?" Karl asked.

"I——write?" repeated Beethoven. "Nobody can desire that from me. Letter-writing is horrible to me. If one could only compose them in notes? But, children, let us go to dinner. We shall remain together, shall we not?"

"Do you not dine with the prince?"

"Seldom. The thing is too burdensome to me. The time of dining is extended to four o'clock, and I must be at home every day at half past three, must dress better, must take care of my beard, etc. I can't stand that; so I would rather run into a hotel, if it is ever so poor, and dine for my money."

Karl and Gerhard saw that nothing could be done but to assent in silence, so they went down to the table with Ludwig, where they met a very mixed company. Clerks, reviewers, a few civil officers of low rank, but also the gentle and amiable Schenck, the composer of the Village Barber, whom Beethoven esteemed very highly as a thorough connoisseur in musical science. The conversation between these four cultivated men was soon animated. They talked of Italy and its treasures of art; and this subject led to the fundamental relations of beauty in the abstract. All agreed that the sense of beauty required a multitude of impressions, and that these separate impressions

*Schindler; Biography of Beethoven, p. 30.

must be bound together by simple relations, regulated according to eternal laws, that the mind might be in a condition to grasp them as a whole.

Schenck referred to the reverberations which proceed from resounding instruments, and to the fact that height and depth of tone depend exactly upon the rapidity of these reverberations, and upon the length of the waves which they create. Gerhard Kügelgen explained the law of reverberations, and pointed to the relation existing between eye and ear.

"What do we learn from all this?" said Beethoven, "but that the original character of everything which we call beautiful, even of the spiritually beautiful, is the same. To the ear tones, to the eye forms, must lead the thoughts in an analogous manner, and these thoughts must be whole and conclusive if they are to satisfy our souls."

"Certainly," answered the elder of the Kügelgens. "The eye, therefore, desires symmetry, and the ear harmony. One is the counterpart of the other, the two forming a complete whole."

"Oh, it is remarkable," cried Beethoven, "how nature herself steps forward with her eternal, fundamental laws!"

"How do you mean?" asked Karl.

"Why," Beethoven went on, "it shows itself everywhere. Does not sound itself make itself known through visible forms?"

"Only think of the figures of sound!" said Gerhard.

"If you draw the bow of a violin across a glass plate covered with fine sand," said Ludwig, "figures will appear in the sand which is stirred by the reverberating glass, sometimes symmetrical, sometimes unsymmetrical, as the resounding tone is pure or impure. Is not that a striking proof that for eye and ear a similar law of harmony exists?"

"Surely," said the others.

"Do you know," said Beethoven, "what I therefore consider the life-work of every true artist?"

"Without doubt, the unwearied search for this fundamental law of harmony in nature."

"Exactly," said Beethoven, with sparkling eyes. "That Plato has already done with regard to pure intellect. For us, artists, it has still another extraordinary value. This perpetual observing and inquiring strengthens the critical power of the

eye and ear, and of this critical power the perfect artist must at once make himself master, that he may with equal ease see through the relations which lie at the foundation of forms and tones. He who has this power stands on the heights as a genuine artist."

At this moment a young man with a full beard rushed into the room and stepped up to Beethoven. "Herr Van Beethoven," he cried, excited, "you know that I am your friend, your ardent worshiper. Will you, then, permit me to be angry, to be furiously angry?"

"Pray, pray, do not trouble yourself at all," said Beethoven, laughing. "I will hold back neither my friends nor my enemies from an exercise so very good for the digestion."

"Do not laugh," cried the other, again seeking eagerly in his pockets for something which, apparently from pure eagerness, he was unable to find.

"Do not laugh: you will be terribly angry."

"I hope not," said Beethoven.

"A wretched, worthless criticism upon your last sonata," cried the young man, quite beside himself.

"You must annihilate the miserable fool of a critic in an engagement in full armor."

At these words all looked with anxiety at Beethoven, knowing well how passionate he could be. But Beethoven remained as quiet as before, and said, with surprising coolness:—

"It may not be so bad. Have you the paper with you to which you refer?"

"Certainly, certainly," said the other. "I have brought it with me that you may refer to it. Here it is!" and, trembling with excitement and anger, the young man gave Beethoven a newspaper.

Beethoven took it, and read with the greatest coolness. At first his expression darkened a little, but soon a smile ran over his face. There was a royal dignity and a compassion bordering on contempt in his expression as he said:—

"It is not worth the trouble."

"What?" cried the young man who had brought the paper. "This wretch——"

"Assigns to me a place in the mad-house," said Beethoven, smiling. "Well, why not? Perhaps I might have a blessed

work there, and bring the poor feeble-minded creatures back to life by the power of music. If it amuses these good people to say or write such things of me, let them go on forever."*

"And you will be silent?" cried the master's enthusiastic friend; "silent when they have abused the first composition of our time, not only unjustly but disgracefully?"

"For that very reason," said Beethoven, soothingly. "I thank you, sir, for your sympathy, but my rule is to keep silence against all criticisms or attacks so long as they are directed only against my character as an artist." And, bowing pleasantly to his enthusiastic worshiper, Beethoven took up the conversation with his friends again with undisturbed cheerfulness. Gerhard and Karl, and indeed the whole company at the table, were amazed, and bowed down in silence at this amiable repose and grandeur. There was a special reason for this cheerfulness today. Ludwig Van Beethoven had, a few days before, as he himself felt, finished his first great master-piece, which was to be performed this evening at Prince Lichnowsky's. This was that trio for the piano, violin, and violoncello which created such great excitement when it became known, and laid the foundation for that fame which was afterwards to fill the world. The consciousness that this must come shone even now, like a sunny spring-day, over his soul, lifting him on light wings above envy, malice, and all the turmoil of life. Added to this was the prospect for the evening, and the visit of his friends. Was it not natural that he should feel happy and proud as a king?

"I wish that you knew it," he said to the two artists. "You must go with me this evening to Prince Lichnowsky's. The prince and princess will be delighted to make your acquaintance; besides Tischlein, from Rome, has already written about you."

The friends wished to refuse, as they had not been introduced, but it was of no use.

"If I, who am almost an adopted son of the house, introduce you," said Ludwig, laughing, "you surely need no paper scrawl. Besides, you will thank me, for you will never know more lovely people than the Lichnowskys, and I think that the music that we shall execute will suit you also."

* Beethoven's own words.

The matter was decided. They spent a rare afternoon, and Gerherd and Karl in the evening, at the appointed hour, followed their friend to Prince Lichnowsky's palace.

Ludwig had not said too much. The two painters in their two-fold character as skillful artists and as friends of Beethoven were received with unusual kindness.

The company was a select one. Almost all the nobility of Vienna and the great musicians, Haydn and Salieri, Schuppanzigh, Sina, Weiss, and Linke, were present, those four celebrities who by their quartette were such a glory to the musical circle of Prince Lichnowsky.* One can imagine how the new trios of Beethoven were executed, what an impression they produced, and what laurels the young composer won.

Prince Lichnowsky clasped him in his arms before all present. The princess quite forgot that the obstinate bird had flown again from the cozy nest which she had so lovingly prepared for him. Haydn and Salieri expressed their fullest appreciation, and the rest of the noble company exhausted themselves in praises and flattery.

Beethoven was the fashion with the nobility. The inn-keeper had told the artists this, and they found it confirmed here. They saw that everything about him was considered beautiful, amiable, and distinguished, and that was laughed at which, in another man, would have been censured as a gross rudeness. How did Beethoven stand among these men, sparkling in gold and diamonds? As among his equals, only that the consciousness of having accomplished something glorious today, and the thought that he bore in the depths of his soul something far greater pressed upon his broad and lofty brow an invisible but brightly-shining crown. How all the elegant ladies crowded and pressed around him! They sought to gain something from him by flattery. Then his brow grew suddenly dark.

"Oh, yes, yes, good Herr Van Beethoven," the stately Countess Browne was whispering, "you will certainly have the kindness to play another fantasia on the piano for us. You play so charmingly that it seems like hearing the angels in Heaven."

"Excuse me, most gracious countess," answered Beethoven,

*Schindler, p. 39. Marx; Ludwig Van Beethoven, Part First, p. 38.

dryly, "if I do not respond to the wish of yourself and the other ladies."

"But why not, dear Ludwig?" interrupted the Princess Lichnowsky, pleasantly, laying her hand with motherly kindness on the arm of her favorite. Only look about in the circle which surrounds you. How can a man resist all these charming eyes?"

But Ludwig's brow grew darker and darker. "You know, my best friend," he said,——

"I know," returned the princess, "that you have just enchanted us all by your trios, which cannot be surpassed. But, dear enchanter, we wish not merely to peep into this fairy garden of your kingdom. You must permit us to wander a little through its labyrinths and taste its glories again."

"That is," said Beethoven, as before, "I am to make a little music as one serves tea."

All laughed at this reply. The princess, who also found this rough originality charming, tapped her favorite gently on the mouth with her handsome fan, and said, with beaming eyes:—

"Rascal! you ran away from us again, too, but this evening we will keep you; if my motherly love cannot do this, perhaps the loveliness of the charming Princess Esterhazy can do it." With these words the lady of the house took a step back to make way for the Princess Esterhazy.

She was a divine beauty. A figure like Juno's, tall, powerful, with a full, magnificent form, which, as Gerhard had already whispered to his brother, was superior to all the antiques. A well-chosen and elegant toilet set off these advantages, and her angelic face beamed with youth and child-like good spirits. She was, without doubt, at that time the greatest beauty of Vienna, and at all the assemblies of the nobility was the adored queen of all. Of course, this charming princess was aware of this. She, therefore, turned with a consciousness of victory to the master, and said, with an enchanting smile:—

"He who composes such wonderful poems in tune as Herr Van Beethoven is one of the consecrated ones in the kingdom of poetry, but the poets have from of old been chivalrous and ardent worshippers of the ladies. Will you refuse our request?"

"Oh, no, indeed, dear Herr Van Beethoven," sounded at the same time from the lips of a multitude of ladies, who surrounded Ludwig like a magnificent bouquet of flowers.

"You are our Orpheus," cried Princess Esterhazy. "When you play, we stand still, enchanted like the Symplegades, and let even the Argonauts pass by."

"Yes, you are our Orpheus," cried a multitude of voices.

"But I am not your hand-organ," answered Beethoven, grimly, "which must play and squeak when people touch it as the mood takes them. My soul is full of grand and holy inspirations, and I cannot serve as music-maker;" and, with a decided movement, he made a path for himself, and left the hall in anger. This time they did not laugh, but only tried to smile, while Princess Lichnowsky, in her inexhaustible kindness and indulgence endeavored to excuse the behavior of her favorite.

"He is simply a genius," she said, with a somewhat forced good-nature, for she too felt really hurt; "and such a powerful genius we must indulge in his originality. Ludwig is like a comet, which takes its own course, and asks naught of the rules to which the other stars and suns are subject, but when it shows itself in its glory, all stand still with rapture and admiration. The trios were certainly divine."

"Oh, yes, they were," returned the Princess Esterhazy, coldly, and turned to Archbishop Rudolph, who was just moving toward the ladies.

THE OLD PAPA AND THE TEMPLE OF THE MUSES.

In the meantime Beethoven had rushed away, leaving the whole company in the lurch, not excepting his friends, of whom he no longer had a thought, — rushed away in anger that they had spoiled his pure, holy joy, and the success of his newest creation, by silly persistency. They knew very well his antipathy to this playing in public. Why must they force him to extreme measures? Why spoil his evening so wretchedly? He ran through a few streets, but his ill humor would not vanish till the 'old papa' came into his mind.

"Yes," he cried eagerly, "I will go to the 'old papa'; there

I shall be understood, and there alone shall I find again cheerfulness and repose of soul."

The 'old papa' was none other than the old Van Swieten, that dear creature of whom the musical world of Vienna even now speaks with reverence. At that time the name Van Swieten had a good report not in Vienna alone but in all Europe. The father of the 'old papa,' Gerhard Van Swieten, born at Leyden, on the 17th of May, 1700, was one of the most distinguished physicians of his time. The best pupil of the world-renowned Boerhave, he received his degree in 1725, and soon after began his practice in Leyden with unusual success, so that in a short time, probably through the efforts of Boerhave, his teacher and friend, he was appointed professor. Good fortune is always followed by the envious, and these were not lacking to Van Swieten. Enemies appeared on every side, his Catholic religion being made a pretext, and he found himself thus forced to lay down his professorship.

Van Swieten's reputation was, however, so well grounded that the Empress Maria Theresa, as soon as she learned his fate, sent for him at once to come to Vienna, and appointed him physician-in-ordinary.

He now gave himself up to his art with entire devotion, established the first clinical institute in Vienna, and also contributed much to the improvement of the university there, where he even explained the aphorisms of its teachers. It was he who, as director of the Imperial Library, opened this valuable institution to the public, and made it useful. Nor did the empress leave his services unrewarded. He became councillor, president of the faculty, director of several medical institutes, and also censor. The duties of the last office he fulfilled with too much strictness. When he died, in 1772, the empress erected a monument to his memory. His son, Gottfried Van Swieten, lived and became celebrated as the intimate friend of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, more particularly because he revised the English text for Haydn's *Creation*, and wrote that for *The Seasons*. His service for music in Vienna was still greater, for it was he especially who caused the works of Händel and Bach to be performed, and formed a musical association of members of the nobility for this purpose. It is also well known that Mozart, at Van Swieten's suggestion, arranged four of Händel's oratorios

for a greater variety of instruments, according to the necessities of the time.*

Van Swieten was now sixty-one years old. Everybody in Vienna knew him, the kindly man in the simple gray coat, with open face, still almost blooming, and the snow-white hair. Every child knew also that, because he felt for everyone a truly fatherly love, he bore the name of the 'old papa,' and they called him by this name, which Van Swieten, who was good-nature itself, received with a pleasant smile.

Here in Van Swieten's house Beethoven was most happy during his whole residence in Vienna. He had, indeed, christened this house the temple of the muses, for the sake of the classical music which was performed there. Besides, the 'old papa' was a poet, and loved to attract the masters of other arts to his evening entertainments. A rich intellectual life was developed here, in which Beethoven moved as in his element, receiving and scattering new thoughts, and finding nourishment for his mind, which was thirsting for knowledge.

This connection was an original one, for Van Swieten was as original as Beethoven. There was in all Vienna no greater musical ogre than the 'old papa.' When they had been enjoying music all the evening till deep into the night, and all the friends had gone, Beethoven must stay longer, and, in addition to what they had already heard, play a half dozen of Bach's fugues as an evening blessing, as the old gentleman said pleasantly. Of course, it was often too late then for Ludwig to think of going home, and for such cases a room and a bed stood always ready.

Van Swieten usually foresaw that it would be so, and mentioned it in his written invitations to Beethoven. Of the few letters addressed by this remarkable man to Ludwig, and preserved by him to his old age, one says, "If you are not engaged next Wednesday, I should like to see you at my house at half past eight in the evening with your night-cap in your pocket."†

Those were glorious days and nights for our hero, and he was thinking of them now as he rushed through the dark streets of Vienna.

*This patron of art died in his seventieth year at Vienna, in 1803.

†See Schindler's *Biography of Ludwig Van Beethoven*.

There lay the colossal city, like a giant who had wrapped himself in a dark mantle. The noisy, hustling crowd had long been silent. The quiet of the grave succeeded to the howls and shrieks, and the frantic rattling of hurrying wagons. The stillness was pleasant to Ludwig. His anger and excitement were gradually allayed. Yes, now when, as he expected, he saw that there was still a light at Van Swieten's, both had completely vanished.

As it was already late at night, Beethoven found the front door locked, but that did not trouble him, for for such cases these two original men had made their arrangements. Beethoven took a whistle from his pocket and gave a signal. Immediately afterwards the window in the second story opened, a little form in night-dress and night-cap appeared, and, without saying a word, let down the door-key by a long cord. Beethoven now gave a peculiar jerk of the cord to let him know that it was really he, whereupon the old papa above let go, and Beethoven, now in possession of the key and the cord, wound up the latter, and by means of the former entered the house. In a few minutes he was in Van Swieten's room, telling the 'old papa' what had happened.

"I can imagine," said Van Swieten, "that you were obstinate again, and would not play at the request of the ladies."

"But, dear, good 'papa,' I had played in my trios."

"A fantasia more or less would have made no difference."

"How can you talk so, 'papa?'"

"Do we not often play here till midnight?"

"Certainly," said Beethoven, "but only before ears that understand music. By Heaven and all the saints, it was not childish obstinacy of me, but the mood was lacking. I was enthusiastic and happy in the thought that my trios had succeeded so well. I felt at that beautiful moment that grand creations were reposing within me. My soul was stirred into chaos as if worlds were about to arise, and into the midst of all these sacred feelings they throw the wish that I shall make a little more music for the entertainment of a gossiping, coquetting company, as a bullinch, to which a few airs have been taught, whistles the airs when the pitch is given. No!" cried Beethoven, decidedly, "the divine Musica is too sacred to me for that. Let them take offense at it or not. Let them exclude me from their circle;

I will never submit to their childish whims. They must recognize the nobility of the soul, the consecration of art, and these, with their divine inheritance of freedom and majesty, do not bow before princesses, be they never so enchantingly beautiful."

Van Swieten laughed at the holy zeal of his young friend, while Beethoven strode up and down the room.

"It often drives me to despair," he said, "that the present race of men has no imagination. The ancients were superior in everything," he cried, with ardent enthusiasm. "When the eye turns from the tumult of the day, how the loveliest dreams visit us! Where did Apelles see his Jupiter? where Pindar and Homer the forms of their heroes and gods?" Beethoven went on, his powerful figure drawn up so that it stood like an antique figure of a god before the old man. "Have I not myself experienced something like this? When in lonely hours of the night I have forgotten the stir of the world, has not Fancy come down to me upon her shining wings, and a fullness of tone been poured through my soul? Like flashes from higher spheres it thrilled me, till it grew clearer and clearer, and the tones and accords grew broader and more powerful, till Fancy drew from her eternal spring and illuminated what she had created with the light of the ideal. Forward, then, thought presses. Out beyond the limited space of actual life, to improving and ennobling creation. This, then, is the task of art, not to stand still by reality, but to attack it and contrast it with the forms of its perfected purity."

"That is so, my friend," said Van Swieten in a voice which betrayed emotion, "but here the artist stands on a dangerous precipice. Just here it is important that the imagination should not separate itself from the reason, for mankind excited will easily take the world of fancy for the world of reality."

Beethoven's face was like marble, and, as he spoke, these words were uttered with convincing force, "Then thought must be at her side, and thought is God himself, who controls and directs all things, even the wildest fancy."

And he went quietly to the instrument, opened it, and improvised wonderfully. All the flood-gates of the soul were opened, all the heights and depths of pleasure and pain resounded, till the tones became more and more involved, and flew about in wild, strange harmonies, like comets through the

spaces of infinity. Then the clock struck two, Beethoven arose, took one of the candles which were burned quite low, said good-night, and without another word went to the familiar sleeping-room.

RUNNING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL.

Ludwig Van Beethoven was living in the Lichnowsky palace again. His two friends, the artists, had had the pleasure of seeing him established there the very next day after the occurrence which had caused them also the greatest embarrassment. Probably he felt that he had especially wounded the feelings of the princess who loved him with such a motherly love, and so wished to make good his fault by giving himself up again to the wings of her protection.

But the kindness of the noble woman far surpassed the expectations of Gerhard and Karl, for on that same evening she excused her favorite everywhere, and said to Gerhard himself:—

“Though you may think sometimes that your friend is lacking in delicacy, the reason lies in his powerful nature, which breaks all bounds, and wishes to go about unfettered, setting aside all the conventionalities of the drawing-room.”

This indulgence extended from the princess to all present. Not a quarter of an hour had passed when the first vexation at Beethoven's reckless conduct was forgotten, and all were laughing heartily at the strange peculiarities of this gifted young man. Of course, this would not have been so if they had not also honored Ludwig as the favorite of the prince and princess. Those who envied him, called this immense good fortune: to wise friends, like Van Swieten, it caused much anxiety. This position, certainly, could not endure for life, and then what would all this running his head against the wall lead to? Van Swieten did not fail to give advice and warning, but Ludwig was already so spoiled that they were unregarded, and so

the old papa was satisfied if this heaven-stormer only came to his musical *soirées*.*

Beethoven was, however, uncommonly industrious. He visited Haydn, Albrechtsberger, Salieri, and Schenk for the sake of perfection in thorough bass and the study of theory. Fathers Kraft and Linke taught him the mechanism of the violoncello, Punto that of the horn, and the elder Friedlowsky that of the clarionet. But the old character appeared here also. All these celebrities esteemed Beethoven highly, but all agreed in this, it would be extremely difficult to get along with him. It was impossible that dry rules should interest the strong ambitious enthusiast, and there arose in him a perpetual repugnance to them. But can genius tread in the path of ordinary talent? Were not the rules of art in the child Mozart before they were taught to him, and was it not true that only the slightest suggestion was needed to arouse in the soul a consciousness of what was in it by nature?

With Beethoven, it was the same, although with him, the complete blossom unfolded later; the perfect fullness of his knowledge and power did not come to consciousness until riper years. Short as was their stay in Vienna, the two Kùgelgens were to learn many of his characteristics.

As a portrait painter, Gerhard was especially interested in one of his friend's peculiarities. When, absorbed in deep thought, Beethoven forgot himself, or gave himself up with the full power of his soul to listen to fine music, his intelligent face became fixed as marble, and nothing but the lightning flash of his eye betrayed the emotion within. If he attended a classic opera, he sat from beginning to end silent and immovable as a statue, and this was the most striking proof of his appreciation. If the music of an opera or a concert did not please him, he immediately rose and ran out, without saying a word.†

This had happened today at a concert which he had attended with Gerhard and Karl Kùgelgen, as the man who gave the concert, a violinist highly recommended in all the papers, had begged him earnestly to go. As soon as the first performance

* Schindler, p. 28.

† Alexander Oulibicheff: Beethoven, *Les Critiques et les Glossateurs*, p. 60. Ignaz; Studies of Beethoven.

was over, Beethoven sprang up suddenly, pressed his hat on his head in the middle of the hall, and ran out as if he were pursued by fire, leaving his two friends sitting as usual.

An involuntary smile stole over all the faces, and the verdict upon the unfortunate musician was passed.

The friends also looked at each other smiling, but knowing that they should find Ludwig at the house of the old papa, where they also had been introduced, they made their way there as soon as the first part of the concert was finished.

There sat the heaven-stormer, playing Bach's fugues. He had not exchanged a word with Van Swieten since he rushed into the room. His hat was still on his head as he had pressed it on in his anger. When the two friends came in, he looked at them, but went on playing till he had finished the fugue. Then he rose, bowed to those present, and took off his hat.

"Is the race-course closed?" he asked, curtly.

"What, the race-course?" repeated Gerhard, astonished.

"Yes," said Beethoven, "what the race horse is among quadrupeds that this virtuoso is among bipeds. He runs for a hundred times over the same beaten path, always making the same turns, disregarding the same hindrances, and usually stumbling over the same ditches. But I like the racers better than the virtuosos. You can get out of the way of the first, but not of the last, if you live in the most remote abodes of men."

Papa Swieten and the friends laughed, but Ludwig went on grumbling furiously.

"Well, is it not so?" he went on, angrily. Can an honorable man protect himself from such creatures? The many-colored bills hang in all the streets, throwing at your head, as it were, the name of the immortal genius in letters as large as life, and they are joined together in such an unbroken row that one is afraid they are running after him, for at every glance, right or left, he finds the same ghosts again. And not till they seek one out — By Orpheus! May the thinly-scattered, true disciples of art who, with consecrated hands, strew over our poor miserable existence the pure pearls of musical enjoyment pardon me, but I ask you, friends, what is more intolerable than this type of travelling virtuoso, especially those who play their own compositions?"

"Yes, yes," said the 'old papa,' "their arrogance is usually unbearable, and their work, for the most part, pitiable."

"A vanity unbearable in itself," Beethoven went on gruffly, "can be indulged for the sake of the perfect execution of a master-piece, and the spirits of the great masters who are called up can excuse the most elaborate exercises of body and arms."

"Especially," interrupted Van Swieten, "if, as I do, one takes the precaution to close his eyes at the climax of such convulsive experiments."

"Very well," continued Beethoven, "but his own composition! Oh, Heavens, now his soul is full of fire! yes, and the devil, too. Opus 11,999!——and endless! endless!" And he held his head in both hands, and ran back and forth as if in despair.

"Be calm, be calm," Van Swieten said, smiling.

"Let him be calm who can," cried Beethoven. "I foresee what is to come in the future. This virtuosoship will grow over the heads of us all, especially here in Vienna."

Beethoven's zeal had now become such a mingling of tragedy and comedy that all were compelled to laugh; even he himself, sitting down and drumming wildly upon the piano with the back of his hand, began to laugh scornfully, so that the walls shook.*

"Oh," he cried, "we laugh; we ought to weep, for I tell you this virtuosoship is a poison for the noble Musica, of which she will die."

"Dear friend," said Papa Van Swieten, "you look, as usual, too much on the dark side."

"No, no, no," cried Beethoven, jumping up; and the old storm began to rage again in the room. "No, I do not. It will be far worse."

"Heaven forbid that you should be right," said the old gentleman.

"It will yet come to this," continued Beethoven, eagerly, "that one becomes a genius *en bloc* or *à forfait*."

"I should like to know how this could be," said Gerhard.

"Why," cried Beethoven, "we can surely form conclusions with regard to the future from what we are experiencing here in Vienna. How is it with this torturer? He has been in Paris

* Alexander Oulibicheff: Beethoven, *Ses Critiques et ses Glossateurs*, p. 60.

or St. Petersburg, or Calcutta, whichever it was. Then it flew like a lark through all the papers, He is coming! he is coming! He will delight you, the celebrated Labowsky. Then we read about diamond pins and gold snuff-boxes, which had been laid at his feet as the rewards of separate potentates, and now, here, bills, programmes, trumpets, and timbrels. Good Heavens! What trash it was! I will wager that he gave at the end a thundering *da capo*! bravo! bravo! equally divided into three strains, major and minor,—stamping and clapping, of course, all paid for.”

Beethoven threw himself down at the piano again, and drummed as before a few tunes on several keys with the back of his hand, then he suddenly struck full, magnificent chords, and turned into a theme of Händel’s.

“Good Heavens!” he cried, “that is music indeed. Those are creations which bear the stamp of eternal bloom. There is wealth of ideas, there is knowledge; there is art, and yet nature also. How extremely modest those men were? Händel, Bach, Mozart, and ——” now a discord sounded, but he changed it with wonderful quickness, and went on improvising in a magnificent way upon the original theme.

When Beethoven rose from the instrument he had forgotten all his anger. A cheerful contentment lay upon his face, and he had not been so good-natured and merry for a long while as at the little impromptu supper which the ‘old papa’ now provided. They were the last hours which he was to pass with Gerhard and Karl during this visit to Vienna, for the next day was appointed for the departure of the two artists to Munich, and from there Gerhard was to go to Riga and St. Petersburg, where orders from the emperor awaited him.

They thought once more of their youth, of the Breunings’ house, of the memorable journey to Mergentheim, of Jeanette and Eleonore; and the glasses clinked loudly and harmoniously to the memory of those happy days, and of those dear people.

It was late at night when the friends separated, taking leave of each other for a long time,—perhaps forever.

THE APPARITION.

A fortnight had passed since the visit of his friends, when the master, enticed by the glorious weather of the latter part of summer, started on a long walk. He was in very good humor, for he had been taking in the morning a review of everything good which he had accomplished in Vienna, and he could truly say to himself that youthful deeds had followed his youthful dreams.

Beethoven's name was already more celebrated than any other, and among his creations were many as master-pieces,—for instance, the three sonatas dedicated to Haydn, a few quartettes for stringed instruments, two concert pieces for the piano, a grand septette, fourteen glorious sonatas, and the plan of a symphony. And how much he had done for his own culture! He felt himself enriched in mind, in knowledge, and in creative power.

Could this consciousness fail to reward the ambitious, vigorous man with a healthy cheerfulness? Ludwig Van Beethoven felt happy in God's free and glorious nature. Though every day life weighed upon him with the pressure of the Alps, today he was unspeakably free and light-hearted. The thought of what he had done in the domain of art, and of what he still felt reposing within him, was uplifting to him. His spirit breathed the mountain air of his home, and, like a second Moses, he looked from Horeb's height into the promised land of undying fame. But he was again today to prove a truth whose worth he had already felt a thousand times, namely, that music is a higher language than words, and that, therefore, her domain begins where, in exalted moods, words seem too weak, and we despair of being able, through them, to express the delicate shades of feeling.

Ludwig was forced to sing to express his satisfaction, and when the song died away his mind worked on at a new musical idea which the morning hours had born within him. It was the idea of a glorious march, awakened by the happy progress of all things in God's free nature.

He had come far away from home when the mid-day bell sounded in a neighboring village. The gnawings of hunger,

after his long walk, also reminded him of the time. He therefore turned into a pleasant country tavern, ordered the table to be brought into the garden in front of the house, and did all honor to the frugal meal when it was served by the neat little hostess. He had just finished eating when a poor woman came up to him with a bowed-down and humble mien, and at her side a mournful-looking man, miserably dressed.

"May your grace have pity," said the woman; "he is my only son, and he is deaf and dumb."

The deaf-mute's attention being called by a movement of his mother's hand, he stared at the master, and his sad, unmeaning glance betrayed the desolation which was spread like a shroud over his soul for his whole life-time.

Ludwig Van Beethoven shuddered involuntarily. He thought of the fearful fate of being able to hear nothing; to be forever silent seemed to him less horrible, but to hear nothing,—no tone from the warbling lark, no sound of the winged world, no joyous song, no music,—the thought was to him, the musician, the man of tones, the creator of such wonderfully-glorious harmonies, enough to drive him to despair.

Horrible curse of Heaven! he thought, and he put his hand into his pocket for alms,—but suddenly a beautiful thought thrilled him.

"Can you not, out of the gift with which God has blessed you, cast into the poor, barren life of this unfortunate man a larger share of sunshine?" he said to himself, and he formed a resolve no less beautiful than original.

The mother and son sat down on a bench a little way off, where Beethoven sent them something to eat and drink. Then he ordered his table to be cleared, drew a little, well-stopped ink-bottle, which he always carried with him, out of one pocket, a sheet of note-paper out of the other, and took his seat at once.

"Come hither, ye ideas to which this glorious morning has given birth," he cried; "ye shall march up to me for a joyful sacrifice to love and humanity."

And he began to compose. They were great scratches which he put upon the paper, often nothing but hooks and numbers; but the scratches, the hooks, and the numbers pealed in the ears of the master, and soon a magnificent march lay upon the paper. Beethoven read it through, changed it here, improved it a little

more there; then he cried at last, "Now it will be right." Saying this, he wrote in huge letters, scarcely legible to other people, "Ludwig Van Beethoven," and under his name:—

"To the Adjutanterl Haslinger, in Steiner's musical publishing house, Vienna.* For the delivery of this march six ducats must be paid to the bearer." L. V. B.

When he had done this he took up from the ground a handful of sand, threw it upon the letter, wiped off the sand again with a stroke of his fingers, and beckoned to the woman with the deaf-mute.

Holding out the paper to the latter, he said to the woman, "Are you acquainted in Vienna? Do you know Steiner's musical house?"

"No, my lord."

"Can you remember the name?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then go into the city and ask the way to Steiner's musical house, and when you have found it, deliver the paper. You will then receive six ducats, which are for your son."

"What? How? How much?" asked the woman, half mistrusting.

"Six ducats," said Beethoven, smiling.

But the thing seemed still incredible to the woman. She therefore looked seriously at the sheet with the scratches, points, strokes, and hooks, and then at the man who had given it to her.

"What is it?" asked Beethoven.

But the old woman still held the sheet before her incredulously, and said:—

"Six ducats for that thing there?"

"Yes," said Beethoven, with joyous pride, "and now make haste and go and get your money."

"My lord is making fun of us, is he not?"

"No, good woman," said Beethoven, with gentle earnestness. "only a rogue could play jokes upon the unfortunate. Go and get your money."

What quiet happiness came into his heart when they had both gone away. The woman was not yet quite firmly convinced

*Tobias Haslinger, a dear friend of Beethoven's, who always called him his Adjutanterl, was one of the owners in Steiner's great musical house, which at that time published nearly all of Beethoven's works.

that what she had received would fulfill its great promise, but Beethoven knew that it would, and he was thinking of the astonishment and delight of the unfortunate ones, over whose painful and anxious existence a glimmer of happiness never before dreamed of would be thus shed for a long time. He was full of happiness. Benevolence is the highest and purest joy of the human heart. A glorious afternoon and evening followed the beautiful morning. Beethoven was thinking of the symphony which he had begun, and many a time he stopped and drew a scrap of paper from his pocket, and noted down more beautiful musical thoughts. But the more this son of the muses lost himself in the Elysian fields of his art the more the consciousness of his bodily existence and his realistic surroundings vanished. He was soon so lifted above the world that he went on in God's name, without even once thinking whither the way was leading or what time it was. Again he would pause and make notes. At last he sat down on a great stone and became engrossed with writing till it was night; but even this the inspired man did not notice, as the moon, which had risen early, gave him light for his work.

At last! at last! the work was completed. Beethoven sprang up with a cry of joy, but he could not trust his senses when he observed that it was night, and found himself close to the edge of a wood. It was some time before he came to himself enough to know how he had come here. Good advice would now have been precious. Where was he? In what direction lay Vienna? So far as he could see in the moonlight, he beheld on the one side only hills and forests, on the other only meadows. Not a farm, not a village, least of all a single trace of the city. And now his ill fortune would have it that clouds in thick masses were piled above the moon, and thus the last ray of hope was extinguished.

What was to be done? The night was quite mild, and the road he was on must lead to some inhabited places, whether he went forward or backward. Deciding quickly, he turned around and stepped boldly forward, although he was very tired; but no farm or village would come, not even one human soul was to be seen, nor one little light glimmered through the darkness.

Thus hour after hour passed away. Beethoven almost fainted with fatigue, and was just thinking, in all seriousness,

that he would be obliged to spend the night in the open air, when the clouds parted, and, at not a very great distance, a pretty country house became visible in the moonlight.

"God be praised!" cried Beethoven. "Possibly I can find a shelter here."

But the nearer he came to the house the more his hopes vanished, for not a ray of light stole from a single window, and, besides, the garden surrounding the palatial house was enclosed by another wall. But necessity knows no law. Ludwig's situation at this moment was so extremely unpleasant that he was firmly resolved to try everything. If worst came to worst, the veranda of the house, or any little arbor or summer-house in the garden, would offer a better place to pass the night than the open field. His first thought, then, was to go around the garden wall to find some entrance. Fortunately, he did not have to look long. A great heap of stone and rubbish lying near the wall made it easy to climb, while the trellis on the other side made it easy to get down. In a few minutes Ludwig found himself inside the garden.

He now went quickly up to the house. It was locked; nor was there any sign of a bell, and he must knock and make a noise. What if, in case the house were inhabited, the noise should be misunderstood, and they should take him for a thief?

"No," said Ludwig, but at this moment his eye fell upon a little summer-house opposite, built of moss and stone, which looked like a sort of hermitage. In his situation, no better quarters could be desired for the night. He therefore went quickly up to it, and was not a little pleased to find a beautiful, mossy seat. What delighted him still more was a gray cloth, which was spread over the round, stone table, and which his inventive mind at once fixed upon as an excellent covering for the night, in case it should be cool. So he wrapped himself in it, lay down upon the bench, and prepared to go to sleep.

The great clock above the door of the house had just struck midnight. Ludwig counted the strokes in amazement. Then he closed his eyes, and sleep soon fell upon the weary one. But it was not a refreshing sleep. Beethoven was over-tired, and the mossy seat was, after all, not a bed. Half awake, half dreaming, he turned now this way, now that, when, suddenly, sounds fell upon his ear.

He listened and started with surprise. It was a song composed by him, sung by a well-known voice, and the tone certainly came from the country house opposite.

But what!—did he see rightly? The doors leading to the balcony opened, and a form, like a ghastly apparition, came out silently and solemnly. She hovered rather than moved. A white garment veiled her delicate limbs, light curls surrounded her pale, lovely face, which, half uplifted, was turned towards the moon, standing full and radiant in a cloudless sky.

Beethoven recognized her at once. It was the Countess Eugenie. She was a pupil and worshiper of Beethoven, whose mesmeric influence upon her the family physician had declared to be injurious, and Beethoven, with his usual impulsiveness, had angrily resented the accusation. Then Dr. Czerny was right, and he had been guilty of a great wrong against him and the count's family. But the thought only flashed upon him like lightning, for now the form began to sing again. How full of soul the tones were. They laid hold upon the master's heart with special power, for it was not very long ago that he had composed the song for his dear, enthusiastic pupil. Hark! hark! she sang it as if out of the master's soul; as if she were one with him in thought and feeling.

Beethoven sprang up with delight; he had become consciously alive in these tones, and yet they were permeated by a strange melancholy. Involuntarily he raised his hand to his heart, for it seemed as if some evil power had robbed him of his inmost self. His passionate nature carried him away. In a few minutes he stood under the balcony and cried, "Eugenie!"

The delicate form shuddered, the tones died away, she stood silent and motionless, her child-like face turned, with closed eyes, toward the moon.

Beethoven had already repented of his thoughtless cry, due only to the masterly execution of his composition. He was about to withdraw softly when a whispered, almost inaudible, "Master!" struck upon his ear.

He looked up. Yes, it was she. But she still waited, motionless and with closed eyes, in the same position as before. Beethoven felt as if transfixed to the ground.

"Master!" whispered the girl again. "Why did you not come until today? It has been icy cold about me. Now I

am comfortable, so comfortable, so happy, for you are here. You, my great, glorious teacher, my adored Master. Ah!" she went on, after a little pause, "they did not tell you where I was; and yet I was always with you, though they have forbidden me to play your compositions, or to sing your songs. But I cannot do otherwise. I must do it. I breathe, I live, only in you."

She was silent. An involuntary shudder came over Beethoven. He had always laughed at the disputes excited by Mesmer, which were then dividing the medical and esthetic world, and ridiculed animal magnetism and somnambulism as the wildest extravagance. Now an example of this side of life stood before him, and he could not deny that it took hold of him. It seemed as if a voice from the grave were speaking to him.

"Do not fear," the girl went on, and, in spite of the tonelessness with which she spoke, there was a child-like, plaintive sound in her voice. "I cannot stay with you long, but come again, that I may find peace, and when I have vanished into shadow," she continued, "be careful——I see two serpents in your heart, which you are caressing and cherishing, and they are stinging your heart to its centre."

She ceased, and a visible shudder thrilled her.

"Poor Master!" she said, then, "A black veil is falling upon you,—covers you! Alas! I cannot lift it. No one can lift it."

"But what?" was whispered again, above. "Comfort yourself. You will shine through it. Ah, what splendor! You rise like a sun, and the world lies at your feet. How pleased I am! I am unspeakably happy."

At this instant the moon disappeared behind the masses of clouds.

"Farewell," was whispered again, and slowly, as she had come, the form disappeared.

CAST NOT PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.

The consequences of the night were very unpleasant for Beethoven, physically; the moral effects were of a very different nature. His honesty told him he had injured Dr. Czerny

shamefully, Count Browne and his excellent wife almost unpardonably, by his distrust and violent behavior. With all Beethoven's sensitiveness and irritability he had this beautiful trait, that when he had grown calm and seen his fault he was not ashamed to recognize it, or to seek reconciliation with the person offended. Then he begged pardon even more humbly than his fault demanded.

So it was now. Two letters, one to the physician and one to the count, begged them for forgiveness, since he had come to a perception of his wrong. How this had been revealed to him remained his secret, but he begged so honorably for pardon, blamed himself so severely, and held out his hand in so conciliatory a manner, that they were forced to accept it.

The other impressions of this night were not swiftly effaced. What Beethoven had experienced bound him to Countess Eugenie with a fatherly affection, and yet from that time there was, to him, something unnatural about her. Her mysterious, prophetic glances oppressed him, though, on the other hand, they uplifted him powerfully.

In fact, between Beethoven's soul and that of this child, in the spring-time of youth, a *rapprochement* had arisen, the foundation of which with him was simply interest in a person who had given herself up to art so early and with such unusual devotion. A slight vanity, too, had no insignificant effect, as Countess Eugenie knew only Beethoven's music, and cared to know no other. Her enthusiasm for the thing itself was confused with an unconscious enthusiasm for the bearer of it, from which arose that condition of the nerves which might be dangerous in its consequences. Therefore, Dr. Czerny had sent the mother and daughter into the country. The anxious father had not chosen their own estate for their residence, but the country house of a friend which happened to be unoccupied. Eugenie was to be removed for a time from music and the music-teacher, and Beethoven should find no opportunity to nourish this two-fold affection even unconsciously to himself.

Who could help it if the countess, not being able to endure the country, often went back to the city for a few days and nights? Who could help it if Babette soon became accustomed to the nightly attacks, which were so frightful at first, and now slept so soundly in the next room for the most part that she

heard nothing of them? Who could help it that, on the moonlight night which produced so strange an effect upon the sufferer, Ludwig should, by a strange concatenation of circumstances, be led so near to the fair sleeper?

Yet it almost seemed as if this ethereal relation was to soar past them both, the gigantic spirit and the child just ripening into life, like some short, wonderful dream. A fate similar to Beethoven's befell Eugenie. A severe cold prostrated her; but, while the vigorous man soon recovered, a dangerous disease had confined the delicate girl for many weeks to the bed of sickness. No one suspected whence the disease came, but Ludwig could only too well imagine, and now, in his exaggerated conscientiousness, reproached himself constantly for it. He thought that he, with his music and his instruction, was guilty of all, and actually fell, in consequence, into grief and despair. Now the sharp edges of his character reappeared. The follies and weaknesses of men certainly gave him cause enough.

This very day the world was to have a proof of it. Beethoven had obtained for a fine young musician, who was also his scholar, an engagement as pianist at Count Browne's, since he himself, for conscientious reasons and the request of Eugenie's father and physician, seldom played there.

As Count Browne kept open house, and a company assembled in the parlors every evening, the young pianist was frequently compelled to play Beethoven's pieces, partly from notes and partly from memory. Today, tired of playing from memory, he played at last, without any special thought, a march of his own composition, just as it came into his head. Of course, all of Beethoven's worshipers present thought that this march also was by their idol. Indeed, the old Countess of Pallhorst, who almost killed Beethoven with her enthusiasm, fell into such extreme rapture over this supposed new composition of her favorite that the waggish artist left her to her belief.

But what a terror for him when Beethoven entered at the same moment. The countess rushed up to the master, and spoke to him with the most ardent delight of the extremely brilliant march which his magic power had produced,—a master-piece such as only a Beethoven could create.

The master, to whom, in his sadness, anything was now

doubly irritating, looked first at the countess then at his scholar with angry glances till the latter, trembling with anxiety, whispered to him that, as Beethoven could not endure the countess, he had permitted himself to play a joke upon her, so far as to leave her to the opinion that the march was Beethoven's.

Fortunately for the young man, the master, out of anger at the countess, took the matter quietly, but he now wished to hear the march, which came off much worse a second time under such painful circumstances. Nevertheless, they loaded Beethoven with praises. Then the storm in the master broke out all at once, and, in the midst of a convulsive, scornful laugh, he cried :—

“That is what these people are. These are the great connoisseurs who wish to criticise all music so exactly and so sharply. Only give them the name of their favorite, that is all they want.”*

A general stillness followed. The old Countess Pallhorst had grown pale beneath her rouge, and now, glancing angrily at her son, went into the next room. Fortunately the ‘old papa’ came up in the meantime, tapped Beethoven on the shoulder, with a smile, and said, “All true, but then very rude.”

But this time Beethoven was scarcely approachable, even by Van Swieten, and the wise old man had to go to work very diplomatically to soften the irritated lion again. But no one understood this better than the ‘old papa’ himself. He turned the conversation upon correct artistic criticism, from this to art itself, from art to the Italian musicians, and here he contrived so skillfully a little dispute with Beethoven upon Palestrina’s ‘Missa Papae Marcelli’ that, in order to prove that he was right in his assertions, Beethoven sat down to the piano uninvited, and played a part of the piece referred to.

This time Van Swieten had won the game. He also led him from one thing to another till he really brought him to the march which he had composed. All those about him begged, as a sort of act of reconciliation, that Beethoven would play a few of these to them. He yielded, though grumbling moodily, called the young pianist, and the four-handed playing began.

But the young Count Pallhorst and his mother had not for-

* Beethoven's own words.

gotten the previous offense. While the masters were playing, the young count was talking so loudly with his mother in the door of the next room that Beethoven, after several attempts to produce silence were unsuccessful, suddenly, in the midst of the playing, pulled his companion's hand away from the piano, and, jumping up himself, cried aloud, "I will not play before such swine."*

The 'old papa,' who, with his usual presence of mind, had reviewed the situation, was the first to raise a laugh to save his friend's reputation, and to preserve general good humor, thus giving to an affair which might have been very unpleasant the most comical turn possible.

The old Countess Pallhorst and her son left the palace at once after they had both cast fatal, annihilating glances at the master.

All efforts to bring Beethoven to the piano again were in vain. He looked angrily around him, and it was well that the Count and Countess Browne were not in the music-room just now but in the larger drawing-room. Even Van Swieten tried in vain to soften his irritated friend.

"Let me alone, Papa," he said angrily, "you do not know what is going on within me. I will not suffer the majesty of art to be insulted, least of all by blockheads."

He went off with great strides to one of the side rooms. But Beethoven found no rest here. As he sat down in a dark corner, the thought came over him of his sick favorite, who now, that they had brought her back to the city, was living under the same roof with him, and whom still he could not see. Poor Eugenie was suffering for him and by his means.

Beethoven sat there more than an hour, far from the company, with his thoughts turned in upon himself. Suddenly he sprang up, left the room secretly, and crept toward the countess' room, so well known to him. How many lessons he had given there! Babette, who met him in the ante-room, was not a little frightened, and at first would not permit him to enter the sick-room. But what chamber-maid will not waver in her decision at sight of a ducat. A few minutes later, and Beethoven stood in Eugenie's room.

* Beethoven's own words.

There she lay with closed eyes, in her soft, rich bed. Her lovely face was not pale, as on that eventful night, but flushed with a fever-glow. Sleep held her in his grasp now as before: not that dead, strange sleep, in which she still kept her relation to the world, but restless, pervaded by wild and confused dreams.

Tears stole into the eyes of Beethoven, that strong man who trod under foot the world and all its conventionalities. He gently drew up a chair, sat down by the dear child's bed, took one of her feverish hands, and held it in his in silence.

At the first touch a slight shudder had come over Beethoven, — from that time her fantastic dreams continued, but apparently diminishing more and more till the fever actually yielded; at last a quiet sleep took its place, and she smiled sweetly as an angel.

FOUR ARTISTIC SOULS.

The improvement in Eugenie's condition was temporary. The fever had vanished, and the night attacks came no more, with the exception of the soft, scarcely-audible singing of Beethoven's songs. But the lovely child grew strikingly thinner and paler until she was almost transparent.

As Eugenie lay there in her cloud-like night-dress, the fair curls about her perfectly-chiseled face, with an indescribable gentleness in her expression, with her dreamy eyes looking into the distance, with her little, tired head upon the pillows, veiled by the transparent curtains which reached to the ceiling, a poetic eye might well have imagined that Titania, Oberon's ethereal spouse, had embedded herself here among the lilies and May-bells.

Eugenie's existence was, in fact, almost wholly spiritual, for what she took of food and drink amounted to very little. Sleep gave way more and more to a prolonged, dreamy condition, and she seemed to have really forgotten how to speak. No complaints escaped her lips any more, but she often indicated in mysterious words that she saw something like a distant black

cloud. Then she seemed filled with anguish, and stretched her arms out before her, as if she would prevent the cloud from resting upon her with its deadly weight. But what seemed most striking was her frequent desire to see her music-teacher; and as Dr. Czerny soon became aware of the change, that the master's presence now had a soothing effect upon the sufferer, the afflicted father begged his friend for frequent visits.

Beethoven obeyed willingly, for, although each one of the visits touched him deeply, there was something peculiarly uplifting, soothing, even delightful, in spite of all that was painful, in the meeting with this remarkable child.

Today Beethoven entered the sick-room at the appointed hour. The green, silk curtains were drawn, and permitted only a little of the light of day to enter, so that a dim twilight reigned in the quiet room. Even the steps of people walking sounded through the soft, rich carpet on the floor of the room, which the loving care of the parents had transformed into a temple of the purest taste. But if the gentle step of the master had not been heard, for though not usually ethereal, here he was all attention; if Babette had only bowed silently, Countess Eugenie, who lay there with her eyes closed, knew at once who had entered. Even before the eye-lids were slowly raised a smile passed over her face as she held out her little, white, transparent hand pleasantly toward him. Beethoven took it and pressed it gently; then he sat down again and held it in his hand in silence. Not a word passed the lips of either. Beethoven looked at Eugenie like a loving father looking upon his dear, sick child. The countess looked at the distinguished master, who sat by her bed and held her hand, with rapturous delight.

Yet this silent conversation between the two was a lively one. They were both thinking of art, Eugenie admiring it in the great master, and feeling it near because embodied in him; the latter sadly watching a creature fade away, truly absorbed in art, and perishing in consequence of her too great enthusiasm for it.

Thus Beethoven, the man who, out in the world, was so rough and careless, threatening to storm Heaven, like a Titan, sat frequently with winning gentleness by the child's bed. When he had been there half an hour he often went to the piano, which always stood in the next room, and improvised a while, and his

playing was so delicate, so whispered, that the stillness around, and the sensitive ear of the sufferer, were necessary to hear it.

This was the case today when, suddenly, a cry of pain sounded from the sick-bed.

“The cloud! the cloud!”

Horrified, Beethoven sprang up and hurried to Eugenie. Babette had also hastened toward her. There lay the countess, with her hands stretched out before her, as if in self-defence, her eyes staring, and apparently tormented by some fearful anguish.

“The cloud! the black cloud!” she cried, while the thick drops of cold sweat came out on her high, white forehead. “It oppresses me; and you, you, Master, misfortune threatens you! Beware! beware!” She could utter no more. Her arm sank down, exhausted; her eyes dropped, wearily. Eugenie made a sign to Beethoven and Babette to go away.

Beethoven was proving at this time, more than ever, that he was no ordinary man. In these hours which he spent at Eugenie’s bedside he was gentle as a child, with a devotion as true and warm as that of the noblest mother’s heart, and these hours, and this mysterious soul-life between him and the lovely child, constituted his happiness. Out of this unique intercourse grew a quiet joy which bore fruit in his increased exertion. Beethoven’s character gained immensely in depth, his efforts in consecration.

He shone now in the musical world at Vienna like a magnificent star. It was in Prince Lichnowsky’s circle that almost all of Beethoven’s works which were composed at this time were tried, and then performed in larger circles. Beethoven depended so much upon the prince’s cultivated taste and thorough musical knowledge that he gladly received advice from him with regard to this or that change in his compositions,—an indulgence which he granted so readily to no one else except the ‘old papa.’*

What musical feasts these evenings were at Lichnowsky’s and Van Swieten’s! The glorious quartette already mentioned,—Schuppanzigh, first violin; Sina, second violin; Kraft and Linke, alternately violoncello,—which later, under the name of

* Schindler, p. 38.

the Rasdemosky Quartette, obtained a wide-spread and well-deserved celebrity. This quartette, never to exist again in the same way, was the glory of those evenings; and these four truly artistic souls inhaled the sublime spirit of Beethoven.* They were one in soul with the master, his true scholars and disciples.

Thousands can teach how to place the fingers on the instrument, how to play difficult passages, but only one among them can add the intellectual spark. Not the management of the technicalities, but the spirit alone, is the truth and inner life and being of every art, and this spirit grew strong here in these four artistic souls, even in Beethoven himself, and gradually developed in that quartette to the fullest and finest perfection, and even remained in it after the master's death.†

As men and friends also these four men stood together, and here, too, Beethoven was their ideal, not for his external rudeness, but for his purity of soul and true, German bravery of character. These men formed a kind of musical and esthetic union, the object of which was to develop not only their art but all the means which Providence had given them of making men useful.

Beethoven himself drew up the simple statutes, which permitted a deep view into his inmost self, and were the fruit of his quiet life with Countess Eugenie.

They were very simple, as follows:—

1

“Serve thy neighbor as thyself; and what ye would not that men should do to you do not so to them.

2

“So use the lofty significance of thine art that thou shalt follow it from a pure and holy love to ennoble thyself and others, and to kindle in the hearts of all an enthusiasm for what is eternally great and beautiful.

3

“As a human being, forgive even thine enemies, and recom-

* Schindler, p. 39. Marx; Ludwig Van Beethoven, Part First, p. 38.

† Schindler, p. 40. This Quartette Union, for whose musical purity Beethoven never ceased to care, was long considered the only school in which to become acquainted with Beethoven's quartette music,—that new world so full of sublime pictures and revelations.

pense them only by benefits. This generous self-sacrifice will afford thee the purest joy. Therefore, remember always that this is one of the finest victories which reason can gain over the natural impulses, and that a noble man forgets offences but never benefits.

4

"If thou devotedst thyself to the welfare of others, yet forget not thine own perfection. Look often into thy heart, and examine its most secret recesses. Self-knowledge is the foundation not only of all wisdom but of all success.

5

"Let pure, strict morals be ever thy companions. Let thy heart be simple, upright, true, and modest, like the heart of a child. Pride is man's most dangerous enemy. It ensnares him by a deceptive confidence in his own strength.

6

"Look not backwards whence thou hast come ; it would hinder thy course ; but look toward the goal which thou deservest to gain, for the short time of thy life scarcely gives thee time to reach it. Deny thy self-love the dangerous nourishment of comparing thyself with those who are behind thee ; rather spur thyself on to glowing emulation when thou seest perfect models before thee."

Are not these simple rules of life the reflection of a sublime soul? They were recognized as such by his friends, and practiced out of reverence for the great master.

Thus it was, in union with these four true artists, that Beethoven strove. It was through this very union, and through the quiet motive-power coming from the communion with Eugenie, and taking such hold upon his life, that his genius soared in its boldest flights. Deep feeling, reaching out in all directions, is the characteristic of Beethoven's genius.

It is the full heart, in him joyful, strong, which beats in enthusiastic response to everything great and beautiful.

How this grand and many-sided emotion, experienced with the most vivid intensity, stirs the musical fancy to a like grand and soaring movement. Fuller and deeper harmonies arise ; the powers and shades of tone become living in a way before

unknown; orchestra and piano are exalted to become organs which can perfectly re-echo the excited soul. The whole wealth of the movements and combinations of tone of which music is capable seems to wish to reveal itself.

And it will reveal itself. But a fearful fate must first take a deep hold upon the noblest of the sons of men. The cloud! the black cloud! The prophetic soul of a child had seen it with spiritual vision, and this child-like heart had ceased to beat. Ludwig Van Beethoven stands morose and silent at Eugenie's grave. "The cloud! The cloud!" came on spirits' voices, with dull and horrible sound, out of the closing grave like a prophetic cry, and an iron hand held above Beethoven's head a heavy, heavy crown of thorns.

Eugenie sleeps sweetly. O Master, Master, what has life in store for thee? This loving, true heart has found rest and peace; through what horrors has thine yet to struggle! But he who fears the future has already lost life, and he who knows not pain has never dreamed of happiness.

THE EVIL PRINCIPLE.

If with the fading of a single year the midnight hour which engulfs it utters a solemn *memento mori*; if the thought that an insignificant period of our life has glided away fills us with deep solemnity, how much more powerfully must every thinking man be stirred by a farewell of a dying century? Humanity stands then at a monstrous sepulchre ready to entomb a gigantic corpse, and about it throng the pale ghosts of all the numberless wishes and hopes which the dead age has given to mankind, and which, for the most part, an inexorable fate has crushed in its cold, marble hand and buried in the century's tomb. But scarcely with the last stroke of midnight is the century buried than the new century rises like a youthful queen, adorned with the sparkling diadem of a new period, and men go with jubilees to meet her, and in her train fresh hopes come to the nations. But if it is always true that at the dawn of a new century such

thoughts stir the souls of men, it was certainly the case at the time of which we write, namely, at the end of the eighteenth and opening of the nineteenth century, both of which announced to the world in thunder tones the name of a single man,—a name which the nations either received with shouts or at which they trembled to the depths of their souls. This name was Napoleon Bonaparte.

On the 23rd of August, 1779, after the siege of Aboukir, Napoleon returned from the memorable campaign in Egypt to France, where he was received with acclamations as the savior of the republic, and conducted in triumph to Paris. "I left the republic victorious and powerful, I find her conquered and powerless," were the words which he hurled in the face of the Director. For England, in alliance with Russia and the Porte, and together with Austria, had carried on the war so energetically that the flag of the republic was again pressed back beyond the Rhine and driven out of Italy. In addition to this came civil war and rebellion.

Then for France, and for all the hearts that beat for freedom and the rights of the people, a star of hope seemed to have arisen in Napoleon the republican. Public opinion called loudly for a change of government, and the new century was to bring it. The council of elders, full of confidence, entrusted Napoleon with the chief command of the troops. Scarcely had Bonaparte arrived at this dignity when, on the 9th of November (18th Brumaire), he annulled the power of the Director, and placed himself at the head of the three consuls who were previously appointed. The fourth constitution of the republic was proclaimed Dec. 15 (22nd Frimaire), 1799, and Napoleon Bonaparte was chosen First Consul for ten years, with almost regal power.

With this event of incalculable importance and influence the eighteenth century closed. Was it a wonder that the whole civilized world approached the new century with a suspense before unknown? Royalty and the whole party of royalists and legitimists trembled before Bonaparte as before Anti-Christ. He was hailed as the founder of a new age of freedom and national prosperity, not only by republican France but also by many noble men and women of other lands, who saw in him the prototype of a true republican.

No one was more enthusiastic for him, no one hoped more ardently through him for the victorious success of a platonic republic, than Ludwig Van Beethoven. And in the beginning it seemed that he and France, and so many noble and wise men and women, had not been deceived.

Wise men stood by the side of the First Consul. His keen eye had found them at once, and recognized them. His uncommon talent as a general put them immediately in the right place. Well, then, can it be maintained that the period of the consular rule — the sunrise of the nineteenth century — was a most blessed period for the French people? A new book of law was composed, trade and commerce flourished once more, art and science found encouragement, agriculture and manufactures received a new impulse, the emigrant list was closed, and there was a general promise of peace.

Who knows what shape affairs might have taken in Europe? Who knows in what very different direction Napoleon's genius might have turned if England, Austria, the German empire, Russia, Naples, and the Porte had not sternly opposed every new order which showed, ever so remotely, a republican taint? Better peace with hell than with Napoleon was the watchword in the camp of the royalists and legitimists, and so all these kingdoms were armed for war with France. What more natural than that a man like Bonaparte should win by the sword the peace which was refused him in the way of kindness, and thus began again the thunder of battle, a mournful greeting for the nineteenth century.

Like a second Hannibal, Bonaparte pressed on over the great St. Bernard into Italy, and restored the cis-alpine republic. On June 14, 1800, the bloody battle of Marengo decided the fate of Italy in favor of France. Remarkable, fearful day! Already the French were beaten on both flanks, when, in the evening, supported by Desaix's reserve, the raging conflict was renewed. Napoleon's words, "Children, you know that I am accustomed to sleep upon the battle-field," led his hosts to victory after a struggle of thirteen hours; a victory dearly enough bought by the death of Desaix and so many brave men.

But now Bonaparte left the Italian army, giving the command to Massena, and, terror to European cabinets, adorned with the laurels of Marengo, he hastened back to Paris. In

the tumult of victory the French received him, and here, in Paris, he dictated those humiliating laws to the ambassadors of foreign states. At length, on the 15th of July, 1800, a truce was concluded at Parsdorf. It cost the German empire its southwest district, which had to be given up to France, but the main point was that a treaty was projected towards which all the hopes of Germany immediately turned. It is easy, therefore, to imagine the joy which the news of this truce spread everywhere. Even in Vienna, it was received with exultation, and everyone was sure that peace was to be concluded, while on the same day new orders to arms went out in secret from Vienna, and Archduke John was very quietly entrusted with the chief command.

Notwithstanding this, the court and the whole population celebrated the reception of this joyful message, it being a glorious July day, by a drive in the Prater, as brilliant as the one on the first day of May usually is. No proclamation had been issued for this purpose. The idea sprang up of itself in their jubilant souls, and extended with the swiftness of lightning through the whole city,—yes, even to the court. Finding such response, it was carried out in most brilliant style, as if by agreement.

But now we must know what the First of May means, and what a drive in the Prater is. The First of May is, for Vienna, a holiday unlike any other. On this day hundreds of the finest equipages, and many thousands of men, hurry through the Jägerzeile to the Prater, to be present at the great spectacle of its dedication, and, if the weather is at all favorable, the spectacle is a magnificent and imposing one. It is well known that no city in the world has a pleasure resort so eminently characteristic as the Prater of Vienna. On spring days all the wealth and glitter of the Austrian nobility are displayed here in the most magnificent and extravagant manner. Until towards the end of the month of May this famous Prater drive continues, lasting from three o'clock in the afternoon into the night. Even in those days carriage after carriage, from the most showy imperial court equipage down to the simplest clumsy hired coach, drove now at a walk, and now on a trot, through the main paths of this glorious park.

So it was today. On either side of this multitude, as they

rode and walked along, were countless inns and coffee-houses, looking pleasantly out from the meadows and shrubbery of the country, around which the motley crowd pressed in undisturbed merriment. The Prater had never presented a picture more glorious than now, none combining a more fascinating and brilliant wealth of color. The eye, directed toward the Prater proper, found it difficult to catch ever so hastily the separate pictures as they passed by. The magnificent horses, found at that time in such numbers and splendor only in Vienna, elegant, well-built coaches, inside of which the richest toilets were displayed, followed each other by hundreds down on the left side and up on the right, separated in the centre by mounted *gens d'armes*.

How strikingly showy, almost theatrical in their brilliancy, the toilets of those days were! On the heads of all the ladies of rank and property were worn turbans, carefully wound and artistically embroidered, made mostly of white gauze, or of white and corn-colored crape with tinsel, and ornamented in front with a soft heron's plume, turned from left to right, the so-called *esprit*. The Iphigenia was also worn, a veil richly ornamented with silver spangles, and surmounted by a wreath of roses or hyacinths. Turkish robes of corn-colored silk, embroidered with gold, and tunics of black crape with the same embroidery adorned the bodies of the fair ones, indicating the alliance with the Mussulman. The ends of the sleeves were trimmed with white lace, falling on the gloves, which reached to the elbow. Beautiful cashmere shawls, called *shawls d'Egypt* in consequence of Napoleon's Egyptian campaign, were also worn, and ear-rings, necklaces, and aigrettes glistened with diamonds.* What dazzling magnificence. What life there was also when, amid shouts, the national games were played. From the groves and meadows, watered by the fresh Danube, which runs through the park, came confused sounds of unrestrained joy. More than a hundred inns were scarcely sufficient to supply the needs of this assembled multitude. Young and old, men and women, old men and children, high and low, sat happily together at the

*A journal of the Theatre of Art and of Fashion of the year 1800 says: A high price is now paid for sweeping, because the ladies wear so much embroidery of gold and spangles on their veils, turbans, and dresses that the rooms and halls after parties are completely covered with such tinsel.

tables in the open air, while Italians strode slowly past them with the unceasing, monotonous cry, "*Salami, Salamini, Signori!*" The jugglers played their tricks, and musicians of all sorts displayed their skill or lack of it.

Through this gay confusion two young men were just passing, of whom one was at most twenty-six years old, the other perhaps twenty-four. One could see at the first glance that they must be brothers; on the other hand their condition pecuniarily seemed to be quite different, the elder being very elegantly, the younger very poorly, dressed. The latter wore simply a gray suit; the former was dressed in the fashionable costume of the time, — a blue frock-coat, on whose immense *revers* seven brass buttons shone like stars of the first magnitude; the scarlet waistcoat was laced with a large, gold cord; from the short, black silk trousers, laced near the knee with gold lacings, two little gold tassels hung down upon the black silk stockings; the shoes were ornamented with lacings of the same material, while the broad cocked hat and the cane with a head of painted porcelain completed the whole. Perhaps one might have concluded from this showy dress, quite in the fashion of the time, that this was a young man of property and fine education, but even a hasty glance would have shown the keen observer that the manners of the young man were by no means indicative of culture. His proud air, his pinched up mouth, his condescending glances, and the extreme height at which he carried his head bespoke rather the *parvenu* than the consciousness of inward worth, or the comfortable certainty of good position obtained by high birth. There was in his expression something unusually repelling, although one could not tell what produced the unpleasant effect, whether it was the pride so clearly expressed, the touch of coxcombry, or the false glance of the small, cunning eyes.

The appearance of the younger man was much less disagreeable, chiefly because his exterior was simpler and more subdued, but the cunning in the eye he had in common with the other. No man would voluntarily have chosen for friends these two who now walked arm in arm through the lonesome by-paths of the park engaged in familiar conversation. There was too much of the Mephistophiles, especially in the elder, but the relation between the two seemed therefore only the closer, as their conversation would have shown to any listener.

"But, my dearly-beloved brother Johann," the one in fashionable dress was just saying, "now that I have given you this pleasure, and have introduced you into a brilliant Vienna life, you will certainly be so good as to grant me a few wise, serious words upon our situation, or rather upon yours."

"With all my heart, dear Caspar," said the younger, but the other interrupted him quickly, saying, with upturned nose and wrinkled brow, "Don't call me by that disagreeable, common name; you know I could not bear it even at home, and mother always called me Karl."

"Yes, and when father called you Caspar, then we knew what was the matter,—his head was burning after his nightly revels, and our backs were the lightning-conductors of his anger."

"Don't remind me of that time," Karl said, still more gloomily; "God be thanked, that is past; no one here can know any of these things."

"Yes, indeed," said Johann, "you may well say, 'God be thanked.' You live in this glorious Vienna like a bird in hempseed. Through Ludwig's intercession, you are cashier in the National Bank. You have a beautiful, fresh, young wife——"

"Hush," said Karl, at these words, and his brow grew still more clouded. "It is easy to see that you are a fearful novice in the world; never call a man happy on account of his wife."

"But, Karl, cried the younger brother, "your Betty is an angel."

"Be silent on that subject," said the elder, so decidedly and imperatively that the younger brother obeyed at once, and only ventured to shake his head slightly.

"But," Johann continued, after a short pause; "otherwise, you get along well here in Vienna."

"Oh, yes, very well, and that you might do well also, and might escape at last from your miserable position of apothecary's assistant in Bonn, I have sent for you to come here."

"I thought Ludwig sent for me," said the younger brother, naively.

"Who wrote to you, Ludwig or I?"

"You wrote, certainly, but the money for the journey and the payment of my debts came from Ludwig, did they not?"

"Why, yes," cried Karl, angrily, "but it was I who exacted

them from him, and who induced him to send for you to Vienna."

"Then I am doubly thankful," said Johann, though he suspected that Karl, who had himself come helpless to Vienna, and owed his start in life almost wholly to his elder brother, Ludwig Van Beethoven, was painting in false colors. "But what shall I do here now?" Johann went on. "Shall I begin again as dispenser or assistant to an apothecary without any prospect of independence in the future? I should gain nothing by that."

"Ludwig wishes you to do this, certainly," Karl answered; "at least, he wishes you to practice a year or two with an apothecary in Vienna. In the meantime, you are to attend lectures; but that is nothing. He ought to buy a drug-store for you."

"Oho!" cried Johann, laughing, "you speak as if that were nothing. Do you know what a drug-store costs?"

"Of course," answered Karl, "it would show very little brotherly thought if I had not looked about me with that idea. Of course, we cannot talk of the larger drug-stores, but there are, in the suburbs of Vienna, smaller stores of this sort, which can be easily rented, and by the possession of which you can be independent,—and independent you must be if my plan——"

"What plan?"

"Of that, later. First of all, would you feel yourself equal to taking charge of a drug-store?"

Johann hesitated a moment, then he said, "I believe I could take charge of the business if it must be, but I confess to you that it would be better for me to do as Ludwig wishes."

"No, no, no!" The decided way in which he brought out this "no," showed but too plainly the imperious character of this man, and how fixed the habit of ruling was with him. "No!" he cried again. "Here are these impractical ideas exactly like Ludwig's. I see I must, first of all, initiate you into the state of things before you meet your brother."

Johann agreed readily; the two brothers sat down on a bench, and Karl began:—

"You know what unlimited good luck our brother Ludwig has always had. Even when we were in Bonn, while we had to take our share in the domestic scandal, and with the scantiest living to receive many a blow from the world, he lived like

a prince at least half the time in the Breunings' house, and was received in all the fine houses, and even at court."

"But, dear Karl," said the younger brother, smiling, "his reception in the latter place was certainly due only to his merit,—his art."

"To what?" cried Karl, and deep wrinkles settled upon his forehead, and an unmistakable expression of disgust showed itself upon his face. "Can he help his art? Is it a merit in him that Heaven has endowed him with great talent?"

"This must be confessed," said Johann, "that if Ludwig had not cultivated his fine talents with great effort and unwearied industry, he would not have become what he now is."

"It would have been just so with us," said Karl, "if Heaven had bestowed upon us his talent."

Johann shook his head, smiling. "Dear brother," he said, "between us, we were both very wild, bad boys, and I have never read anything about industry in our reports, but very much about running away from school and playing foolish tricks."

"Hm," said Karl, with his lips pressed firmly together, then he added, with pride, "Everyone of our family has a touch of genius in him, and, therefore, I consider Ludwig's great talent a family treasure. Heaven gave it not to him but to us all, and the duty lies upon him to share with us the advantage which he gains from it."

"Do you mean this in jest or in earnest?" asked Johann.

"In the greatest earnest," replied the elder of the two. "I have thought much on this subject, and have at last convinced myself that I am right in my opinion. Yes," he continued, and his little eyes shone slyly, "if you wish to know, there rests upon us a moral obligation to convert into capital a part of that which Ludwig has acquired by his talent."

"An obligation?" repeated Johann, "I must confess——"

"That you do not understand me? Very well. You know our Ludwig too little for that. You see, Ludwig was always an enthusiast, a fanatic, a very impractical man——"

"That is true," said Johann.

"Well, then," continued the other, "he is a hundred times more so now than ever. Besides, he lives and moves in the broad realm of the imagination, of airy Utopias, of the intoxicating enthusiasm of the spheres, as he expresses himself in his

musical rhapsodies, and he is as eccentric in his ideas as in his actions. But the worst is that he knows nothing about money, or the value of money, nothing of domestic economy; and, as his spirit is always tossed upon the waves of tone, he is never able to fix his foot firmly upon realities."

"That is certainly bad," said Johann, "even for him."

"That is what I say," cried Karl, lifting his artful eyes sharply to the younger brother's face. "He is over-reached and deceived every day by everybody, therefore, he ought to have a guardian, and, therefore, it is an unavoidable duty for us, as his brothers, who mean well by him, to take this guardianship upon ourselves."

"Truly," said Johann, in a tone of honest conviction, "if this is the condition of things, I cannot blame you."

"But," Karl continued, "the case is not so easy as you may perhaps think, for Ludwig is, as you know, a stubborn, ill-tempered man, who will always run his head against the wall, and setting him right again is a terrible work. Then officious men, like Prince Liehnowsky and the old fool Van Swieten, have taken possession of him, and, under the pretext of friendship, lead him about in their own interest, and try to keep me, his own brother, at a distance. Now you will understand why I wanted you here from Bonn, but you will also perceive that we shall only be able to gain our end and save our brother if we go hand in hand in all things."

"Yes, I see that," said Johann, convinced.

"Then," Karl continued, laying his hand gently in that of his brother, "all that we do in our business affairs is, to a certain extent, a common matter between us three brothers. We regard our property as a common family stock."

"That is, Ludwig's property," said Johann, "for neither of us has any."

"Oh," said Karl, angrily, with a contemptuous look at his brother, "do you not, then, understand me? Just because Heaven has not endowed us, who are wiser, we wish with quiet precaution, as far as possible, to make capital of Ludwig's income. This capital, then, to a certain extent, belongs to all of us."

"How?"

"For example, Ludwig must buy you an apothecary's store.

The money which he will lay out in it is certainly his, but, because I am at the foundation of the affair, and bring it to perfection, and thus Ludwig will receive his money, a just claim falls to me as well as to you, upon the increase of the capital, by a wise direction of the business itself. Do you understand me now?"

"Perfectly," said Johann, smiling slightly, and a cunning look shone out of his eyes.

"Then the matter is arranged?"

"Arranged."

"We go hand in hand in all that I propose?"

"Of course."

"And, since I understand affairs here, and my brother better, will you entrust yourself, at present, to my guidance unconditionally?"

"That is a matter of course."

"You agree that Ludwig must buy you an apothecary's store?"

"Gladly."

"Will you also try to convince him that this is his duty as a brother?"

"With all the powers at my command."

"And that you will be very unhappy if he refuses?"

"Yes."

"Finally, you admit that I, as the founder of your house, your independence, and your fortune, have a just claim to your brotherly gratitude?"

"Certainly, dear Karl."

"And you will joyfully come to my aid if I should now and then need your friendship?"

"I will do this always willingly and gladly."

"Then," cried Karl, beaming with joy as he rose, "our bond is sealed. Your hand upon it, brother, that you will keep your word in all things."

"Here it is," answered Johann, and held out his right hand to his brother.

"And now to Ludwig's house. How glad he will be to see you. That is the one beautiful quality in him, that he clings to his brothers with great affection."

And Karl and Johann left the Prater arm in arm to seek out their beloved brother.

PARADISE.

When the two brothers reached Count Lichnowsky's palace, and asked for Herr Ludwig Van Beethoven, the gigantic porter, who stood there very erect and in all his dignity, informed them with repeated "Well, wells!" that Herr Van Beethoven had moved a few days before to Hetzendorf.

At this information Karl shook his head in vexation.

"Here you see at once one of Ludwig's silly and unpardonable extravagances," he said to his younger brother as they were going away. "Is not this wasting money for himself and, therefore, for us? Here Prince Lichnowsky gives him a magnificent home in his palace, his board, his washing, his servants, all free, horses to ride as many as he wishes, and, God knows, what else, and what do you think Ludwig does?"

"What?" asked Johann, curious.

"He hires rooms here and there in private houses or at inns, and straightway throws the money out of the window for rent, and so on."

"That is very foolish," said Johann; "but is not Hetzendorf a country resort?"

"Certainly," answered Karl, "and a very beautiful one, too. The village is extremely pleasant, and lies close to the glorious grounds of Schönbrunn, the emperor's castle."

"Ludwig is not to blame," said the younger brother, "for spending a few weeks there in the summer. Perhaps he needs the refreshment; perhaps, too, he can compose better there."

"Nonsense," cried Karl, angrily, "why do you sustain him in his folly. He ought to stay at home like other respectable men. A man can work best at home. There are a thousand diversions in the country to draw one away from work, and so, by very unnecessary expense, and by waste of time, the loss becomes double."

"You are too severe, Karl."

"I only wish my brother's best good."

"Then you must, at least, leave him his freedom."

"That he may misuse it? No!"

"Let us, at all events, await the result awhile."

"I know that already," cried Karl, with decision. "But

the worst of all is that he is thus withdrawn from my well-meant supervision. I know very well who has spurred him on to this summer trip, as you call it,—the old fellow, Van Swieten, and Prince and Princess Lichnowsky. Therefore, to undermine Ludwig's implicit confidence in these people is our first and most important task."

Johann did not venture to say anything further, since he understood the relation between his brother and these men very superficially, or scarcely at all. Nevertheless, in spite of his limited information, he soon began, little by little, to see through his brother Karl and his impure principles. He was forced to say to himself that these principles, when applied to Ludwig, who had lifted Karl out of the dust, were base indeed. Yet something within him pleaded for them, envy at Ludwig's good fortune, from which he was not free, and the wish excited by Karl to attain, like him, to independence and opulence.

With a character so weak as Johann's, he was one of those men whom, as the saying is, a man can twist around his finger. Under the influence of his elder brother, who was his superior mentally, the struggle between honesty and selfishness could not long endure. The latter conquered all the more quickly, as laziness and sensuality came to its aid, qualities which had played a large part in Johann's character from childhood. Karl's good instructions on the way to Hetzendorf were scarcely needed to win Johann wholly to his plans. Long before the pleasant village showed itself the two brothers were agreed from the depths of their souls.

But Ludwig Van Beethoven had not the remotest suspicion of the object of his brothers' visit. As he lived almost wholly within, he was always inclined to forget outward events and circumstances quickly, and it had quite passed out of his mind that he had sent for his younger brother from Bonn, that he might, in time, make his own living in Vienna.

Besides, his mind at this time was more than ever in creative activity, for he was occupied with a great composition, Christ on the Mt. of Olives. How gloriously he could compose here with this paradise around him! How unspeakably happy this loveliness and retirement of the country life made Ludwig! But on this particular day he was not alone. Papa Van Swieten had sought him out, to bring him the first news of the truce of Parsdorf, and Europe's hopes of peace.

On this point Swieten and Beethoven were by no means of one and the same opinion. While the 'old papa' had communicated the news to his favorite, beaming with joy, the latter had shrugged his shoulders almost in vexation, and said, "Now the bright hopes of humanity are dashed again."

Although Van Swieten knew long ago of Beethoven's admiration for Napoleon Bonaparte, he could not understand him in this. "Peace, peace!" was now the cry of the whole world, and ought not, must not a lasting peace be especially welcome to an artist?

The case stood thus: Swieten's opinion was that of a quiet old man and a good citizen, living in good circumstances in Vienna, an artist and friend of music, but Beethoven, in the grandeur and strength of his young heart, took the higher standpoint of a cosmopolitan, including all humanity.

Ludwig Van Beethoven was, in his political opinions, an ardent republican. Plato's 'Republic' had penetrated his flesh and blood. He, therefore, judged all the governments in the world according to its principles. In his opinion, everything should be arranged as the Greek philosopher had prescribed, and so he lived in the inflexible faith that Napoleon was working with no other plan than to republicanize France on similar principles, and that, therefore, the Consulate and Napoleon's elevation to the rank of First Consul, were the beginning of universal good fortune.* Of course, the worldly-wise Swieten always disputed this fine but very utopian view of his friend with all his might, and very naturally today the conversation upon the truce and the hoped-for peace grew to a hot but bloodless battle.

Beethoven was enthusiastic for the victor of Marengo, and had just been enlarging with glowing words to the 'old papa,' who stood still before him, upon the glories of a platonic republic when the latter said:—

"Do you really think, dear Beethoven, that Bonaparte is as high-minded as you suppose, and would make France happy under a republic on platonic principles?"

"Yes, yes, that is what I believe. I am entirely convinced of it," said Beethoven, seriously.

*Historic. Schindler, p. 56. Oulibicheff, p. 68.

"Would he then have permitted himself to usurp the office of First Consul?"

"Why not? He saw that France could only be saved by him."

"No true republican will extort by force an office of the state for himself."

"If it comes to that point, every good citizen is under obligation to save the state at any price. It is true that Napoleon made himself Director of France, but it must not be forgotten that the condition of his country at that moment demanded it."

"But not only France seems to be of importance to the little Corsican; it almost seems to me as if he already possessed too much power for the good of France."

"That Bonaparte possesses more power than is compatible with the freedom of the republic is undeniable, but, my dear old friend, that he has more power than is necessary to protect the republic and annihilate its enemies is not obvious to me."

"Dear Beethoven," said Van Swieten, "I am an old man, and have experienced and observed much in the world,—believe me your Bonaparte's thoughts are not as they appear. He is a great general, but I would pledge my head that he is a bad republican. If we now secure peace, he will, perhaps, turn his mind to the welfare of France, but if peace is not concluded, if Napoleon can draw the sword again, believe me it is then all over with republicanism. So soon as the lion tastes blood——"

"No!" cried Beethoven, starting up, and running up and down in front of the garden-seat on which Van Swieten was sitting. "No, Papa, there you are wrong. Napoleon is no hypocrite."

"But, at all events, a man."

"A great, a glorious man. As a general, an Alexander; as a republican, a Cato."

"Oh, yes," said Van Swieten, smiling sadly, "and perhaps soon, like Cæsar, a *dictator perpetuus*."

"I know very well," Beethoven went on excited, "that people cry out against him as a man without principle, without religion, but that is absurd. Because his thoughts are great, small natures cannot understand him. Is it not he who desires peace? I have still in my hand the journal which you just

brought in. Shall I read to you the last proclamation from Paris?"

"Do so certainly," said the 'old papa,' smiling good-humoredly."

"Well, then," said Beethoven, placed himself in front of Van Swieten, and read:—

"'Frenchmen, sons of the republic! The First Consul calls upon you in the name of peace to turn your whole attention to the departure of the conscripts who have not yet followed the call of honor. Now that Europe sees before her eyes the supporters of the strength and wisdom of the republic, now that victory and success crown France, heroic arms defend the new *régime*, and the repeated assent of the whole nation has clearly recognized it, the warlike powers will probably not reject a peace which is offered them anew, and upon conditions which do not render their misfortunes worse. If, however, the obstinacy of the conquered is greater than the moderation of the conqueror, if the warlike powers, unfortunately for all nations, venture to continue the war, then a last effort must be made, and we must at length *command* the peace which we now offer.'"

Beethoven paused, looked triumphantly at Van Swieten, and said, "Is not that desiring peace honorably? Napoleon Bonaparte wishes it to blossom out of his victories upon the world. Oh, he is a great, a glorious man,—a man such as only the golden age of antiquity knew."

"Beethoven," cried the 'old papa,' astonished, "do not allow yourself to be wholly blinded by your enthusiasm for the greatness of this phenomenon. Do we know the conditions which France imposes? What if this readiness for peace were only cunning, and the conditions had been so imposed that the allied powers were not able to accept them?"

"Why such an unworthy supposition?"

"Because at the end of the peace proclamation the sword is already drawn from its sheath. Oh, he is a stormy fellow, this Napoleon. Would that I dared give him a single word for his life-journey."

"What would that word be?"

"The excellent word *piano*."

Beethoven laughed, sat down again, and said, "I do not

believe that Napoleon is very musical, although he composes magnificent battle-symphonies, with *obligato* cannon-thunder. I must imitate that sometime in the realm of music, but very little *piano* would come in there.

"Yet *piano* is my favorite word, and would surely be of immense use to your great Corsican. *Piano* is in all its meanings and applications an excellent little word. I would make the smallest child familiar with it. "*Chi va piano, va sano, chi va sano va lontano.*"

"And what would Papa Van Swieten say to musicians about his 'little word'?"

"I would say to them, You who should bring to the orchestra harmony and enthusiasm, but to the listening ear the spirit of a poet, I say to you call every morning upon Apollo, 'Lead us not into temptation' to call a P an F, that at the day of judgment they whose expressive songs we have roared out, whose lungs we have injured, whose anger we have excited, may not rise in accusation against us because we have disfigured all the productions of the gentlest of arts by our everlasting *forte*."

"*Bravo, bravissimo!*" cried Beethoven, charmed.

"The great composer of your 'battle-symphonies, with *obligato* cannon-thunder,'" he went on ardently, "my little word *piano* would not harm even him. If, in the great pause after his battles, he would open his eyes and look at the thousands whom he has stricken down with the notes of his cannon,—human beings like himself, fathers, brothers, bridegrooms, and sons,—then perhaps, if he has any heart at all, the writhing of the wounded, the struggles of the dying, lamentations of those left behind, would call out to him with fearful solemnity, '*Piano, piano.*' Or, if he should look back upon history, would not the fearful overthrow of so many conquerors, the fate of so many ambitious men, the bloody shade of Cæsar, sound the warning trumpet-call '*Piano! piano!*' But I fear that the common thunder of the battle he has won and the triumphal victory of his own egotism have so weakened his moral ear that he no longer hears the '*Piano*' which the voice of God in his own soul and in humanity is calling out to him."

Van Swieten had risen. "It is enough," he said. "I have not come to Hetzendorf to stir you to new thoughts. So let us let politics rest, and show me rather the pleasant paradise near

you where you pluck your glorious musical thoughts like precious fruit from the trees."

"With pleasure," said Beethoven, who was also glad to take up another theme, for he knew that he never could agree with Van Swieten in his political opinions. He therefore gave his arm to the 'old papa,' and led him out into the pretty garden adjoining the house. Then they turned their steps to the wonderful park of the Schönbrunn Castle.

Here they were indeed in paradise. The sun shone with a southern glow, but in the shady paths and under the green and almost impenetrable foliage blew a refreshing breeze, so that they drew in the spicy air in long draughts of satisfaction. Then the grouping of the trees, the variety of the prospect, the meadows and the waters, now hidden, now coming into view, the whole beautiful design rejoiced every heart sensitive to the beauties of nature.

"But this is not the chief charm," said Beethoven. "This, dear Papa Van Swieten, you have seen often enough : sit down a moment on this mossy bank, almost surrounded with shrubbery, and do not speak a word."

Swieten did so, and the two men were silent for a long time.

What soundless stillness surrounded them. It seemed as if the whole world lay in a blissful trance. The light leaves of the birches scarcely stirred with the gentle breath of air. No sound was heard save the humming and buzzing of the myriads of beetles and flies. This grand repose of all nature poured itself into their hearts. Their bosoms heaved with rapture and reverence. With holy thrills they felt the nearness of the Eternal, the Divine Spirit overflowing all the universe.

The eyes of the two men flashed with enthusiasm. Swieten seized Beethoven's hand, and said :—

"Yes, my friend, now I understand why you call Hetzen-dorf your paradise, and compose so wonderfully here."

"Now you must see my particular little spot where I compose, my Delphic tripod, my sanctuary of Apollo," cried Beethoven, beaming with delight. "And you may pride yourself a little upon that for no one but Papa Swieten is permitted to look upon it."

He took Swieten on his arm again, and led him to a hill on the left side of the Gloriett. But suddenly he paused. It was

an unusually cozy place, surrounded by dense foliage, and so roofed by the branches of two oaks that it was like a little, green temple. The two oaks had sprung from the same root, and they separated from the main trunk about two feet from the ground.*

"Here is my Delphic tripod," cried Beethoven, merrily, and sat down as upon a throne, on the main trunk between the two pillars which rose toward heaven.

"Oh, this is beautiful!" said Van Swieten; "how I rejoice in what will yet come forth from this place."

They now went back, Swieten feeling extremely happy to see his young friend so contented, which had scarcely ever been the case in the city. Ah! he did not remember that in every paradise there is a serpent, and — Karl and Johann Van Beethoven had just arrived at Hetzendorf.

The surprise was great for Ludwig, but it was no less happy, for no one could cling to his brothers with a more tender and sincere affection than he.

How much Johann had to tell of his former circumstances. How many questions Ludwig asked about home and the friends and acquaintances in Bonn. Joyful and sad memories were awakened. Before Ludwig's inward vision his whole childhood and youth appeared, and he, who was not usually given to much talking and story-telling, gave, uninvited, to Papa Van Swieten a complete outline of that time. With what reverence he remembered his grandfather, whose picture Ludwig had brought with him from Bonn. With what tender, child-like love he mentioned his pious mother. And when afterwards Johann asked him about many things, especially about his present life, how the floods of his soul were opened: what glimpses any other man than the apothecary might have had of that deep intellectual life whose splendor now shone upon them.

But Johann and Karl only listened. For the first his brother's words had no meaning, although they were addressed to him, and Karl heard nothing of them, for he was thinking of his plans, and could have died with vexation that Swieten had come in his way. But the 'old papa,' who had long mistrusted

*Schindler, p. 47. Kapell-meister Schindler himself, in company with Beethoven, saw, in the year 1823, this double oak with which, for the great master of tone, were bound so many fond recollections.

Karl, was glad to be here and oppose as far as possible the influence of these men who were so repulsive to him.

But he could not do this today, for gradually and naturally the conversation turned upon the younger brother's future. Ludwig insisted upon his plan, that Johann should first work for two years as assistant in a Vienna apothecary, and attend a few lectures in the meantime, to complete his education. According to agreement, Karl pretended to be wholly of his opinion, and only regretted that his brother was not yet self-reliant enough to take charge of the business, because there was just at that time an apothecary's store for sale in the neighborhood of Vienna at a merely nominal price; but Johann was to act as if he felt unspeakably miserable at the thought of being an assistant again. He had been so well-instructed by Karl that he soon after left the room, and when Ludwig went to look for him, he fell upon his neck weeping with the words:—

"Ludwig, dear Ludwig, if I am to enter again upon my old and painful position of dependence, let me rather go back to Bonn, where I have one spot, my mother's grave, where I can weep away the lonely hours."

This, on this beautiful day, immediately after seeing Johann again, and in the midst of Ludwig's deep and almost sacred emotion, was too much for his brotherly heart.

"No, no," he said, comforting him, "as long as your brother Ludwig lives you shall not mourn over your solitude at the grave of your sainted mother. Karl knows of a cheap drug-store. If you can trust yourself——"

"Brother!" cried Johann, delighted.

"Hush!" said Ludwig. "I will talk with Karl about it afterwards. It, of course, depends upon whether the little money I have laid up is enough to buy such an establishment."

"But——"

"No more 'ifs and buts.' We are brothers, so we will be one in heart. Only one more request. Say nothing about this before Herr Van Swieten. I dislike publicity in such matters."

They went back, one supported by the thought of making a sacrifice for his brother, the other happy at the brilliant prospect for his future which had so suddenly opened, but deeply ashamed of his own meanness, in contrast with his brother's love and magnanimity.

BETWEEN THE TWO BRANCHES OF AN OAK.

If every great artistic nature, says Ernst Von Elterlein, in his excellent book, *Beethoven's Symphonies Ideally Considered*, is a world in itself, carries a world within it, this was, above all, true of Beethoven, for his world is that of his own self for itself, his inmost personality. But the meaning of this world is only fully understood when we contrast it with that of an artist like Mozart.

Who would deny that Mozart carried a universe within him, and reflected it in his works. Let us consider his operas. Can a richer world of real forms be found in any other tone-poet? Certainly not. But we have here a world not of the subject for itself in its relations to his inmost being: we have a world of real forms. On the contrary, Beethoven's world is the deep inwardness of his own self.

If we follow Mozart into the brilliant diversity of life, we are led by Beethoven into an inner world independent of the outer. An infinity of the mind is opened to us. The depths of our own subjectivity, the infinity of our own soul, is revealed. Music, therefore, in him, becomes the representation of subjectivity, of the Ego absorbed in itself. It is by no means true that this inner, subjective world, because it has no room for an objective world of forms like Mozart's, is therefore limited, without variety: rather does it reveal the greatest wealth within, a fullness of interior force.

The infinity of emotions necessarily includes an infinite variety of moods. This rich world cannot, therefore, be expressed by limited definitions. It requires a universe of tones as broad as itself. The more powerful feeling is the more certainly, when it enters the limited sphere of tone, will it raise it to infinity, and reveal its whole depth.

So it was with Beethoven, the breadth and comprehensiveness of his feeling was always met by the corresponding breadth of his peculiar musical force. It would, therefore, be vain to attempt to express Beethoven's feeling in a few words. This world of joy and pain, of love and hate, of struggle and victory, of discord and reconciliation, lives immortal in his tones alone. It withdraws from other expression, and even if we succeed in

giving a distinct idea of separate periods, we are silently convinced that, though by our explanation we have approached the solution of the mystery, we still stand far enough from its inmost heart.*

In order rightly to judge of Beethoven's character and influence now and in the farther course of this work a few words are necessary. When Beethoven's genius began to stir the wings of his imagination he was not yet the powerful personality to which we have just referred. This great man, like every individual, needed a period of development. This must, of course, be great in proportion to the depth of his nature, to the germs of development which it concealed.

So in Beethoven's artistic progress three epochs appear. The first epoch shows Beethoven when his compositions, with all their distinct peculiarities as a whole, in style and character, approach Haydn and Mozart, and this is the epoch in which our hero is moving in the beginning of the 19th century. Upon the second epoch his aim seems distinctly impressed. Finally, the third is that in which the condition of a lonely man, alienated from all human intercourse, is overwhelmingly presented,—the epoch of his diseased introspective subjectivity.†

Of the symphonies the first one belongs to the first period, the second symphony to the transition into the second, the third to the eighth fall wholly within the second epoch; finally, the last symphony lies within the third period.‡

Let us now step nearer to our hero, who is passing through this process of development.

The dawn was still fresh and rosy in the eastern horizon when Ludwig Van Beethoven, cheerful as usual, sat at a table by the open window composing. But it was not his Christ on the Mount of Olives. He had laid aside this composition, almost completed, when a new, grand thought came to him. It was always his habit to carry about in his mind, and compose, several pieces at once. His inner life, now so joyous, the sense of his own full strength in the freshness of manhood, the bold, self-reliance, based not on perfection of power, but on solid knowl-

* Beethoven's Symphonies Ideally Considered, with special reference to Haydn, Mozart, and the new Symphonists, by Ernst Von Elterlein, 2nd edition, p. 21-24.

† Schindler, Oulibicheff, Brendel, Elterlein, etc.

‡ Elterlein, p. 27.

edge,—all this impelled him to that kind of tone-creation which was his ideal, the symphony.

He had already written one in C major, but it no longer satisfied him; he had evidently grown more mature, and so it seemed to him too mild,—a picture of innocent pleasure, of idyllic content. Now he desired more. He felt the throbbing of the wings of genius. Why should he hinder the eagle from rising to the clouds?

But he could not do anything in his room today, so he threw down his pen, slipped on his coat, seized his hat, and rushed out into the castle garden. How glorious it was there! How fresh and strong the morning air as it blew upon him! Trees, shrubs, and plants sent forth delicious fragrance; everywhere the dew-drops glistened and sparkled in the rays of the sun, as it rose majestically, and over all nature lay that unspeakable loveliness peculiar to the morning light. It was all so peaceful, so quiet, here again that Ludwig's heart was almost bursting with delight. High in the air, scarcely visible to human eye, hundreds of larks were singing as they soared, birds were twittering and hopping from twig to twig, and far away in the blue ether a falcon was making his circling flight.

A joyful feeling of courage came over the youth, a strong sense of confidence in his own strength. Ludwig Van Beethoven stopped with surprise at a curve in the thickly-wooded path; two young ladies, followed by a servant, were coming toward him, and were already so near him that, in his stormy way, he had almost run over them. Nothing but his sudden halt protected them from his awkwardness.

But, ah, what a face he beheld! What a charming girl stood before him! For, of the two ladies, he saw but one, and this one passed by him only too quickly. Ludwig remained as if rooted to the spot, fixing the picture firmly in his mind. What a charming little face, with its pure oval, what black, bewitching eyes, with the pale complexion, and that sweet, girlish blush upon the cheeks! How spirited the expression, how slender the figure, with its simple, white, linen dress, fastened at the waist by a rose-colored sash, the ends of which hung down to her feet, and fluttered in the morning breeze! How gracefully the little straw hat, trimmed with a simple ribbon and an artistic bunch of violets, rested upon the thick, black hair!

Ludwig gazed after the girl. It was but a slight glance that he had caught, but it had that wonderful power which opens even cold hearts, and grants them a glimpse into the soul's warm, pulsating life, into the sweet charin of poetry. No woman had ever made so deep an impression upon Beethoven as this modest creature with the deep, beautiful eye, the simple loveliness, and unassuming grace.

Ludwig looked after her as if stunned, when the girl and her companions had long ago disappeared behind the curve of the road. It was a long time before he came to himself.

• Suddenly, a great thought flashed upon him. It seemed as if a veil of mist was torn away, and the sun looked in from the blue sky. A second symphony of thought dawned upon his soul, he hurried to his Delphic tripod, and a few minutes later he sat between the two branches of the oak, hastily pulled note-paper and pencil from his pocket, and began to write. It was his second symphony in D major, and it was not to be the only one to proceed from this place. Do you hear it rushing by, the stream of its divine melody?

The master gives us the picture of the youthful life, bold in the expression of its power, and tender in its love-struggle. He throws it off in clear tone-colors, the picture of an individuality which does not reveal itself in a one-sided, limited direction. Its feeling is all-sided, a complete revelation of the inner self. How richly and variously this fundamental tone is developed in all its modulations. The ideal, youthful form is seen in the harmonious introduction full of a proud self-reliance. The first tones represented in quiet emotion; the wings of youthful strength are only slightly stirred, but soon they are opened and rush on breaking the narrow bounds, and now the stream follows its course unhindered. The *allegro* shows us the picture of unfettered emotion.

Then we experience with him the manly stirring of his personality in all directions, and almost instantly we see it entangled in struggle and strife. But they are not the deep struggles of the man's soul: we feel only the less stern conflict of the youthful nature. Like shadow-pictures, they flit across the stage,—a spirit of joyful courage always wins the upper hand again, and rises in its grandeur at the end.

Then the first accord from the kingdom of love strikes upon

the ear. Oh, listen, only listen to the tones of the *larghetto* in A major. Who can escape their charm? Who is not, like the sainted youthful composer, drawn deeper into a sea of rapture till the blessed waves of self-forgetfulness dash over him?

But this enchanting picture of love has vanished quickly, leaving no trace. A soft lament of the heart penetrates the soul, light clouds of mist pass over the bright sky of life, then, all at once, in the clear F major triad, the sun breaks through again, and the breast of the hero heaves with courage as he draws the blessed breath of love.

Now up again, up out of the hidden sanctuary of the heart, to the bright light of day, into the wide world of universal pleasure and excitement. Do they not resound in the *scherzo*? — the merry, bold pleasure in living, the bubbling, indestructible good-nature? Sometimes we hear a voice of calm satisfaction, or a feeling of peaceful introspection makes a way for itself.

But the waves of careless, youthful joy in living dash over it again; they rush in stronger and stronger, all the pulses of life beat more quickly; the excitement reaches the climax, and the fine, rich tone-painting sounds out in grand accords,—the youthful hero has completely revealed his inner self.

What a magnificent creation! and what charm it receives from that instrumentation, brilliant with color and light, which calls to us with exultation, This is a work of Ludwig Van Beethoven! *

NOT FINDING, AND YET FINDING.

The education of women, alas, too often becomes miseducation. Its real value depends upon the arrangement of knowledge and skill into a harmonious whole, and its practical influence upon head and heart. These few words include much, in fact, they embrace the whole idea. The head and heart are the two factors whose common and equal culture should be aimed at.

* See Beethoven's Symphonies Ideally Considered, by E. V. Elterlein, 2nd Symphony, D major, p. 31.

Julie Guicciardi had received a very superior education under the direction of a mother of varied acquirements and fine culture. The child of parents of wealth and high position, nothing had been spared to add fine intellect and amiability to a charming personal appearance, and nature had prepared the way.

Julie was now in her twenty-first year. Ludwig Van Beethoven had already felt the power of her external charms when, for only one moment, he looked into her lovely face in the park of the Schönbrunn Castle. How much more he would have been charmed by her intellectual beauty and her noble character. It was, indeed, a peculiar charm, not exactly produced by compendious learning, yet her rare intellect, the wealth of thought at her command, and her correct criticisms, had a powerful attraction for all who came in contact with her. Everything about her was poetic and beautiful, and her innate tact and delicacy had given to her character such a harmonious finish that her influence upon everyone was soothing and beneficent.

Far from the wild, rushing stream of a stormy life in the world, in the entire seclusion of the domestic circle, loved and guided by a tender mother, Julie early became susceptible to all noble influences which stir the soul.

Poetry and music stand in a two-fold relation to human culture,—that of form, since by clothing imagination in rhythmical expression, they seek to bring truth and instruction nearer,—and that of substance, because, seeking always what is sublimest and most beautiful, they endeavor to appropriate to man what is highest in his nature. But they do still more. They keep it always before his eyes that he must make passing enjoyment secondary to lasting satisfaction, the material to the spiritual, and, in the conflict of inclinations and duties, must, by conquering self, and rising above what is low, sacrifice everything to nobility and purity of thought.

Amid such ideas Julie grew up and became not exactly a poetess and virtuoso, but rather a charming votary of poetry and music. She devoted herself to both arts with her pure, girlish heart, and pursued them with much taste for her enjoyment and higher culture. Therefore, in a short time her widowed mother had left her quiet retreat in the country, and

had come with her daughter to Vienna, which might, at that time, have been called a high-school of music.

Both found the warmest reception in Count Gallenberg's family, Julie's mother and the old Countess Gallenberg having been friends in their youth. But the visit was most pleasing to the young count of twenty-four years, who, from the first moment that he saw Julie, was in love with her. It was unfortunate that, being a soldier, duty called him away from Vienna after the first three days. Yes, his evil star willed that he should not even go today on the excursion to Schonbrunn which the Prince and Princess Lichnowsky had arranged, and on which the old Count Gallenberg, with his wife, his daughter, the two Guicciardis, and a number of other gentlemen and ladies were going.

On account of the glorious weather and the July heat, they had started very early, and had taken breakfast together, mid jests and merriment, at one of the most beautiful spots in the castle garden, when Prince Lichnowsky started up in company with Baron Pasqualati to look for friend Beethoven, who must not be missing at this country *fête* of his patrons. At the same time, Julie proposed to her friend to take a walk through the grounds, which they did, accompanied by an old servant.

But chance often plays a strange game in life. While the young girls, who did not know Beethoven were meeting him, his two friends looked for him in vain. He was not to be found,—not in his house, not in the grounds of the castle, not in the neighborhood; he did not even come home to dinner,—for Ludwig Van Beethoven sat in the thicket in the park, in his Delphic tripod, between the two branches of the oak, in the loftiest flight of inspiration, without hearing or seeing anything in the world, and composing his symphony in D major.

For him the earth had passed away, his bodily self was no longer present. He was still living only in music. Which of the servants who were sent out could have found this well-hidden spot where the great master now sat creating? But a picture found its way thither; it was the picture of Julie Guicciardi, which had fixed itself firmly in Beethoven's heart and mind, and now was passing into his creation in sweet, magical tones.

Ah! he did not dream that she was near,—did not dream

that his friends were looking for him, not only to greet him and invite him to the *fête*, but especially to introduce him to this same Julie Guicciardi, who, an ardent admirer of his compositions, was very desirous to become acquainted with the great Beethoven, having heard from Prince Lichnowsky that he was there.

"Then you have not found him?" Julie asked when Prince Lichnowsky and Baron Pasqualati came back without him.

"No, my dear," said the prince, with irritation. "We have been at his house, and have learned that he went out very early, whither no one knew; but he had not ordered his dinner, an evidence that he by no means intended to go far from here. None of the servants found him, yet I would stake my head that he is sitting composing in some corner of this park, concealed in the dense thicket."

"Oh," cried Julie, touching her fine forehead with the fingers of one hand, as if a thought suddenly came over her, "I believe, after all, I met him without knowing it."

"How? Where?" cried Lichnowsky.

"About an hour ago," answered Julie, "when you and Baron Pasqualati rose from breakfast to look for the great master, and bring him to the company, I begged Countess Aurelia to show me a little more of the park. Not far from the Gloriett, at a curve in the path, we met a man who was hurrying quickly on. Of course, I scarcely noticed him, but now, when I recall the hasty impression of his appearance, it grows in importance, and agrees with the description which the princess has given me of Beethoven."

"You cannot depend upon that," said Lichnowsky, smiling, "for if my wife has given you a description of Beethoven, you will scarcely recognize him by it."

"How is that?"

"Because she looks at her favorite quite too much with the eyes of a tender mother."

"Yet I believe ——"

"Tell us, was it a man with a short, stout figure?"

"I think so, simply dressed."

"Quite right."

"Yet, when I recall the momentary impression, there was something imposing and dignified in his appearance."

"That is so. His head——"

"Was a little broad, and surrounded by a wealth of brown hair."

"Something like a lion's mane?" said the prince, brightly.

"I did not think of that," the young lady went on in a joking way, "and yet you may not be wholly wrong. At least, I remember that I was a little frightened, but rather at the majesty and a certain wild energy of his face than at the growth of hair."

"It was he," said the prince. "There remains no doubt at all. His forehead broad, thickly shaded above by the brown hair, bordered below by thick, bushy eye-brows, forming great arches. The eyes,—but you smile?"

"Because your Grace considers me quite too talented. With such powers of observation, one might become chief-of-police."

"Anyone like you," said the prince, "who has cultivated his eye as a practiced artist, can grasp in one second more, and more correctly, than any other mortal in an hour."

"Then I will confess to you that, at the moment when this man passed me, I saw his eyes light up wonderfully, and this light in the eyes gave to his face a very intellectual expression."

"Ah!" said the prince, "it seems, then, that I was not mistaken regarding your quick, keen glance. There is no longer any doubt that you met Beethoven without knowing it while we were seeking him in vain."

At this moment Archduke Rudolph and the Princess Lobkowitz and Kinsky came out of the castle and walked up to the company. They all rose, and, after greetings were exchanged, the conversation took another turn.

Prince Lichnowsky quietly sent the servants out again to look for Beethoven in the neighborhood of the Gloriett, but they came back this time also without accomplishing their object.

The day passed for the company, however, in undisturbed mirth, and the visit to Hetzendorf pleased Julie and her mother so well that they decided to spend a few weeks there, which was the more convenient as they were but a short distance from the capital. Count Gallenberg promised to make the necessary preparations immediately, and Prince Lichnowsky reserved for himself the pleasure of introducing his protégée, Beethoven, to the ladies.

As they drove home in the evening, and passed Hetzendorf, the tones of a violin fell upon their ears.

"That is Beethoven," cried Prince Lichnowsky, hurried his horse forward to the carriage in which Countess Gallenberg sat with Julie and her mother, and gave the coachman a sign to stop. While the others rolled on to the capital, those who remained behind listened with almost reverent timidity to the wonderful tones from the master which came out into the twilight and penetrated their hearts.

Where was Ludwig Van Beethoven? He stood in the middle of his dark room with his old, true friend, his favorite violin, resting against the wall. The window was open, and he was lost in thought, looking out into the wide world as it sank away in the twilight. He alone understood his beloved violin as it now uttered a lament, and then cried out in triumph. It was a hymn to two wonderful black eyes, which belonged to a charming little face. It was to that delicate slender figure of a girl which had flitted by him today. It was an elegiac sigh over the swift vanishing of a blessed moment.

All listened breathless, but Julie's feelings were indescribably strange. Her heart, all at once, beat so violently that she had to press her hand upon it, and it almost seemed to her as if some one were reaching out after her. She shuddered.

"Are you cool, dear child?" asked her anxious mother. But the prince made a sign to the coachman, bowed as he turned his horse away, and the carriage rolled on.

THE THUNDER ROLLS.

Beethoven had slept very badly through the night. He had come from Hetzendorf to Vienna for a few days, because his *Christ on the Mount of Olives* was to be performed at Prince Lichnowsky's, and perhaps also for his benefit in a large concert at the Vienna Theatre.*

*The latter performance, as above mentioned, did not take place till three years later.

At Prince Lichnowsky's everything came off as Beethoven wished. There was the old friendliness, the same hearty reception as usual, and the same readiness for every service. The prince himself had anticipated his friend in preparations for the performance of his composition, while the princess had superintended the arrangement of his rooms with motherly care.

The world showed itself less amiable. The conflict with envy and disfavor which characterizes all great performances could not be absent from Beethoven's.

Much vexation was caused by the miserable intrigue by which the public performance of his *Christ on the Mount of Olives* was met on all sides.

But it was not alone the displeasure growing out of this which caused him a sleepless night. Other and more painful thoughts were running in his head, distressing him and putting him out of humor.

His brother Karl had been to see him the day before, and had told him many things fitted to stir up a character suspicious by nature, and turn it off its balance. Karl was so frank, expressed himself with such brotherly interest, and meant so well by him, and yet it was impossible for Ludwig to agree with him.

Karl had not exactly warned him against the prince and princess and Van Swieten. Oh, no! He had gone to work with far more delicacy and cunning. He had praised them, and, with Ludwig, recognized how much he was indebted to them for their kindness; but Karl could not help warning his brother against this thing and that. For in his own and the general public opinion the Lichnowskys and Van Swieten had shown him so much kindness only that they might make a boast of his friendship. With a great show of eloquence, Karl proved that everything which had been done or might be done by the prince and the 'old papa' was done simply from selfishness. They were robbing Ludwig of liberty that they might harness him to their own triumphal car; they were shutting him into the exclusive circle of the nobility, that they might cut him off from the favor of the people, out of envy at his important position in the realm of music; they were checking the free flight of his genius by unworthy guardianship, and so on.

If anyone else had brought forward these accusations, it

would have been all over with him forever in Ludwig's friendship. But Karl was his brother: he certainly meant well by him. It could not be otherwise, for did not he owe to Ludwig all that he possessed?

"You go too far in your brotherly love and anxiety for me," was therefore the gentle and only reply which Ludwig made to his brother at the end of the evening. But, strangely, much of this conversation remained fixed in Ludwig's soul. He had a strong mind, was a noble man, but in the background of his character there lay concealed a suspicious tendency which, like a polyp at the bottom of the sea, was continually stretching out its arms for prey, and let nothing escape which it had once caught.

Thinking of all these things Beethoven had not closed his eyes during the whole night. His reason and bright feeling repeatedly acquitted the accused, but the accursed implications came back again and again, running like a poisonous spider over his soul. Yes, they were really spinning invisible threads around his ingenuous nature.

When Ludwig started up early in the morning from a short, almost feverish, doze, he felt in a painful mood. The cheerfulness which he had brought with him from Hetzendorf had completely disappeared, his freedom with his friends was restrained, and a sort of depression, an inexplicable discouragement, lay heavy upon him. He had that strange, uncomfortable feeling that he must escape from his own self. Why? Because another personality was asserting itself within him,—trust awakened by Karl, thus his brother's personality,—and he had not found the courage to tear it out of his soul, because he had too much confidence in his brother.

Then came the disagreeable duties of the dawning day. There were still many things to be altered, rehearsals to be held, the intrigues of miserable creatures to be opposed, and other tasks of this sort. Was no one at hand? But—a thought flashed upon Ludwig.

Two days before, the first day that he came from Hetzendorf, a fine young man, about sixteen years old, had presented a letter to Beethoven, introducing himself as Ferdinand Ries, son of his old friend the concert-master, Franz Ries, at Bonn, with whom he had spent so many happy hours at the Breun-

ings' house. Bonn had been greatly reduced by the war. Max Franz with all his court had long ago, at the entrance of the French, been obliged to leave his residence, had been staying since then at Mergentheim, and now, as Ries wrote, was to return at once to Vienna. There was, therefore, little prospect of the talented young man making farther progress in Bonn, so his father had sent him to Vienna, and given him a letter of introduction to Beethoven. The friendly relations in which the elder Ries had always stood toward Beethoven in his boyhood and youth justified him in the expectation that the latter would receive his son kindly, and Ries was not disappointed.

Beethoven, in whom all the youthful memories were awakened by his friend's letter, and by his sending his son, held out his hand heartily and said:—

"I cannot reply to your father now, but write him that I have not forgotten how my mother died, and he will soon be convinced of it."*

After this Beethoven had a talk with the youth, and, recognizing great talent in him, at once promised him to have a care for his progress, and assured him that he would instruct him, a kindness which Ries fully appreciated.

The master was just then too much occupied with preparations for the performance of his *Christ on the Mount of Olives* to predict or do anything definite, but he told the young man to expect a call from him at any moment.

The moment had now come. Beethoven felt that he needed just such an assistant, that he might set trifles aside and go on in his bold way undisturbed, and, on the other hand, the young man might gain from this opportunity under his direction much practical knowledge. Ludwig, with whom execution followed thought, like thunder after lightning, seized, therefore, the bell near his bed and rang.

A short time passed and no one came. Impatient at this, but without looking at the clock or remembering that it was only four o'clock in the morning, he pulled the bell again with such force that the sound could be heard in the whole palace. After

*Beethoven's own words. They refer to the fact that concert-master Ries, by great sacrifices, supported the Beethoven family, who were in very distressed circumstances at the time of the mother's death.

a few minutes something came flapping up the stairs. There was a knock, and a rough "Come in" followed.

At the same moment the door opened, and an immense figure wrapped, in spite of the summer, in a fur night-dress pushed his way in. The enormous head, like a giant's, which came spreading out from under his night-cap, and ran over and under his mouth, announced at once the Swiss who was intrusted with the office of porter for Prince Lichnowsky, but who had never seen Switzerland, being really a good Austrian, born in Linz. Notwithstanding the great displeasure at being roused so early, which was expressed in the man's face, he drew himself up in a lofty and dignified manner, according to the custom of his office, stretching out stiffly the hand which usually held the strong porter's cane with the large silver head.

"Well!" was heard at the same time from the recesses of his beard, "as everyone is still sleeping, I have come. What is your honor's pleasure?"

"Everyone is still asleep? Why, what time is it?"

"Well," said the porter according to his habit, "just four o'clock."

"The sleepy heads are still in bed?" asked Ludwig again, grimly. "Yes, indeed," he muttered to himself, thinking involuntarily of what his brother had said to him the evening before, "I am in a nest of the nobility, it is true. Only the common burgher understands the proverb, 'The morning hour has gold in his mouth.'"

"Well!" said the porter, drawing himself up loftily in his *négligée*, although he had understood nothing of what Beethoven had just said, "has your honor any commands?"

"Yes," answered the latter, "send young Ries to me."

"Now, at four o'clock in the morning?" asked the Swiss, making great eyes.

"Yes, now," repeated Ludwig, imperatively. "He will be of no use to me later."

The porter was silent a moment, but since, like all the other servants of the house, he had received the express command to obey Beethoven's orders as unconditionally as those of the head of the household, he collected himself immediately and indicated his obedience by the inevitable "Well," allowing himself only the question who the young Herr Ries was, and where he might be found.

Ludwig gave the needed information, and the porter disappeared with a "well," in which "it shall be done," lay concealed like the kernel in the nut.

When young Ries entered an hour later,—it had just struck five,—he found Beethoven still in bed, writing busily upon some sheets of music paper.* After-thoughts for his composition had occurred to him, which he was hastily noting down.

"Welcome!" he cried to his new scholar. There is much to do today, and you must lend me a hand. You see I am not ceremonious with people whom I like, but deeds are better than words."

With these words, Beethoven sprang out of bed, ran to the table in his night-clothes, threw everything that lay upon it on the floor,—notes, books, paper, violin, and piano, strings, necktie, and vest,—pushed out the ink-stand and a few sheets of fresh music paper, and said, "There, young man, sit down there and copy that quickly."

Ries obeyed shyly, in no little embarrassment at the strange ways and peculiar costume of his new teacher, but he was to have to-day still more wonderful experiences. Beethoven, lost in thought, and constantly humming melodies to himself, seemed to have no idea of dressing. With his head thrown back and gazing upward he ran about as he was, that is, dressed in nothing but his shirt, muttering and humming to himself. Then he went suddenly to the wash-basin, near which four pitchers of water stood, took one after the other and poured the water over his hands, without noticing that he was standing like a duck in water,† for, of course, it ran over the wash-basin continually, and flowed in streams onto the expensive carpet.

Young Ries, sixteen years old and shy, stood stiff with amazement and horror. At first, he thought he would call the master's attention to the horrible devastation which he was creating, but when his glance fell upon the face of his great teacher, solemn, powerful, as if hewn out of marble, and shining with a certain spiritual illumination, his courage failed him, and he bent over his work again to conceal his blushes.

But everything on earth has an end; even the water in Beet-

* Historic. † Historic. Schindler, p. 260.

hoven's ewer was at last exhausted, and so, without for an instant knowing what he was doing, the master put on his clothes, insisted that Ries must breakfast with him, and then came the rehearsal.

This began at eight o'clock, in the music-hall of the Lichnowsky palace, and, among the new compositions executed for the first time, besides the oratorio of Christ on the Mount of Olives, were Beethoven's two symphonies in D major, the piano concert-piece in C minor, and a few of the master's other newer creations. It was a very fatiguing rehearsal, and by half-past two o'clock all were so exhausted that they were really out of humor.*

Prince Lichnowsky, who had been at the rehearsal from the beginning, now ran and brought a quantity of bread and butter, cold meat and wine, and urged all heartily to help themselves. This effort was followed by the most brilliant results, and all were soon again in good condition.

Now the prince begged that the oratorio might be rehearsed once more, that Beethoven's first work of the kind might have a success worthy of him. So the rehearsal began again. At last, at six o'clock, the concert began. The success was brilliant. The great master was loaded with tokens of admiration and applause.

No one felt happier than Beethoven. How could he have imagined that this happiness was to be increased this very day?

The concert was followed by a supper given by the prince, at which the seat of honor near the prince was reserved for Beethoven. Anyone else would have felt extremely flattered by this, but Beethoven received the attention as a matter of course, and was on the point of taking his seat between the two ladies when he stood transfixed with joy and amazement. Prince Lichnowsky was approaching with a lady to take the seat opposite. It was the lovely apparition from the Schönbrunn castle-garden, the young girl who had flitted past him, and whose image had since that day been enthroned in his heart as an ideal of beauty.

"Countess Julie Guicciardi," said the prince, introducing the young lady to his friend; then turning to Ludwig, with a

* Ries' own account.

slight gesture, he added, "Our excellent master, Beethoven, whom you already know face to face, and whose neighbor you are to be after tomorrow in Hetzendorf."

At these words a deep blush passed over the faces of Beethoven and Julie, which would have betrayed all to attentive eyes. The place and the surroundings permitted to Julie only a slight bow, to Ludwig a few courteous words. The latter was soon cursing silently the whole supper, with its fine dishes and wines, and the fearful conventional restraint imposed upon him by the presence of the beautiful princess. Ah, how very gladly would he have talked freely with his charming *vis-à-vis*, especially as he soon perceived that she was a frank, simple creature in her nature and tastes.

Her exact thought interested him immensely, her strong and healthy feeling which was untainted by that wretched ambition to make a show of culture and learning with shifting and immature opinions.

"Oh," he said to himself, triumphantly, "that is nature once more,—genuine, pure nature, unharmed by the poison of coquetry."

Yet, with so much simplicity, what correct judgement, what surprisingly deep insight, with so much real poetry, what a fine clear mode of expression! Ludwig was soon delighted, almost more by the charm which Julie's spiritual loveliness threw around her than by her physical beauty; but to his despair he was snatched from his seventh heaven now by being addressed on the right, now by a question from the left-hand neighbor, now by a servant, or again by the superficial conversation which was becoming somewhat general.

Fortunately, he carried home with him something to comfort him,—the certainty that after tomorrow Julie and her mother were to live for a few weeks at Hetzendorf, for a fortunate chance had willed that she should find a residence near his.

How glorious those days were! Of course, Ludwig soon enjoyed that intimacy with mother and daughter which life in the same country-place admits of among good, simple people. This intimacy was based rather upon inward union and sympathy than upon external intercourse. Ludwig found to his astonishment more and more, from day to day, how surprisingly Julie's soul harmonized with his, what wealth of thought

slumbered in this girl's mind, and how accurately she comprehended everything, particularly matters connected with music.

"She is nothing but music and poetry," he often said to himself, when he had been with her and her mother, and he regarded those hours as the happiest of his life in Hetzendorf.

If one single thing had not cast a dark shadow on these happy days, (but where does a mortal ever find pure and unalloyed happiness?)

Beethoven's health was not the same as it had been, and for a long time he had not heard as well with one ear: an envious demon had thus checked his game.* Painful, fearfully painful, this discovery had been to him, but perhaps it was only a passing cold, and would disappear with the cause which produced it. Beethoven was by no means the man to give way quickly to despair, and the happy life in his little paradise at Hetzendorf, which, with Julie Guicciardi near, seemed even more of a paradise than before, should not be disturbed by any slight accident.

Today he had risen merry and gay, and his soul was as bright as the blue sky outside. Ries came from the city at six o'clock to take a lesson from his great teacher, who was now, however, more friend than teacher.

But Ludwig Van Beethoven was not in the mood today for giving lessons. With comic gravity he said to the young man as he entered:—

"Welcome, welcome, but I can't play the school-master now. Sit right down to breakfast with me, young man, and then we will take a little walk."

And so they did. The road, the surrounding country, the sky, and the mood of the walkers were all alike filled with the brightness of the dawn. He did not talk much it was true. Beethoven was communing with his inner world and the world of tone; he was humming to himself,—he could never really sing,—and Ries, in his reverent timidity, did not venture to interrupt him. Not till after the country dinner, which they took at a little village, did scholar and teacher carry on a moderate conversation.

Ries had another opportunity to cast a deep glance into his

* His own words in his letter to Wegeler, from Vienna, June 29th, 1801.

master's beautiful character. It was as light and clear there that day as in the blooming, fragrant world around them. The conversation turned upon different distinguished musicians. Not the faintest trace of small jealousy could be found in this man's great soul. "Händel, Cherubini, Mozart!" he cried, "let merit receive its crown."

"Which of Mozart's works is the finest?" asked Ries.

"For you, the Magic Flute is Mozart's greatest work, for in that he has shown himself a true master of German music."

"And Don Juan?" asked young Ries, surprised.

"Don Juan is too Italian, and, then, our holy art should never give itself to the service of so scandalous a subject."

"Cherubini?"

"He is, among all dramatic composers now living, the one whom I like best. I like, too, the style of his church music. If I should ever write a requiem I should remember many beautiful things that I have learned from him."

"Händel?"

"Händel is the master of all masters, still without an equal. Go, young man, and learn from him how great effects may be produced by small means."*

Ries now tried to turn the conversation upon a subject of great importance to him, thorough-bass. Beethoven was suddenly silent. After a pause, he said, "There are two things separate by themselves, about which there should be no discussion, thorough-bass and religion."†

The first hours of the afternoon were not less pleasant than the morning. Even the old cheerfulness returned, so that, at a charming spot, Beethoven stretched himself at full length on the grass. Ries sat down at his feet in silent satisfaction. An oak, over whose proud summit at least a hundred years had passed, stretched its gnarly branches over them like a sheltering roof, and delicious fragrance rose from the flowers and plants around them. The sun shone with a burning heat; a dead, sultry air had gradually taken the place of the free air of the morning. On the distant horizon a heavy, dark cloud rose like a gray wall, and from time to time was heard the grumbling of distant thunder.

* Beethoven's own words on the above composers. Oulibicheff, p. 72.

† Beethoven's own expressions. Schindler, p. 252.

Beethoven had always loved the grand natural phenomena of a storm, and liked nothing better than to observe the towering up of the clouds, their speed and power, as they came nearer, and the breaking out of the storm itself. Then the floods of heaven opened, the rain poured down in streams, the thunder rolled as if it would shake the earth from its foundations, and the lightning flashed as if the war between Zeus and the Titans was renewed. Then it was well with his own Titanic nature.

But it was strange that today the black, distant mass of clouds affected him unpleasantly. When he saw them, a shadow fell upon the beautiful day, and upon the brightness of his soul. He remembered the warning cry, often uttered by a lovely creature who was so dear to him, and who long since rested beneath the ground. It seemed to him as if he heard Countess Eugenie cry, "The cloud! the black cloud!" Beethoven trembled, but he felt ashamed of his weakness, and a strong will subdued it. The silence of his youthful companion, which he had not noticed all day, grew unpleasant to him. He turned to him and said, leaning his head on his arm, "You are very still, Ries, are you not?"

"I am silent because I am listening," said the young man.

"What do you hear?" asked Beethoven, astonished.

"I am listening to the shepherd who sits with his flock yonder, at the edge of the wood, playing very prettily on his flute, which he has cut out of elder-wood."

Beethoven kept still and listened. "I do not hear a sound," he said at last, "You must be mistaken."

"No, indeed," answered Ries, astonished in his turn. "The sound is very distinct indeed. Do you not see the shepherd?"

"Certainly, I see him," answered Beethoven, who had now risen and was looking toward the wood. "I see, too, that he has a flute at his mouth. Hark! Let me listen again."

Then there was another pause. Suddenly Beethoven's face was as pale as a corpse, and Ries, too, turned pale. The young man, who knew that his teacher had suffered for a long time from a slight defect in his hearing, had guessed what a fearful discovery of himself his master had just made. He grew dizzy with horror, and said in his anxiety, almost with trembling voice:—

"It really seems as if our flute-player had grown dumb," although he still heard the shepherd's flute very plainly.

Beethoven answered not a word. He was pale as death. Thick drops of cold sweat rested upon his forehead. His eyes stared, fixed with horror, and his features took in the stiffness of marble. Within, with a horrible pain, came up the cry, "The cloud! the black cloud!" Beethoven, Beethoven, man of tone, thou shalt hear nothing more! thou shalt hear nothing more! Great God, thou art growing deaf!

As if his head had been struck by lightning, he sprang up, made a sign to Ries, and started gloomily on his way home. Not another sound passed his lips, but something like despair was struggling within. It was the thought, Beethoven, Beethoven, man of tone, thou art growing deaf.*

LAXENBURG AND SCHÖNBRUNN.

In those days, as in the time of Maria Theresa and Francis I., the imperial court at Vienna had two summer residences, Laxenburg and Schönbrunn, the first of which was occupied almost every year for a few weeks in spring and autumn, the latter mostly in summer.

What a pleasant, sunny situation Laxenburg has? Like a child at play in its Sunday dress, it has stretched itself out on the broad plain near Vienna, shut in by Schneeberg and the Hungarian hills. Friendly villages are on every side. Beyond these, at that time, was a row of country-seats and castles of the Austrian nobility, which, giving way to industry, have long since disappeared.

This old summer residence of the Hapsburgs has a charm wholly its own, and, in spite of the changes which Laxenburg has undergone in the last two centuries, especially under Francis I., the richest historic memories are revived here.

Ludwig Van Beethoven hated the air of the court, for his element was the most unconditional freedom. "My highest

*The whole story of the shepherd's flute is historic. Wegeler and Ries, pp. 98, 99.

masters are God and art," he often said when the conversation turned upon the court and court favor. He was, therefore, sadly troubled when the summer residence was removed from Laxemburg to Schönbrunn, although he knew beforehand that this change was to take place, which, of course, brought the court near to him, and disturbed the happy solitude of his paradise.

But there were many other things now that spoiled Hetzendorf for him.

Julie Guicciardi, whose charming conversation and agreeable society had become almost indispensable to him, went back to the city with her mother, who removed from the neighborhood of the court for her daughter's sake. The gap thus left in his life at Hetzendorf made him dejected, and this dejection had good ground for increase in his deafness, which was constantly growing more evident.

Now, for the first time, his most intimate friends, like Prince Lichnowsky and Van Swieten, learned that for several years he had suffered from a defect of hearing which had until lately been very slight. It had been too painful to Beethoven, as a musician, to make this confession to anyone. Besides, the trouble was in the beginning only periodical, and when it gradually grew more lasting the physician, whom he consulted with the utmost secrecy, promised a speedy improvement. But time passed on, and the improvement did not come. And, oh, when he, the musician,—the man who lived and moved only for tone and through it,—when he thought of what this might possibly lead to, he shuddered with horror, and it seemed to him as if he should go mad.

In the midst of the career of the great artist, which had had such a fine beginning, a dark point stood now on the distant horizon, increasing in size, and coming nearer and nearer,—that dark point which soon became a cloud of fearful power, enveloping his whole life with a black pall.

He had long seen it, and shuddered at the sight, as at some horrible misfortune which had power to overwhelm him. He concealed the weakness, as if it were a disgrace to him, and even the ghost of self-murder rose before his soul. *

* Beethoven writes in one of his letters to Wegeler, "If I had not somewhere read that man should not voluntarily depart from life while he can perform one more good deed, I should long ago have been no more, and actually by my own deed."

To increase the entanglements in which Beethoven's life was beginning to be involved, his brother Karl encompassed him more and more narrowly, poured sharp and gnawing poison into his unguarded soul.

This was so much the worse because two worlds had from the beginning presented themselves to Ludwig Van Beethoven,—an ideal and a real world. He was a great genius, and, consequently, impractical in all directions except his art. If he had not been a genius, but a simple, practical man, he would have brought his ideal world into harmony with the demands of the actual. But this was not the case; so in his ideal world everything took shape except that which existed in reality without. His great intellect, at home in the Grecian world of ideas, especially that of Plato, longed for the realization in the state and in the men with whom he came in contact of Plato's views and opinions. This accounts for his constant opposition to everything existing in the state, for his countless disappointments in his intercourse with others, and the frequent misunderstandings of well-disposed men who were on familiar terms with him.

The quite natural consequence was that in the actual world, and in all its relations, he appeared always like a stranger. Ludwig Van Beethoven, the great artist, remained for his whole life in a kind of childhood as far as the practical world was concerned. The hero of art, the brightest star in the musical firmament, the man of grand ideas, the Titan storming Heaven, needed a guide in the every-day affairs of life, and found him, alas, in his brother Karl.

Why in him, and not in Lichnowsky or Van Swieten, or some other man?

First, because he was bound to Karl by a deeply-rooted brotherly love, which permitted no suspicion of him; secondly, because Karl Van Beethoven, by his perfidious condemnation of other men, and by his artful slander and trickery, knew very well how to give the impression that he agreed with Ludwig in his views of the world, while, on the contrary, Beethoven's true friends often repelled him from them by candor and well-meant opposition.

And here we are met by the wonderful characteristic of all genius, which is, at the same time, its greatest weakness. Around its head the universe must turn, from it its laws must

be received, from it must be learned its science, its rules of art, its state government, everything which can be learned from a human being,—its will must be positive law in all things.

Of course, his honorable friends could not always allow this. To Karl's coarser nature it was easy. Ludwig fell into the snare, and his brother Karl ruled him, while, at the same time, he plundered him pecuniarily in every way he could.

Karl was in great need of this addition to his finances, since, as a man of pleasure, his expenses were always great. Then his pretty wife helped him bravely to spend the money so easily won from his brother. But Ludwig Van Beethoven never once took advantage of his familiar relations with them: from the very beginning he had been possessed of an instinctive repugnance to his sister-in-law, and he found it too soon justified by the change in the manner of life of the pretty, but very frivolous, woman.

From this time forth Ludwig never put his foot in his brother's house again. Karl was sly enough to turn this sad discovery to his advantage by playing, with sighs and tears, the part of the unhappy husband, whose wife had not only stained his honor but, by her careless extravagance, had burdened him with the most pressing anxieties for sustenance, in spite of his own economy and unresting work.

Ludwig's noble heart could not see his brother anxious. He, therefore, helped him, even at the risk of bringing starvation upon himself.

How little all this tended to make his relations in Vienna agreeable after his return from Hetzendorf it is easy to understand, and Beethoven would have been really unhappy if the world of realities had not been almost lost to him. He lived only in his ideal world in musical activity, and in an enthusiastic, platonic love for his adored Julie.

He could see her now but seldom, for etiquette and his profession demanded more frequent visits, but an hour in the society of this charming girl made him supremely happy. At Count Gallenberg's invitation, he had passed this evening at her side. How easily he forgot the indisposition he had felt for several days? Ludwig was perfectly happy, for his love-thirsty heart had long clung to Julie with youthful fervor, though he had as yet spoken no word of love to her.

He loved Julie, and believed that her heart belonged to him also.

This inward consciousness of happiness was enough for him. It was a sunbeam illuminating his ideal world; and of the real world, the possibility of an actual union with the charming young girl who, by her property and her social position, stood so high above the simple though celebrated musician,—of such common things he had no thought at all.

But, on the other hand, a wonderfully-intellectual and artistic life had sprung up between them since their residence in Vienna. It continued still, though they saw each other more seldom. The memory of that pleasant summer, during which their pure spirits had drawn so many a lofty pleasure from nature and from life, was sacred to them both. It was, therefore, natural that they should return to this subject today with pleasant reminiscences.

"Nature and life are the two great mirrors of eternal wisdom and beauty," said Beethoven, who was sitting by Julie Guicciardi in a corner of the room, gazing with rapture into her lovely face. "Through interaction and mutual reflection there is no boundary between nature and life."

Here Julie looked at Beethoven with her large, clear eyes, so full of expression. "I understand you," she added. "Neither is so distinct a domain in itself that a man may wander in one without missing the other."

"Yes, nature, nature!" repeated Beethoven, thoughtfully,— "to keep it safe, and to reflect it again, is the hardest of hard things. Most young artists think mere contact with nature is enough,—wandering through field and forest, through mountains and valleys, by stream and by sea,—but this is far from inspiring that world-reconciling spirit. On the contrary, the pure enjoyment of nature tends rather to blissful feeling than to depth,—gives, instead of clearness, indefinite and obscure impressions."

"Yes, that is actually so," said Julie; "how often I have noticed this in my lady friends. Obscurity of impressions is very common among women. Awakening too many ideas at once leads to bewilderment. In the whispering of the woods and the roaring of the forest an undefined longing takes possession of the heart, and leads in the end to sentimentality, which leaves the heart and mind barren."

"Therefore, the artist, if he wishes to accomplish anything great, must have, in place of this sentimentality, true feeling and deep appreciation. To the man of mere sentiment all nature seems like a great elegy of eternal life and eternal death, and instead of the strength and freshness, the courage and pleasure, of life, only the lamentation and the helpless wailing pain of the world stirs his soul. How then can the creating spirit bring alleviation to the true pain of humanity? No, no! The genuine artist must stand upon the highest peaks of vision. With all his penetration into the depths, his dissecting and proving, he must retain his freshness, youth, and health,—must be a youth in feeling, a mature man in ideas. He must, uniting both, become the great reconciler between nature and the soul. He must be the living expression of that which quickens and thrills humanity. For this it is necessary that he should view things in their inmost depths, and should be able to find eternal wisdom as well as eternal beauty in them. He must be the commander of the human heart whom the spirit follows wherever he leads."

"Yes," said Julie, with earnest, beaming eyes, "trusting him, admiring him, and following him, humanity in its confidence will win its own, raise itself by his lofty flights, by his divinity become itself grander, more divine."

"Julie," cried Beethoven, and his eyes flashed with delight, and his features shone with a strange light, "you are the first woman who has wholly understood me, the first whom I esteem, from my soul, as a true disciple of art."

Here the conversation was interrupted; but Ludwig Van Beethoven had no desire after this to hear or see more. Knowing well that the company would no longer leave Julie free, he crept softly away, bearing her sacred image in his heart.

THE WILL.

Months had passed away, winter had gone again, and the first larks were sounding their jubilees in the air, when Ludwig Van Beethoven, having recovered from a severe illness, retired

to the pleasant village of Heiligenstadt, about a mile and a half from Vienna, that he might entirely regain his health in the soft, fresh air.

He had been troubled with a slight disorder, which had soon grown to a severe illness. The reason for the continued melancholy, however, Dr. Schmidt and his friends sought rightly in the master's increasing deafness. Alas, the great master was suffering alike in body and mind. What he had suffered mentally at the thought of his physical ills brought him almost to despair. He had doctored his ear secretly for years in vain. Neither cold baths, nor the tepid baths of the Danube, nor Dr. Frank, director of medical studies at Pavia, then of the general hospital in Vienna, nor Vering, directing surgeon and imperial adviser, had been able to help him. All pills, all teas and strengthening medicines for the ear, had been in vain. At times his hearing would be a little better, at other times it would be very poor, and both his ears rang and roared constantly day and night.*

"In order to give you an idea of this wonderful deafness," he wrote at that time, in his despair, to Wegeler, the friend of his youth at Bonn, "I tell you that at the theatre I have to lean forward very close to the orchestra to hear the actor. If I am a little way off, I do not hear the loudest tones of the instruments and voices. It is remarkable that in conversation some people never notice it. They see only what they suppose to be my usual absent-mindedness. Often I will scarcely hear a person who speaks low,—perhaps I will hear the tones, but not the words, and yet as soon as anyone shrieks it is unendurable. What is to come of it good Heaven only knows. If I had any other profession it would be better, but in my profession it is a horrible state of things. I have before now often cursed my existence. Plutarch led me back to resignation. If it is possible, I will defy my fate, although there may be moments of my life when I shall be the unhappiest of God's creatures."†

Was it not, indeed, a fearful fate which was threatening Beethoven?

Go out, O mortal man, into God's glorious nature. Hark!

* Schindler, pp. 22, 23. Beethoven's own words to Wegeler.

† Beethoven's letter to Wegeler. Schindler, pp. 24, 25.

the lark is trilling in the air; how the brook babbles on so merrily, how the wind rustles in the branches of the trees! the merry chorus of birds sends its jubilee through the forest, and good men sing happy songs. Hark! how the vesper-bells send up their soothing and peaceful sound from the villages of the plain! Listen! Breathe in these sweet sounds and be happy.

But now imagine that all these nerves of the ear were paralyzed.

Now go out again into God's glorious nature. You see the lark in the air, but its joyous trill you do not hear. Your eye perceives the merry leaping of the waves, the swinging and tossing of the trees as they are stirred by the wind, but no murmuring, no rustling, moves your ear: you do not hear it. You stand in the midst of the forest, but the stillness of death makes it dreary to you. The evening comes, the peasant takes off his hat to ask alms: a horrible shudder runs over you. You know that the vesper-bell is ringing, but you hear it not. For you the kingdom of tones is locked forever.

Now imagine that you are a musician, like Beethoven, who lives only in tones, whose whole life and thought are given up to music; who knows nothing higher, whose profession is music; who follows it with the most ardent passion; whose glorious achievements in the kingdom of tone mankind receives with rejoicing; who is striving, with holy enthusiasm, to accomplish what is highest and best in the art; who knows that he carries in his soul worlds of tone yet undreamed of,—imagine yourself to be this hero, and then dare to grasp the thought that—you are deaf!

Melodies are ringing in your mind, but your ear perceives no sound.

Worlds of tone are growing in your soul, but when your finger touches the keys of your piano, you hear nothing! When you seize your beloved violin and play, you hear nothing! When you stand before your orchestra, your world, your all, you see the musicians moving, but you hear nothing!

Still! Soundless as the grave wherever you go,—in nature, among men, at the instrument, in the midst of the orchestra with its storm of sound! Silent, soundless as it is around the eagle who hovers in solitude far above in the ether. A living man among the dead, or a dead man among the living.

Beethoven was not yet deaf, but he heard with difficulty. The black cloud had not yet crushed him, but it was sinking down upon him more and more. Beethoven, at Heiligenstadt, almost succumbed to the melancholy which had taken root in his heart.

How beautiful it was as the late summer light lay upon the world! how brightly the dear sun smiled down from the blue heaven! how the waving corn-fields, the fruit-laden trees, invited every heart to joy! His was cold, despairing. The master gazed thoughtfully out of the window; then he turned suddenly round, arranged his ink and paper, seized the pen, and wrote.

He wrote a long while. The lines of his face were expressive of sad earnestness, and as he sat, silent and thoughtful, he looked like an antique marble statue. He wrote as follows. It was his will:—

“FOR MY BROTHERS, KARL AND BEETHOVEN.*

“O ye men who think or call me malignant, stubborn, or misanthropic, what injustice you do me! You know not the secret cause of that which so appears to you. From childhood up my heart and mind have always been sensitive to the good-will of those around me. I have also been ambitious to accomplish great deeds. Now, consider that for several years an incurable disorder has befallen me, made worse by ignorant physicians; that I have been deceived from year to year with the hope of recovery, and forced, at last, to contemplate a lasting disorder whose cure may perhaps take years, or be impossible. Born with a quick, fiery temperament, appreciating the diversions of society, I was early obliged to exclude myself, and pass my life in solitude. If I attempted sometimes to overcome all difficulties, the experience of my poor hearing was doubly sad, and I was harshly forced back again. Yet it was not possible for me to say to men, ‘Speak louder!—bawl!—for I am deaf!’ Ah, how could it have been possible for me to admit that weak-

*Historic. Schindler, pp. 50-54. The whole of this document betrays the condition of deep melancholy which Beethoven was in at this time. That in the whole deed he never writes out the name of his second brother, Johann, but only indicates it with stars, is striking, and another of the countless eccentricities which had shown themselves to Johann long ago in Vienna.

ness of a sense which ought to have been more perfect in me than in others,—a sense which I once possessed in a perfection such as few of my profession have known. Oh, I could not do it. Pardon me, therefore, if you have seen me draw back when I would gladly have mingled with you. My misfortune brings me double pain by causing me to be misunderstood. For me, refreshment in the society of my fellow-men, refined conversation, mutual ebullitions of thought and feeling may not be. I must be almost wholly alone, and can allow myself to go into society only so far as the deepest necessity demands. I must live like an exile. If I go near to any company, a great anxiety comes over me, because I fear to be exposed to the danger of bringing my condition into notice. This has been the case during the half year which I have spent in the country. My wise physician almost encouraged the disposition, now natural to me, by the order to spare my hearing as much as possible, but, impelled by the desire for company, I many times suffered myself to be led astray. But what a humiliation when some one stood near me and heard a flute in the distance, and I heard nothing, or some one heard shepherds singing, and I heard nothing? Such occurrences almost drove me to despair,—a little more and I should have ended my life. My art alone held me back. It seemed to me impossible to leave the world till I had accomplished all for which I felt myself destined. I prolonged this life, so truly miserable, that some sudden change might transfer me from the best condition to the worst. Patience! That is it. I must choose her for my guide. I have it. Now I hope my resolve will be fixed to wait till it pleases the inexorable Fates to break the thread. Perhaps it will be better, perhaps not. I am resolved. Forced so early to be a philosopher! It is not easy,—for an artist, harder than for anyone else. Divinity, thou lookest down into my inmost soul; thou knowest that love of my fellow-men and inclination to good deeds are there. O men, when you read this some day, think that you have done me injustice, and let the unfortunate man take comfort in finding one like him, who, in spite of all hindrances of nature, has yet done all in his power that he might be received into the ranks of artists and men of worth. You, my brothers, Karl and . . . , as soon as I am dead, if Prof. Schmidt still lives, beg him, in my name, to

describe my disease, and attach the sheet which I have written here to the history of my disorder, that so, at least as far as possible, the world may be reconciled with me after my death. At the same time, I here declare you both the heirs of my little property, if such it can be called. Share it honestly, and cherish and help each other. Whatever harm you have done to me you know has long been forgiven. You, brother Karl, I especially thank for the affection for me shown of late. It is my wish that a better and less anxious life than mine may be yours. Commend virtue to your children. She alone, and not money, can bring happiness. I speak from experience. It was she who uplifted me in my misery. I owe it to her and to my art that I have not ended my life by suicide. Farewell, and love each other. I thank all my friends, and especially Prince Lichnowsky and Prof. Schmidt. I wish Prince Lichnowsky's instruments to be kept by one of you; as soon, however, as they can serve any more useful purpose, sell them. How happy I am to serve you, even in the grave. So let it be done. With joy I hasten on to death. If it comes before I have had an opportunity to develop all my artistic talents, it will come too soon, in spite of my hard fate, and I could wish it later. Yet, even then, I shall be satisfied, for it frees me from unending suffering. Come when thou wilt, I will meet thee bravely. Farewell, and do not forget me in death. I have deserved to be remembered, for I have often thought of you in life, and striven to make you happy. May it so be.*

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

"HEILIGENSTADT, Oct. 6th, 1802."

Here Beethoven rose and paced up and down the room a few times. Then he went to his writing-desk again, lit the lamp, took sealing-wax and seal, and stamped what he had written. When he had done this he enclosed his will, sealed the envelope, and wrote on it the following lines:—

"For my brothers Karl and to be read and executed after my death.

"HEILIGENSTADT, Oct. 6th, 1802.

"Thus, then, I take leave of you, and sadly indeed. Yes, the beloved hope I have hitherto cherished, of being healed to

* Word for word.

some extent, at least, must now be given up. As the leaves of the forest have fallen and faded, so this hope has withered for me. Almost as I came hither I go away; even the lofty courage which inspired me in the beautiful summer day has vanished.

“May kind Providence permit that one day of pure joy may yet dawn upon me. For a long time the inward echo of true joy has been a stranger to me. When, O God, can I feel it again in the temple of nature and man? Never? No, that would be too hard!”

He rose again, and paced up and down the room silently, and with folded arms, for the rest of the evening.

‘SINFONIA EROICA.’

Two years had passed since that time when Ludwig Van Beethoven, in an attack of deep melancholy, had drawn up his will in Heiligenstadt. Not until the autumn of that year was his condition of mind so much improved that he could again take up his long-cherished plan of honoring the hero of the day, Napoleon Bonaparte, with a great instrumental piece.

But this was only in better moods, for, on the whole, the fearful weight of his destiny bowed him more than ever to the ground. Julie Guicciardi, the bright star of his life, the glorious girl, beloved with all the strength and devotion of a great soul, was far away from him. She was travelling with her mother in Italy, and it was indefinite when she would return, if at all. Beethoven felt this irreparable loss to his inner life the more painfully because, at that time, his deafness was increasing, and estranging him from other people. But this was not his greatest trial in those days. He had had another horrible experience of humanity. He knew that revenge was creeping along in the dark, and drawing closer and closer about him; the suspicion began to torment him that his own brothers were trying to ensnare him in deceit and intrigue.

No wonder that a fearful struggle began in his soul,—a

struggle of strong individuality with the attempts of the outside world to suppress him,—the last struggle of the in-dwelling Titanic strength to gain complete soul-liberty. But in this struggle, as in all in which Beethoven shared, his musical being had a part. Fate and study had brought the man and musician to the extreme limit of what before existed. Over both a crisis was impending, to pass which victoriously something new and great must be brought forth. Out of the pain of bitter experience, Beethoven, the man, was to go forth with more decided individuality,—Beethoven, the musician, into higher ideal subjects, and more perfect form.

This crisis was not to be easily passed in either direction. The man and the musician needed more than two years for the task, and there could be nothing more interesting, psychologically, than the reflection of it, and the victory of the higher nature, in the gigantic work which Beethoven had begun at Heiligenstadt in the autumn of 1802, and finished, after many interruptions, in 1804,—his third symphony in E major, called the ‘*Sinfonia Eroica*.’

Beethoven had already, at Heiligenstadt, and then at Vienna, after his return to the residence, written several sonatas and quartettes which different noblemen and publishers had ordered. He always returned to the idea of doing homage in music to Napoleon Bonaparte, who was to him, at that time, the ideal of a republican in the spirit of Plato. Ludwig Van Beethoven really expected him to establish a republic upon the idea and in the spirit of the great Greek; and, in fact, historic events must have strengthened this faith in a man who, like Beethoven, far from possessing any talent for diplomatic observation, was guided by his artistic nature and the models of his ideal government.

When Bonaparte returned from Egypt, France was in such a state of confusion and demoralization that a new revolution seemed inevitable. The Directory had not only allowed themselves to commit the most disgraceful deeds of violence against the allied powers, but it treated the French people also without regard to law, or even to common morality. Everything was in a state of excitement, the people all desired a change, so that almost everyone looked upon Bonaparte’s return as an interposition of Providence to save France from anarchy.

No man on the broad earth counted more confidently upon this than Beethoven, who, himself a victorious Napoleon Bonaparte in the field of music, looked with greater sympathy upon the victor.

The reverence, gratitude, and joyful hope with which the people of France, at that time, mid loud rejoicing, met the great general of the republic found its natural echo in Beethoven's breast increased and justified by the fact that the mighty master felt himself in many respects allied to the mighty hero. Was there not dominant in the breast of each an unbounded individuality? Did not both possess a Titanic strength whose defiant manifestations, there in wider and here in narrower circles, made their fellow-men to tremble? Were not both, like Alexander, looking around for worlds to conquer? How natural, then, was Beethoven's sympathy for the Corsican hero, even without his enthusiasm for a platonic republic, of which he believed him to be the representative?

Beethoven, therefore, followed the flight of the Gallic eagle with the greatest interest; and this flight grew bolder and bolder.

Bonaparte became First Consul. Beethoven rejoiced triumphantly. Now the establishment of a platonic republic, which he beheld as an ideal blessing to the world, could not be far distant. But Beethoven overlooked the fact that the French republic was nothing but a military monarchy, concealed under different forms.

Then the news of the brilliant victory of Marengo filled the world. Napoleon's arm frees Italy; his powerful mind already begins, unnoticed by nations and princes, to exert its uncontrollable influence over the destinies of the world; his eagle glance calls the most able men of the century to the places best fitted for them. His talent for organization throws overboard a mass of worn-out material, and introduces into the interior of France innumerable changes. He became consul for life. Beethoven rejoices. Beethoven is enthusiastic for him. Beethoven composes for Napoleon Bonaparte — the victor of Marengo, the star of his age, the first man of the century — that magnificent work, his glorious Third Symphony.

It was toward the end of May, in the year 1804, that he put his last touch to his great master-piece, dedicated to Napoleon.

Beethoven sat at his table, busily occupied, looking over once more his Third Symphony, which lay neatly copied before him.

It was very early. The morning sun was shining pleasantly through the window of his room, and illuminating two peculiar objects which stood directly opposite the master on the writing-table. They were two superscriptions from a temple of Isis, which Ludwig had written with his own hand and afterwards framed. They were as follows:—

“I am all that is, that was, that is to be; no mortal man has ever lifted my veil.”

“He is alone by himself, and to this single One all things owe their existence.”

Beethoven regarded these words as the essence of the highest and purest religion. For this reason these two framed inscriptions had stood for a long while before him on the writing-table, and very often, as his eye rested upon them, his mind investigated the deep meaning which they expressed. This was not the case today, however, for this last revision of his work claimed his whole attention. Beethoven had been sitting here without stirring since five o'clock in the morning, and was so absorbed that he saw and heard nothing outside of his work. At last, he sprang up impulsively, threw aside the pen with which he had been making his corrections, and cried, with a radiant look, “Finished! God be praised, it is finished!”

There was a triumph, a charming self-confidence, in this outcry. It was not alone the happy feeling that he had completed a year's work that overcame and thrilled Beethoven, it was the consciousness of the gigantic progress which the creator of this magnificent work had made since the composition of his Second Symphony, and, finally, the thought of being able to offer his favorite, his ideal, this true reflection of this, his own mental development.

How grand, how powerful, this work which lay before him! It was the hero of Marengo who was here honored. Unconsciously perhaps to himself, it was the development of Beethoven's genius; it was the shining reflection of the complete man in the ideal sense of the word.

The artistic meaning of the work is the forcible representa-

tion of the manifold sensations of a strong, complete individuality, to which nothing human is alien, but which contains within itself everything that truly belongs to humanity. This powerful individuality expresses itself by striving, with energetic strength, for the honest manifestation of all noble passions, for the perfection of the whole nature. The progress toward this perfection is the heroic element in this artistic work. It seems to bring all the sensations of a rich human nature, in their restless activity, into one burning focus,—bliss and woe, pleasure and sorrow. Out of the ecstasy of sadness comes the triumph of strength, which is wedded to love, and in which the complete man now triumphantly makes known to us his divinity.*

“Yes, glorious man,” cried Beethoven, striding up and down the room, “this work, successful thus far, shall be the homage which my heart pays to you. You will understand these tones, which show you in your full greatness, but which will strike your ear with warning and entreaty, a petition of all humanity that now you will open your great heart to a love which shall bless the world, and introduce it to a free state of justice and true manhood, such as Plato dreamed of, and which you have long since established in your heart and mind as surely as I have. Yes, these tones shall speak to you with all the sacred power of music, and you will understand them and make them to echo in deeds which shall bless the world.”

Turning quickly to the writing-desk, he seized the pen, and wrote in large letters on the title-page.

Above, large and prominent, stood the word ‘Bonaparte,’ modestly below stood ‘Luigi Van Beethoven.’

At this moment the door opened, and two men entered. It was Prince Lichnowsky and young Ries. Both were evidently much excited, and Ries, with the newspaper in his hand, was talking loudly as he entered. Beethoven was astonished, for it was scarcely eight o’clock, and everyone knew that he must not be disturbed at that hour.

“Don’t be angry, dear Beethoven,” said Lichnowsky, appeasingly from the threshold, raising his hand as if in self-defence. “We met in the house, down stairs, for a great piece of news which will interest you has sent us both here at the same moment.”

*Richard Wagner says more than this.—Programme of the Heroic Symphony, 37th vol. of the Brendel Musical Journal. Elterlein, p. 38.

"What is the news?" asked Beethoven, eagerly.

"Bonaparte has declared himself emperor," Ries broke out in the greatest excitement, and with all the passion of youth.

It was well for him that he was not near enough to his teacher at this moment, for his temerity would certainly have cost him a box on the ear, but Beethoven only cast an annihilating glance at him.

"Nonsense," he cried; "leave your silly jokes at home."

But when Prince Lichnowsky confirmed the truth of the statement, he grew suddenly pale as death, and yet he did not believe it.

"No, no, no, no!" he cried, again and again. "That is not possible. The victor of Marengo cannot do that."

"But here it stands in black and white," said Ries, a little intimidated.

"In what trashy sheet?"

"In the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the organ of the Emperor and the Elector of Bavaria."

"Still I do not believe it," cried Beethoven, moving quickly to and fro, looking like an excited lion.

"Nevertheless, it is so," interrupted Lichnowsky. "A cabinet courier brought the news the day before yesterday, but it was kept secret till this morning."

Beethoven was amazed.

"Shall I read?" asked Ries. The master nodded gloomily. Ries took the paper and read.

"The Senate, Consul Cambacères presiding, at the session of today, the 18th, Consul Lebrun and the ministers being present, passed a decree, giving to the First Consul the title of Emperor, and fixing the inheritance of the imperial office in his family. They resolved to proceed at once to St. Cloud, to carry to the Emperor the decree of the Senate, which resolution was immediately carried into execution. The procession was accompanied by several corps of soldiers. Immediately on their arrival, the Senate was admitted to the audience-room of the Emperor. Consul Cambacères, the president, delivered to the First Consul the decree of the Senate, and said:—

"Sir, the decree which the Senate has just passed, and which it has hastened to deliver to your Imperial Majesty, is merely the

authentic expression of the manifest wish of the nation. This decree which confers upon you a title, and insures its inheritance after you by your descendants, adds nothing either to your glory or your power. The love and gratitude of the French people have for years entrusted to you the reins of government, and the laws of the state already conferred upon you the choice of a successor. The higher title now bestowed upon you is then only a tribute which the nation pays to its own dignity, and to the necessity of giving you constant evidence of a reverence and affection which increases daily. How could the French nation place a limit to its gratitude when your care for its welfare knows no bounds? In the remembrance of the ills it has suffered, when left to itself, how could it think without enthusiasm of the happiness which it has experienced since Providence permitted it to throw itself into your arms? Its armies were conquered, its finances in confusion, its credit annulled. Factions were contending for the remnant of an old glory, — religious and even moral ideas were obscured. The habit of giving power and taking it back left the authorities without dignity, and had even caused every form of power to be hated. Your Majesty appeared. You called victory back to our flag. You established order and economy in the expenditures of the state. The nation regained confidence in its own resources, pacified by the wise use which you made of them; your wisdom softened the rage of parties; religion saw her altars rise again. The idea of right and wrong awoke once more in the hearts of the citizens when punishment was seen to follow crime, and virtue to be rewarded by honorable distinction.

“‘The French nation, therefore, uses its right to confer upon your Imperial Majesty a power which its interest forbids it to use for itself. It charges your descendants with the fortunes of its children. These will emulate your virtues, those will inherit our love and devotion. Happy the nation which, after so much confusion and uncertainty, finds within its borders a man who is worthy to allay the storm of passion, to combine all interests, to unite all voices. Happy the prince who holds his authority by the will, the confidence, and the love of the citizens. The Senate, in the name of the people, hereby calls Napoleon to be Emperor.’”

Until now Beethoven had listened silently, without stirring. His bushy eye-brows had contracted, and two deep, threatening furrows ran from the nose to the forehead, giving to the face a terribly-fierce expression. His lip was curled, his hair hung about his face like a lion's mane, his eyes shot fire as he stood erect like an angry god.

"What was Napoleon's reply?" he cried with such a stentorian voice that the strings of the instrument resounded, and the walls of the room seemed to totter.

"Napoleon's reply?" Ries, fearing the worst, read, with quivering voice:—

"The Emperor replied in the following words:—

"Everything which can contribute to the welfare of the fatherland is bound up indissolubly with my happiness. I accept the title which you believe conducive to the glory of the nation. I submit the law of inheritance to the sanction of the people. I hope that France may never regret the honor which she has conferred upon my lineage. At all events, my spirit will no longer be with my descendants when they shall cease to merit the love and confidence of this great nation.'"

"It is enough," cried Beethoven; and, running to the writing-desk, he seized the glorious work which he had dedicated to Napoleon with an expression of unspeakable indignation, tore the title-page in pieces from top to bottom, flung the parts on the floor, trod them contemptuously under foot, and cried with an oath, "Then he is nothing but an ordinary man. Now he, too, will trample all human rights under foot, will serve only his own ambition, and will place himself higher than all others, — will become a tyrant.*

Lichnowsky and Ries stood stupefied. Beethoven went up and down the room furious with rage; and when Ries moved to pick up his teacher's master-piece, the latter cried, wildly:—

"Do you not understand? Let the blunder lie on the ground like my trampled hopes. And he ran for his hat, stuck it on his head, and went away, leaving room and friends behind him.

*Historic. Beethoven's own words. Schindler, pp. 56, 57. Wegeler and Ries, p. 78. Oulibicheff, p. 68.

DONNA GIULIETTA GUICCIARDI.

It was a long time before Beethoven recovered from the disappointment caused by Napoleon's seizing the imperial throne; and only with endless pains did the united entreaties of Prince Lichnowsky and Ries succeed later in inducing the master to send into the world his glorious work under the title of '*Sinfonia Eroica*,' and with the device underneath, *Per festeggiare il souvenire d'un gran uomo*.

For Beethoven was a man of disappointments. Fate hammered upon his heart as upon an anvil; and he hardened himself more and more to the outside world by drawing into himself more gloomily, and by turning the sharp edges of his character outward like thorns. It was hardly possible to get along with him.

Yet Beethoven was himself the cause of many of the disappointments which befell him. It is one of the most important truths in life, that man must set for himself a goal to which some accessible path shall lead,—let the path be never so tiresome to climb, if only he is not shut out by some insurmountable obstacle, nor loses himself in the chord-land of sentimental ideality.

This was Beethoven's fault. With Plato, he liked to regard the highest truth, the most perfect harmony, as primal beauty. This was only an eternal truth called at other times by other names. But to believe the political ideas expressed in Plato's Republic practicable in his time, and to see in Napoleon an enthusiast for these ideas, was the pious fanaticism of a noble but totally impractical man.

The many disappointments which befell him made him, as we have said, more and more bitter and repelling. He felt himself deceived, injured, and unhappy in countless ways. Anyone else would perhaps have broken his heart over it. Beethoven's spirit rose again in all its greatness. The highest courage is not the courage on the battle-field, but to look a lasting misfortune firmly in the face, and bear it like a man. True bravery meets not a few uncommon perils, but all, even the unforeseen.

Beethoven, met on the right and on the left by the blows of fate, parried them with a gloomy look; but the boldness of the

Titan grew with the struggle. Shut up within himself, clad in the armor of his many repulsive qualities, he stood alone, like an intellectual giant, exiled from the world and at enmity with it, struggling, suffering, and overcoming; but with him the result of all this conflict was music.

Yet could not this isolated character also be amiable? Beethoven had gone to the theatre to dissipate his ill-humor over this last disappointment. He went with Countess Browne, the mother of the Countess Eugenie, whose memory was sacred to him, and who had died so young. Their common grief at the death of this wonderful creature had drawn them more closely together after her departure, and a pure friendship had sprung up between them, to which Beethoven was unusually responsive. He talked with no one about it, and visited the Brownes' house but seldom; but if he could do the count or countess any favor, he was sure to be ready to do it.

Today, after a visit, when they had talked much about the departed, Beethoven had gone to the theatre with Countess Browne. He sat by her side in the box while they played 'La Molinara.' At the familiar *Nel enor pin non mi sento*, the countess said with regret that she had once owned variations on this theme, but they were lost. Beethoven said nothing, but that night he wrote six variations on it, and sent them the next morning to the countess with the superscription, *Marazioni*, etc. *Perdute par la Comtessa Browne, retrovate par Luigi Van Beethoven.*

One evening, not long after, Beethoven played at Lichnowsky's his quintette for the piano and wind instruments. The famous oboist, Ram, from Munich, was present, and accompanied Beethoven in the quintette. In the first *allegro* of this fine composition a hold comes in before the theme begins again. When Beethoven came to it, he suddenly began to improvise, took the *rondo* for the theme, and played on and on to the delight of his hearers, but to the pain of his accompanists. The effect was very comical when these gentlemen, who expected every minute that Beethoven would introduce the quintette, kept putting their instruments up to their mouths and taking them away again. They were all discomposed, and Ram was greatly vexed. At last Beethoven was satisfied, and fell into the *rondo* again; and now he had played so charmingly

that the whole company, Ram included, were beside themselves.

Why had he played so charmingly? No one in the brilliant company knew, no one could know; but the wonderful playing was only the reflection of a great joy which had fallen, like a ray of sunshine, into his heart today. Stephan Von Breuning, the old friend of his youth, who, years ago, through the influence of the archbishop, had entered the Austrian state service, had, a few weeks before, received the appointment of imperial counsellor at Vienna, and had come to the city today. This joyful meeting Ludwig was now celebrating in music.

Was not the blessedness of youthful memories re-echoed in his playing,—the memory of his second mother, the lovely Frau Von Breuning, of Eleonore, of the life at the Breunings' house, of Jeanette D'Honrath, the bright star of those days? Had not today given back to him a friend who loved him? Did he need more than such a friend and Julie's love to make him happy? Beethoven soon left the company. The feelings which thrilled him were too sacred for the superficial gayety there.

Happily for him, the Countess Guicciardi returned about that time from Italy with her daughter, so that, besides the renewal of the friendship with Stephan Von Breuning, a rich fountain of love was flowing for the great master. No one except Stephan Von Breuning knew of this relation, not even her mother, but they understood each other,—they confessed that they loved and could not live apart.

Owing to Beethoven's eccentricity, the relation was always a very peculiar one. It was founded as little upon rapture as upon sensuality, and, although its essence was a tender, ardent love, it was always colored by an odd mixture of mutual enthusiasm for art and intellectual homage. This love was too ideal to have any influence in practical life; it had, therefore, the more power in Beethoven's intellectual world. From Julie's charming and enlivening society, he gained new incitement, new strength. In her he found many an impulse to fresh creations. By a loving, invisible hand the counterpoise to his hard fate was offered to him, and with it that elasticity of mind by means of which he rose again fresh and happy the more circumstances endeavored to subdue him.

In the sunshine of this love the literary and musical taste of

the lovers showed itself more and more. Klopstock, whom they had both admired before, now gave place to Goethe.

The smallest event is often followed by incalculable results; and this was true of Beethoven's exchange of ideas with Julie concerning Egmont. Both, from a strictly moral standpoint, criticised the relation of Clärchen to Egmont, but Beethoven in consequence rejected the whole work as immoral, while Julie found its moral justification in Clärchen's love and devotion. The young Countess Guicciardi had made her defence with such spirit and fire that Beethoven cried out at last:—

"Yes, woman's love is certainly the highest thing in life to me. If I had a theme which treated this subject from an honorable stand-point, I would yield to the pressure of my friends, and also satisfy my own desire to write an opera."

"I take you at your word," said Julie, with a gentle smile, rose, and went to the writing-desk. "Do you know that libretto, 'Leonore, ou l'Amour Conjugale'?" she asked, while she was searching for something.

"No," returned Beethoven.

"Do read it through," continued Julie, giving the manuscript to the master. "It is translated and revised by the Regierungsrath Sonnleithner, a friend of my mother. He gave it to me yesterday, to look it over and criticise it, and our conversation on Egmont recalled it to me, for I think it is almost exactly what you are looking for."

"I really wish it were," answered Beethoven.

Julie was radiant with delight. "How glorious it would be if he should use it for the composition of an opera," she cried, and her happy gaze rested upon her beloved.

"But shall I be able to give satisfaction? My peculiar field is instrumental music."

"Does he who has composed 'Adelaide' say that?"

"Adelaide!" repeated Beethoven, and it seemed as if a shade passed over his brow, a pang through his soul. "A song is not an opera, and then"—he stopped. "It is like a voice from another world," Beethoven went on. "I took that poem of Matthison's at that time, and the memory of a beautiful girl came to me involuntarily. I thought to myself how that child might have lived and been loved, if she had not died too early. It is a breath of love which was wafted to me from a grave-mound."

"Well, my friend," Julie went on as before, "let it be wafted this time from a fresh, young life. Think what deep, stirring emotion must be the prevailing tone of your composition in this opera. Everything is given to you here. The poetry of sentiment in the enjoyment of life, in love, in the excited passions, in self-sacrificing devotion, in heroic ambition, in the highest conjugal affection."

"Then, Julie," said Beethoven, grasping the hand which was free, while his eyes sparkled with a wonderful light, "I shall thus give melodious expression to the feelings which are now stirring my own breast. Julie, loveliest girl, your love shall be the fire which feeds my enthusiasm,—but, say, will your love always go hand in hand with devotion? You know what difficulties are before us as soon as we go out in public. Will you then have courage to keep for your friend the devotion of true love?"

"How can you doubt it?" whispered Julie, blushing deeply.

"Do not say 'you,'" begged Beethoven, tenderly. "Let us from this day forth use the familiar 'thou' between us. Wilt thou have the courage to keep for thy friend the devotion of true love?"

"Do not doubt it;" and, blushing more deeply, she laid her little head on her lover's shoulder, and added, trembling, "you have my whole heart."

"Julie," he cried, delighted, drawing his beloved closer to him, "it is the dearest, indeed the only, treasure which I possess on earth."

A sacred thrill ran over him as he kissed her gently on the forehead. Julie clung to him, trembling, and these two noble creatures passed one moment of perfect bliss.

'FIDELIO.'

The summer of 1805 had brought Beethoven to Hetzendorf again to carry into execution, here at his beloved paradise, the great idea which was occupying his mind, the composition of his first opera, 'Leonore.'

Of what consequence to Beethoven were the affairs of the world. Since he had been so fearfully disappointed in Napoleon, since the last hopes of his freedom-loving soul had vanished when Napoleon assumed the imperial crown, he closed eye and ear to the world's doings with the stubborn defiance which was characteristic of him. Deep grief lay at the foundation of this defiance, but, like everything in the world which is not in harmony with reason and life, it brought its own severe punishment.

The political events of those days were serious enough to fix the attention of the whole world. The incalculable power to which the French revolution had given birth, which it had developed and increased by glorious triumphs, had been thrown into the control of one man by the establishment of the hereditary imperial throne. No civil war, no internal party struggle, no contending interests were to shatter any longer the strength of the French nation, or turn it from the goal fixed by the Central Authority. Masses of material and moral forces such as Europe had never before seen united, not even in the Roman period, were subject to the Emperor Napoleon I., the invincible, the great, as he was called for a long time, not by flattery alone, but by the voice of the world. If united Europe had succumbed to the blows of the growing republic, torn by internal war, and exhausted by revolutionary struggle, how much less would it be able to oppose the heroic emperor who ruled with unlimited authority, and with the power of genius, even the firm, well-organized soldiery. Nor did it seem for a long time as if there was to be so hard a conflict: there seemed, in fact, to be no reason for it. The hated revolution had been suppressed by Napoleon; 'freedom' was crushed by unlimited power, 'equality,' by the newly-established nobility; and common interests were created between the allied kings and France by her return to the monarchical principle.

But one thing was wanting to reconciliation,—legitimacy. Bonaparte's throne, although surrounded by abundant authority, was yet a witness of the revolution, and, at least ostensibly, was built upon the will of the people, not upon inheritance or historic right. Add to this the pain at the losses they had suffered, and the hatred of the strong man who had dealt such destructive blows against the coalition.

Against the enmity of the European powers, which showed itself at once by unmistakable signs, Napoleon might have found shelter in two ways. Firstly, if, as Beethoven hoped, he had befriended liberal ideas, thereby making his cause the cause of civilization, France the central point of a system of free states, opposed to that ruled by autocrats, and a hot-bed of moral ideas opposed to the materialistic masses. Secondly, if, trusting to his superiority as a soldier, he had waged against the powers a war for life or death, in which at last either he or they must perish. But the powers also had two means of defence against him. They must either, in homage to the demands of the age, give to their peoples peacefully what the revolution had set up as its prize, but had not gained in France,—free their state of its most valued powers, and make public opinion their ally against the despot Napoleon,—or they must pledge themselves loyally and devotedly for the battle with their common enemy, and hurl their masses against him to crush him. They did neither of the two; but Napoleon, on his part, was narrow enough to choose the course of the soldier, playing a mad game for everything or nothing.

That the stain of usurpation by the masses might be blotted out, and the character of sanctity be given to the newly-established majesty, the church must give her sanction to the work of force and artifice.

Summoned by Napoleon, Pope Pius VII. came to Paris with a heavy heart to make Bonaparte “the anointed of the Lord.” The ceremony of coronation and anointing took place with unheard-of extravagance and magnificence in the church of Notre Dame. Festivals of all kinds called upon the people to rejoice at the termination of their dream of freedom.

The influence which Napoleon had gained at that time is shown by the fact that besides England, Russia, Sweden, and the Porte, the German princes also hastened at once to acknowledge his imperial rank. Even the Emperor Franz did so. He, however, perceiving that the imperial crown was growing pale, preserved the splendor of his own house by declaring himself heir to the emperor of Austria, and causing himself, in this character, to be crowned archbishop of Vienna.

Napoleon, emperor of the French, who liked to compare himself with Charlemagne, became also king of Lombardy. On

the 26th of May, 1804, at Mailand, he placed the iron crown of the Lombards upon his head, appointed Eugene Beauharnais, his step-son, whom he had, a short time before, elevated to be a French prince, to be vice-king, and impressed upon the legislative assembly, as upon all the authorities, the principles of the new government. Not a word of asking the consent of the people, nor was any acknowledgment desired from foreign powers, since, according to Talleyrand's explanation, the ocean, despising worthless dams, sets its own bounds.

But all this was not enough for the insatiable man. The republics of Genoa and Lucca were incorporated with France, and the republic of Batavia was absolutely subject to the emperor.

Such repeated violations of the treaty, such unbounded ambition for increase of territory, such bold steps toward obtaining the chief power, naturally called for the formation of a protective and defensive league, and, under such a league, in May, 1804, Sweden, Russia, Austria, and England clasped hands.

Not, however, till the following year, when Beethoven sat untroubled on his Delphic throne at Hetzendorf composing, did the fury of war break loose. Declarations of war followed from both sides, and now, quick as thought, a stream of three hundred thousand Frenchmen poured itself over South Germany. Eighty thousand men of Austria went out to meet them.

So things stood at the time when Beethoven was staying at Hetzendorf absorbed in the composition of his 'Leonore.' Surely the political condition of Austria could not be worse for the creation of such a work, which required, above all things, a public performance, and calm appreciation. Yet all Vienna was in the greatest excitement and anxiety, so that the artistic life of the capital, which had been so active, was beginning to stand still.

Beethoven had no suspicion of it, for, out of anger at Napoleon, he did not even read a paper now, which was very unusual for him, and sternly forbade his friends to tell him any political news. He was, therefore, more restless, and the sharp edges of his character were more prominent than ever. Through Prince Lichnowsky's mediation, he had free lodgings for a year in the Wiedner theatre, but this being near the court was not comfortable for him. He, therefore, hired a

room in the red house at the Alsterkaserne, where Stephan Von Breuning also lived. But he could not stay there through the beautiful summer days. He went into the country, and some little dispute with Breuning having arisen, he hired rooms on the Mülker rampart in Pasqualati's house, so that he had at that time no less than four places of abode. But Beethoven was not only unhappy in the choice of a time for the composition of his opera, he made a mistake in the choice of a libretto which, on account of the consequences, is worthy of mention.

What thoughts are stirred in the soul of a musician by the composition of an opera,—what prospects, what purposes, what plans. Marx, in his work on Beethoven, referring to the composition of the 'Fidelio,' says, "Now he is to create something out of the fullness of his musical knowledge and power. Songs of all kinds, choruses, the most comprehensive orchestral music, all varieties, from the song to the elaborate finale. Music for joy, for the dance, for worship, for love, for grief, for all the changing passions. The whole world flashes before his inward vision in the splendor of a new creation. Everything which before has only been felt, seen, and dreamed of from within is now to have form, life,—to become a person, an act, and to appear before assembled thousands as a tangible reality, with the full power of audible and visible existence, arousing their souls, purifying and exalting their sensibilities, and reflecting itself upon the creator of the fortunate work in the splendor of fame, in ease and security for a long course of deeds which shall be their own reward.

What musician has not dreamed this dream? But to how many it has remained only a dream. To how many has the result appeared quite other than their expectations? This was to be Beethoven's experience also. Before devoting one's self to an undertaking like this, a careful examination is to be commended, that one may not be too much surprised at the issue.

How do most musicians proceed to such an important undertaking? Let us candidly admit that, for the most part, they follow only a common impulse. To its realization they bring their talent, their skill, the most honest purpose, in a word, the whole musician, but nothing more.

Now, an opera is not merely music; it is, at the same time, the drama in music. It needs a scene to express its dramatic

meaning. The highest model in these respects, in Beethoven's time, was Glück, but he had not been living since 1787, and was, besides, without any influence whatever upon Beethoven. Beethoven, indeed, never mentioned him. Even his compositions nowhere show this influence, while they indicate, at least, a relationship to Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and perhaps also to Händel.

Perhaps it is said that Beethoven needed no leader, no prototype. He, at least in his self-reliance, thought so. Would that he had made himself acquainted with the great dramatists, with Schiller and Goethe, and, above all, with Shakespeare; or that he had read the ancients, even Aristotle.

Alas, alas! Thousands of able men enjoy the works of poets and artists, and let them have deep influence upon their souls, but scarcely one among thousands is called to the appreciation of the construction and character of these works. The distance, alas, between these poets and the opera is very wide. Even Glück and Mozart would not have gained success in the German opera of themselves, and on the first trial. They worked up by steps which are plainly visible from the stand-point of the Italian opera, Glück, under the added influence of French drama and poetry.

But he stood for a long time alone on his lofty height. His ideas had at first but moderate followers.

Beethoven could not attach himself to Glück, whose every fibre was alien to him, and yet he felt impelled to reform the opera. He walked by Mozart's side, but he was less fortunate in the choice of a subject, at least in the shape which this took in the beginning. Sonnleithner, the Regierungsrath, had as we know translated the French libretto '*Leonore, ou l'Amour Conjugale*' into German, given it three acts, and preserved the title '*Leonore*.' Thus, Beethoven received the text for his opera, and it certainly was in harmony with his mood at that time.

What was his life at that time but music and love? Did he not, in Julie, bear in heart and mind the ideal of womanly perfection? Was there for him any higher thought than to call her whom he loved unspeakably his true wife? With her exalted position in society may it not have been a great struggle, an offering of the highest powers, of unfaltering devotion?

How a real dramatist, a Schiller, a Shakespeare, would have

regarded this material is one question. How did Beethoven regard it in his present condition is quite a different one. To him, with his own love in his heart, his Julie in his mind, Leonore was the whole drama, or at least the heart of the drama,—Leonore, the timid dove who had become a tragic heroine, before whose angry gaze the trembling powers of evil must give way. How his imagination could paint Julie! how beautiful he could represent her as being, since their love was concealed under a different name!

To him, the man and artist, German throughout, Leonore therefore becomes the type of a German woman, loving, devoted, with feminine reserve, but opposing firmly the exposure of her husband, pressing on to his rescue through want and anxiety without wavering; a heroic woman in the face of the greatest danger, more heroic than all the men about her; but, when the rescue is accomplished, stepping modestly back into the sphere of gentle womanhood.

All the other persons formed a brilliant group around this central sun.

But Beethoven, in his enthusiasm, overlooked one thing,—that the libretto with its three acts was too long for the material,—too much spun out, too scattering. The simplicity and depth of feeling in the subject interested Beethoven. He knew very well that in an opera too much or too specialized action diverts the interest from the music, but he overlooked one fact—that the play with all its depth of feeling was too quiet, too colorless, and lifeless.

However, as we have said, Beethoven was aglow for Leonore. But not a soul, even his best friend, could say a word against it. This could have been possible only to Prince Lichnowsky, who alone knew anything of the subject. Others only knew in general that Beethoven was composing an opera at Hetzendorf.

So the great master was sitting here now in the old, beloved spot, between the two oak branches, where he had composed his Christ on the Mount of Olives. Outside in the wide world nations were drawing swords against each other; he did not know it, he would not know it, for in his mind quite other thoughts were stirring, a new world of tone was forming. Outside in the wide world the furies of war stood erect, ready at any moment to proclaim their sorrowful existence by the thun-

der of cannon, by unfathomable streams of blood, by humanity's cry of anguish. Beethoven saw them not,—sweet melodies rose from the depths of his soul, excited by the most sacred feelings.

With what heavenly calm they meet the defiance of dark destiny! How they dissolve the nameless pain of the despairing soul into gentle, sorrowful sensations! We see the yearnings of love, and then the triumph of the pair, happily restored to each other.

From Florestan's sighs do not the breezes of a better world blow upon us? In his death-struggle are we not thrilled with all the horrors of the grave? What harmony of feeling, what richness of tone! Then the poetic fragrance which is spread over the whole, so warm with life, so enchanting!

At last, the great work was done. The opera lay finished before the master. But here, also, a dark fate was hovering above Beethoven's head.

It was the overture especially which placed him in a painful situation. That was ready, also, but the composer had no confidence in it himself, and, therefore, agreed that it should first be tried by a small orchestra at Prince Lichnowsky's. There it was unanimously declared by a company of connoisseurs to be too easy, and too little indicative of the character of the work. It was, consequently, laid aside, and never came to light again in Beethoven's life-time.*

The master then prepared a second overture to the composition, and here the eagle unfolded his boldest pinions. It will always remain a magnificent work of genius.† So autumn came on, and with it the first performance of the first opera by the great, and already world-renowned, Ludwig Van Beethoven.

*Schindler, p. 58.

†But even this was obliged to give place to a third, for the parts for the wind-instruments were too hard, and even in the third Beethoven favored the instruments too much, this time the stringed instruments. So it happened that in 1815, when the opera appeared in two acts, and under the title 'Fidelio,' still a fourth overture was produced. The chief fault was that Beethoven, with the recklessness of genius, never asked whether the orchestra and singers could overcome the difficulties or not. He gave free course to his genius, paying little attention to the instruction received years before from Salieri with reference to the treatment of the voice.—Schindler. Marx.

THE GRAND REHEARSAL.

The great political drama of those days had also begun again. Napoleon's army had crossed the Rhine at Strasburg and Mainz on the 25th and 26th of September, while Bernadotte had approached from Hanover on the right side of the Rhine and joined the Bavarians under Wrede and Deroi.

To her own disgrace and shame, Germany again presented an evidence of its rent and dismembered condition, and the ungerman, egoistic ideas of its leaders. Now, when everything depended upon standing as one man, and opposing with united strength the stream which came rushing on from the borders of France, Würtemberg and Baden acted like Bavaria,—went headlong into alliance with Napoleon, and promised him fourteen thousand auxiliary troops for the fight against their brothers in Austria.

By this swift, bold march, by the terror inspired by his army and his name, as well as by the wise use of the particular interests of the petty German princes, Napoleon, in a few weeks, had conquered the whole of South Germany without a stroke of the sword. It was, of course, a small matter to him with his reinforced power to throw himself against Austria, whose main army, under General Mack, was already hurrying against the enemy. Hearing this news, however, he found himself forced to make a halt between Iller and Lech, in order to gain a strong position near Ulm, and wait for the Russian auxiliaries. If the Russian auxiliaries had arrived in time, who knows what a different shape the destinies of Germany would have taken? But they did not come, for Russia maintained her neutrality even at the risk of the ruin of the whole German Fatherland. Prussia delayed the march of the Russians for a whole month, but Napoleon made use of this delay with a triumphant smile, and, before Austria and Russia were aware of it, weak Anspach was besieged, and Bonaparte's army hastened, a hundred thousand strong, through the Prussians, onto the rear of the Austrians.

Mack saw himself suddenly surrounded, his whole plan of war destroyed, and his fine army given up to be annihilated. Encircled by the French hosts, forced back in several bloody

fight by superior strength, Mack was obliged to shut himself up in Ulm, and finally to capitulate with twenty-five thousand men. A single blow — more fearful, more crushing, even than at Marengo — threw Austria at the feet of the foreign emperor. The army of France entered Vienna in triumph.

This took place early on the 13th of November, 1805. The emperor, with the court, all the nobility, the richest and most respectable citizens, and the army had already left the capital, and only the poorer population, forced by inexorable necessity, in spite of the cry of terror, *Hannibal ante portas*, remained in Vienna. Everybody trembled before the waves of the powerful French army now rolling on in might. All good Austrian hearts bled at the humiliating thought that their hereditary, beloved emperor had fled from the halls of his fathers, and that the hated Corsican conqueror was now entering Vienna as a victor. Those who were left behind awaited their fate in still more anxious suspense. The houses were shut, the streets, once so full of life, were empty, and only the lowest part of the population of Vienna, who had nothing to lose, but with any change everything to gain, were on their feet and pressing toward the Danube bridge, over which, since day-break, the stream of the incoming army had been pouring.

Now, about ten o'clock in the morning, Prince Murat appeared, and passed through the city with his brilliant staff. Marshal Lannes and Gen. Bertrand followed him with their divisions, and after them came Napoleon himself with the bulk of the army. The powerful leader sat on his steed surrounded by his train, glittering with gold and with the stars of their order, but his dark countenance, stiff and cold as marble, grew yet darker when not a single shout of welcome greeted his entry. He felt that hate was in this silence, but he was great enough to meet the hate with moderation, and wise enough to form the resolution to win the Viennese by indulgence and gentleness.

At his order, the main body of the army passed through Vienna; the city was guarded against plunder, the property of the inhabitants protected. Murat took up his quarters in Duke Albert's palace, Napoleon established his in Schönbrunn. The corps of Marshals Soult and Davoust did not pass through till the next morning.

But, however moderate and wise the conduct of Napoleon, however cautious the new commandant at Vienna, the French emperor's Gen. Von Hulin, who had command of the grenadier guard, could not take from the Viennese the fear, the anxiety, and the depressing feeling which always burdens the population of a conquered city. Business houses, great and small, suspended payment; a part of the imports of the city were cut off, and everything was dear. Besides, that part of the French army which still had their quarters in the city kept the situation ever present to the minds of the good Viennese, while the constant bulletins of the victories of the hostile army increased the miserable condition of Austria till it was impossible to see whither this unhallowed war might lead. Even now, from the crowds of troops passing through the city and quartered there, Vienna had the appearance of a French city.

Under these circumstances, Ludwig Van Beethoven's new opera was to be performed for the first time. Beethoven had kept very remote from the world of late. In consequence of his scorn of Napoleon, he did not even read the Augsburg Journal, which had before been daily read to him. But events flew past him, and, though they did not lessen his scorn, they came so near to him, as to every individual, that he was forced to open his eyes and see. It also pained him that the nobility and the court, all Beethoven's patrons and friends, forsook Vienna in the hour of peril,—yes, even Countess Guicciardi left Vienna.

"They are all cowards," he cried in his anger, "who have not the spirit to face the hypocrite, the treacherous republican, this new tyrant of the world. I know two who would have stayed if it had been in their power," he added gloomily,— "Julie and my old Van Swieten; but she had to follow her mother, who has grown very strange in her conduct toward me of late. The 'old papa,' alas, rests in peace."

Beethoven did not even do as his friends had advised him when they left, namely, withdraw his opera from the stage in this time of general confusion and depression. The old rhapsody of his youth came over him, and he pressed directly forward toward the performance of his 'Leonore.' He wished to show the French what German music was, and to punish the cowardly fugitives, by not permitting them to see the first performance.

Among the few members of the nobility who remained in Vienna during these days of anxiety and confusion was Count Pallhorst. Why, no one could exactly tell; but a few thought they knew,—that it was merely to be present at the opera ‘Leonore,’ he being an enthusiastic worshiper of Beethoven’s music.

Silent, and absorbed in thought, Count Pallhorst ascended the grand stairway of his palace and entered his dressing-room, where his valet was waiting for him.

“Have the gentlemen from the Vienna theatre, whom I invited to breakfast here today, arrived?” he asked.

“At your service, your lordship,” answered the valet; “they are all in the drawing-room.”

“Good,” said the count. “Make my toilet quickly.”

He did so. When the toilet was completed, the young count gave a sign, and the valet withdrew. The count was alone again.

““I do not play before such swine,”” he muttered, half angrily, half scornfully, to himself. “Now, my dear Beethoven, you must at least admit that I have a good memory for injuries. I failed once in my revenge: let me try now to ruin your opera. It is only a pity the Kapell-meister Von Seyfried is not to be won; but good Master Beethoven, by his rude and reckless behavior towards all his associates, has inclined all the singers and the whole orchestra to accept my plan. There is scarcely a single man there whom he has not offended. Of course, he does not mean so very much harm, but the effect is the same. Even the wounds inflicted through thoughtlessness bleed and burn. This evening is the grand rehearsal. There will be a plenty of new collisions, then, if we irritate the old wounds a little, that the victims may be sensitive to every ungentle touch. Let us win people by a delicious breakfast, and let them, with our excellent wine, swallow our excellent idea, to be as cold as possible in all their execution. We need nothing more, for, since all the patrons of the noble master of Vienna are away, the French gentlemen know nothing of German music, and the general anxiety and depression leave no heart for artistic enjoyment. The devil must be in it if the opera does not fall through; and if there is the least sign of applause, my fine friend, the violinist, with his paid faction, will

see that there is such a mighty whistling and hissing that the piece shall be totally destroyed."

Here the young count rubbed his hands with an expression of scorn and wicked delight. Then he said again, "Just wait,—you shall pay dear for your 'I do not play before such swine.' We will bring down your playing and ordering to be played. Learn to weigh your words. From a single one, thoughtlessly spoken, springs often a whole dragon's brood." And he turned and went to the drawing-room.

The breakfast in Count Pallhorst's palace lasted till four o'clock in the afternoon, the time appointed for the grand rehearsal of 'Leonore.' The whole company then went directly from the riotous feast to the Vienna theatre. The general excitement was great, for the young count had not only entertained them in a princely manner, and had let the best of wine flow in richest abundance, but he had also been amiability and politeness itself to all the artists. More honorable and delicate treatment, greater appreciation of their merits, the artists had never known.

Was it surprising that all were enthusiastic about the handsome young nobleman, for him who, besides all this, in the present critical situation, was the only one who had the courage to give a splendid feast to the votaries of art? When the conversation turned upon Beethoven, how justly he condemned him. How well-grounded was his blame for the rude and reckless behavior with which so-called genius often treated other artists. How uncommonly just his remark, that the artist might punish and humble this pride of genius in the best and surest way by making his own part fail as far as he was able. The coldness of the whole performance would then bring the proud composer to the consciousness that without singers and orchestra he would be nothing.

In fact, the whole company found the mode of action so brilliant and diplomatic that, on their way to the theatre, they pledged themselves to act on these principles.

So the grand rehearsal, directed by Beethoven himself, began under the most unfavorable auspices. Kapell-meister Seyfried noticed this immediately. He therefore seated himself near Beethoven, already accustomed to act as mediator between him and the members of the stage company and the orchestra. The

baton fell. The overture began. Soon, however, was heard Beethoven's "Stop!"

How lame and weak the whole performance. With bad instruments and bad wills how often they make mistakes, and how Beethoven's deafness pained him. Feeling all that each instrument had to say, he also wanted to make the performers feel it, and so spent himself in gesticulations, which made the orchestra falter.*

"Wrong, wrong!" he cried, and the baton went up. The stringed instruments came in a quarter of a measure too late. "*Da capo!*—back two measures." The orchestra began again. "Wrong!" thundered Beethoven again. "The same mistake, —once more!" The orchestra began once more. "The devil!" cried the master, jumping up in a rage. "Where have these gentlemen left their ears?"

"They have them all with them," cried a voice from the orchestra, "but the kapell-meister does not hear correctly."

Beethoven shuddered. "Who dares say that, pray?" he cried,—but at the same moment a hand was laid gently and soothingly on his arm, and a well-meaning voice said:—

"My dear friend, you are really mistaken. The stringed instruments came in right the last time."

It was Kapell-meister Seyfried who had thus spoken. Out of delicacy, even at the risk of his reputation, he had spoken only of the last time, but Beethoven, who, in his holy enthusiasm for music, and his zeal to execute and direct his first work of the kind, had wholly forgotten his deafness for the moment, shook his head darkly.

"That is nothing at all," he said in a loud voice, and his face assumed a fearful expression. "You must train your orchestra better. There is neither precision nor technical execution."

It seemed as if the whole orchestra was an ant-heap into which some disturber had suddenly stepped. All the members were in motion. A part of them sprang up, gesticulating,—another leaned over to the one sitting near him and asked, "What did he say?"—others again, furious with rage, laid aside their instruments and cried, "We will not play any

* Schindler, p. 70.

more." In short, there was such fearful confusion that no one could hear his own words. Not a soul could collect himself amid the whirl of sounds, gestures, outcries, and movements in all directions.

In vain Beethoven, his eyes flashing with anger, struck his desk imperatively; in vain Herr Von Seyfried tried to calm the rebellious orchestra. Some one must have poured oil into the flame of hatred and envy which, before carefully suppressed, had only glimmered in the hearts of the members of the orchestra, for it now rose high as heaven. Their faces glowed, their tongues were more fluent than ever, all the bonds of subordination were loosed, and the tumult in the orchestra having attracted the singers and the chorus on the open stage, a similar movement began there.

Fortunately, the watchful eye of Gen. Hulin, who had been appointed commandant of Vienna, and who suspected plots everywhere, had turned his attention to the theatre and to today's rehearsal.

Scarcely had the officer on duty noticed the revolutionary movements of the orchestra when he immediately gave the command to enter and 'order arms' at the door. The effect of the dull sound, and the clanking of the heavy French weapons, was magical. Like the tones from Oberon's horn, they turned the whole moving mass to stone,—the noise ceased, everyone glided into his seat, seized his instrument, and, with profound silence, held it ready to execute the overture.

"From the beginning!" sounded Beethoven's angry voice, and the overture began again: this time it went finely, so that the master himself was satisfied. But today all the associates on the stage and in the orchestra were Vulcans, who ceased to spit fire at times, it is true, though usually only for a short period. One vexatious collision followed another,—now it was Beethoven's habit, caused by his deafness, of listening for the point where each instrument came in, causing a delay at points where the director ought to give loose rein to all,—now the intentional coldness of singers and players excited the ill-will of the master, and gave cause for strife and dispute,—here a passage was too hard for the clarionet, there for the violin,—now Florestan, and then Leonore must have a change in their voices, or else they could not sing their parts. Even Pizarro

cursed his leading air, which was here too high and there too low for him. All three cried, "We are ruining our voices."

"This opera is killing us."

"We cannot execute that as it is written."

"We shall be blamed."

"And disgraced."

Urgently entreated by Seyfried, Ludwig Van Beethoven gathered up all his patience with true heroism, but he did not yield a hair's breadth from that which he had written. Singers and orchestra might cry out as they would, as often as mistakes were made they must begin again. It was eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock,—the rehearsal was not yet finished, but the passion of both parties increased with the nervous irritability which followed as a consequence of the too great strain.

Now it was striking half past ten. The excitement had become a real fever. They absolutely refused to repeat the last act. Beethoven was furious. His eyes flashed, a storm was gathering upon his brow, his hair waved about his powerful head like the mane of an angry lion.

"Hirelings!" he thundered out;—"you are all hirelings! There is not a spark of genuine enthusiasm for what is great, not a dream of perfection!"

Now from all sides broke out:—

"We will not sing, we will not play, tomorrow night," came from the chorus.

"No, we will not play, we will not sing," came from all sides.

"We will not permit ourselves to be so treated," cried others.

"Let it end here," cried the master, beside himself, throwing the baton on the floor with fearful force,—“Let it end here and remain yourselves——”

The last word re-echoed amid the clatter of arms, for just then a French officer on duty came forward with his men, commanded quiet, and put an end to the rehearsal.

Both orders were obeyed. Beethoven, filled with rage and despair, rushed toward home. The rest of the crowd left the house, muttering and grumbling.

NEVER AGAIN.

On the twentieth of November, 1805, after Kapell-meister Seyfried had taken endless pains to appease singers and orchestra, Ludwig Van Beethoven's glorious opera was given for the first time in the Vienna theatre. Its reception was cold as ice. After three representations, Beethoven withdrew his work.

That which his friends had foretold — on which his enemies had counted with certainty — had been fulfilled. Only a week before the French had marched into Vienna, thousands from the higher classes, among them Lichnowsky and all Beethoven's other patrons had left the city. The theatre was therefore visited almost entirely by French officers, whose ears were more accustomed to the thunder of cannon than to sublime poems in sound, and who besides did not understand a word of the text. At last, Pallhorst's policy, and Beethoven's disregard of the singers and orchestra, had borne their fruit. Besides the tediousness of the subject, the performance was cold and weak. Beethoven was beside himself. He knew the many great beauties which this glorious poem contained. He had created this work with such pure, holy enthusiasm, had put into it his whole self, his whole feeling, thought, and love. In it lived and moved his ideal of womanly virtue, love, and devotion; here was given to the world an evidence of his profound musical knowledge, his unequalled talent for composition; here stood before his eyes and ears one of the master-pieces of genius in the art of tone, and — its reception had been icy cold; he had been obliged to withdraw it.

Bitterness overpowered him; his heart bled from a thousand wounds, his soul struggled with despair, — this was the reward, these were the fruits, of his whole life, which had been always devoted to art.

It was already quite late at night. Beethoven sat alone in his room, with the light burning dimly on the table. Near it lay the letter which the master had just written, and in which, with a bleeding heart, he recalled his opera.

Today, as well as on the two preceding days, when 'Leonore' had been presented and so shamefully received, he had the door of his room locked. He would not, could not, speak to any

one. Today, as on the two previous evenings, there had been a knock at the door: Beethoven did not hear it. The knock came louder. Beethoven started from his dark dream: the expression of his face was still darker. He kept still and blew out the light.

"Ludwig," said a gentle voice outside, "it is I, your old, true friend, Stephan Von Breuning. I know that you are at home, so let me in. Let me, as I have done before, bear your sorrows with you, share your grief, talk over your affairs. Your heart will then be lighter." No reply followed.

More gloomy and motionless than ever Beethoven sat there. He wished to see no one, to talk with no one, to be pitied by no one. A pause ensued, then the voice began again:—

"Ludwig, I implore you by our youthful friendship to open to me. I will not be a burden to you, but this solitary brooding worries me. Let my heart speak to yours, and you will see that yours will be lighter." Another pause.

Beethoven's hands were clenched, not from anger, but with pain. The soft voice of the only friend who remained to him, and the memories he had awakened, drew tears to his eyes. But he wished to see no one, talk with no one. He was silent.

"Well, then," the voice said again, "it is not my way to intrude. I am going, but if you need a friend's heart, you know where you will find it," and his retreating steps died slowly away.

Beethoven was silent, but he thought, "He is, indeed, a good and noble man."

Stephan Von Breuning had had one effect. He had given to his friend's thoughts, at least momentarily, a new direction. They fell into memories of his youthful days. How happy he had been at the Breunings' house. With what extreme kindness Frau Von Breuning had cared for him. What a dear circle surrounded him there; what beautiful emulation in the noblest efforts prevailed among them all. The future lay so bright before him then,—the palm of glory, the full wreath of honor, were luring him on to gigantic and yet joyful effort,—and today—today! He could not bear that his friends should hear of his condition, which was so undeserved.

He jumped up; then suddenly he heard the drums beating through all the streets. Could Vienna be in flames? Had

the Austrians come back to the gates of the city to tear it from the hated enemy?

Beethoven lit the lamp again, but it was soon discovered that Gen. Hulin, the French commandant, had only sounded the alarm to test the readiness of the troops under him.

Beethoven laughed out bitterly. Then these were really Napoleon's troops which now held Vienna besieged,—the troops of the same Napoleon of whom the master had once been such an enthusiastic admirer as the founder of a platonic republic to bless the world, but who had so bitterly disappointed him,—the troops of that same Napoleon who had now become a usurper, greedy for territory, and a tyrant. These were the troops who had frightened away all his patrons and friends, by this means, and through their own want of taste, ruining his opera. "Yes, yes," he cried, laughing again with a bitter, fearful laugh, which transformed his face horribly,— "yes, yes, it must be so. Away with all ideals till the breast is as empty as life; away with all that is lofty and sublime, that flat mediocrity may ascend the throne of the world. Away! Oh, it is a fine word, this "away," especially in my life. What has not gone away from me in these days? Ries, my devoted companion, my beloved pupil,—his youthful, fresh nature my cheer and refreshment,—has gone away to Petersburg, following his future's call. The court has gone away; all my cowardly friends, upon whom I counted so surely, have gone away,—Lichnowsky, Kinsky, Gleichenstein, Pasqualati, and Browne,—gone, gone, is Julie herself, the only star that has ever shone upon me in my life's night. It is true she followed her mother unwillingly, but, if she really loved me, why did she not stay here to comfort her lonely, forsaken friend. Has not all happiness gone with her,—even my name, my honor, my fame?"

Beethoven threw himself into the chair which stood before the table, and buried his head in his hands. He sat so a long while, lost in deep thought. When he rose, his eye fell upon a letter which lay upon his port-folio, and which he had not noticed before. He reached his hand out for it mechanically, and opened it. It was from his brother Karl. Beethoven read it, but this must also have contained something painful, for his brow grew darker from minute to minute. His brother Karl heaped him with reproaches for having hired four houses at the

same time, accused him of extravagance, and demanded to be allowed more oversight of his domestic affairs, for it was true that Ludwig needed a guardian in these matters. Any one else would have torn the letter to pieces in anger. Beethoven did not do it, but the thought pained him,—his brother, too, was lost to him.

No one must see this letter, so Beethoven got up to put it in the drawer of his cabinet where he kept his valuables. These were several gold tobacco-boxes, rings, and other precious things received from his noble patrons. He had scarcely pulled out the drawer when he turned pale,—two of the most beautiful and most costly boxes were missing—and no one knew where the key of this cabinet was hidden, no one knew the secret spring which opened that drawer except himself and — Karl.

Karl had been here today in his brother's absence, and, not finding him, had written the above-mentioned letter at his writing-desk.

Beethoven instantly grew pale as death. He felt his knees totter; he shut the door, locked the cabinet, and passed his hand over his forehead and eyes, as if to wipe away something. Then he went slowly back to the sofa and sank down powerless with the words, "I have lost him, also."

Two hours passed before Beethoven gave another sign of life, but in these two hours he had recovered himself again, settled accounts with his past, and cast a free and manly glance toward a new, great future.

He was again the old Ludwig Van Beethoven. The fearful storm within had spent itself; he had come to a clear consciousness that he must go through life alone, but he had also risen above the doubt of himself into which the reception of his opera had plunged him. Cold, proud, self-reliant, the giant raised his head to heaven again with the firm, unchanging resolve to go forth in the path which he should make for himself, undisturbed by all the blows of fate.

One thing more was firmly decided,—the conviction that he was not created for the opera. He quietly took the pen with which he had last written 'Leonore,' threw it on the floor, and trod upon it with the words, "Never again."

An important period of his great life was ended, but, at the same time, the portals of a new and greater future sprang open for Ludwig Van Beethoven.

THE LAUREL WREATH AND CROWN OF THORNS.

The storm of war had spent itself. Napoleon Bonaparte, the splendor and terror of his country, was lingering at Elba. The exhausted nations of Europe were drawing breath again, after long years of heavy trial and countless bloody battles, after the grand struggle for the prize of a future worthy of humanity. Weapons were at rest, and an assembly of emperors, kings, princes, and statesmen, such as the world had never seen, had met at Vienna to give to Europe an enduring peace, new boundaries to the states, freer forms of government to the peoples, as the promised guarantees of their guardianship.

The nations, especially the German nation, were looking with desire and hope toward this illustrious congress. Malignant stars seemed to rule over them. Much was heard, indeed, of the indescribable magnificence displayed there, of the fabulous generosity of the Austrian court toward its noble guests, of the imposing military *fêtes*, of fairy-like balls, luxurious dinners and suppers, masquerades and carousals, but of the debates over the destinies of nations, over the great interests of humanity, the directions of which had been given into their hands, little was heard from the congress. The people waited from month to month for the promised fulfillment of their wishes,—the decision was delayed. There was debate after debate, but nothing came to light. No wonder that the public impatience rose to the highest point.

Vienna, it is true, felt this least of all, being the central point of all this glory. In fact, Vienna, at that time, could scarcely be recognized. The population seemed doubled, the stir and excitement surpassed all description, for Europe had brought hither the splendor of its courts, the leaders of its political and military glory, the highest culture of its society.

All were glad to give themselves up to the luxury of Vienna. It was almost a single stream of pleasure, carrying everything and everybody with it, and inconceivable pains were taken to entertain, in a luxurious manner, the guests who streamed in from north, south, east, and west.

More than seven hundred delegates to the congress had announced themselves to Prince Metternich and at the court of

Vienna, and the city was flooded with more than a hundred thousand foreigners. All the nobility were guests of the Austrian court, so that before the end of October, it had spent more than fourteen million florins for its distinguished guests.*

By the side of the diplomatic congress, therefore, was another congress, composed of the most elegant and intellectual women which Europe had to show.

Thus, with a mass of urgent business came the temptation to a life of pleasure, and, added to this, was the consideration that most of the business affairs were difficult to disentangle.

As was very natural, after the great battle for freedom fought by the German race, and the incalculable sacrifices which they had made, the greatest expectations of the Germans were bound up in the congress. In fact, Germany was in a position which differed from that of any other country. England, Russia, and Sweden stood in their old, firm shape, and used the fruits of victory only to draw resources toward themselves, and to receive into that which already existed. Poland and Italy, which had long been without independence, and had been only deceived and excited by Napoleon with a show of it, followed the chances of conquest, by which they seemed to lose nothing essential. Spain, Portugal, and Denmark, though shaken, stood upon their old ground. The Netherlands rejoiced in a position newly won, Switzerland in partial renewal and security expressed on all sides. In Germany, on the contrary, everything was overturned.

The influence of the French rule here had been strong and favorable, but not even. It was very different, according to the time and place. All the changes of the past thirty years were removed from history, and things were again as before,—a confusion of conditions which, in their great digression, agreed only in this, that everywhere old relations were destroyed, new ones were unformed, and right, oppression, gain, and loss were strangely mixed.

The interval during which the foreigner ruled had lasted too long, and too much which was new had grown up for men really to be able to say that such a period had not existed. To restore the old state of affairs undisturbed was, on the whole, impossi-

*To give but one example, it had a bill of 250,000 florins for poultry.

ble. If the emperor and the empire were not restored, it was impossible to bring back the old imperial relations, because these most important conditions were wanting. Besides, so much that was new had been received into the new alliance, when the victory was not yet decided, that the rights already gained, as well as the actual authority, required that a careful balance should be made.

But the great powers themselves did not wish the restoration of the old condition of things, because it was against their own advantage. So the pressure of Saxony, Poland, and Italy toward restoration; the desire for increase of territory on the part of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria; the outcry and protest of the annexed states; the question under what form Germany should continue to exist,—called out a chaos of opinions. There was intriguing on all sides, especially in France, where the union and healthy regeneration of Germany could not be desired. Talleyrand and Metternich were the leaders, and the women of France stood by their sides. Of course, serious and vexatious transactions followed; it looked so dubious at times in the diplomatic sphere that, in order to keep the necessary balance, and to conceal from the nations these secret and unpleasant proceedings and the halting progress of their negotiations, and to draw the anxious and embittered ones nearer to them again, recourse was had to the flood of festivals mentioned above.

The German people, all the world, were looking at the congress with deep anxiety,—Vienna and its brilliant populace were revelling in an intoxication of pleasure.

Scarcely a syllable was heard of the affairs of the nations; so much the more of the fairy-like feasts given by the court and by Prince Metternich, of the fine singer, Anna Milder, who was sure of making a deep impression upon everyone by her playing and singing wherever she appeared; of the wonderful Sophie Schroder, that sublime priestess of the dramatic art.

This very day the Emperor of Austria had ordered a succession of festivities for the entertainment of his noble guests. At noon there was a grand dinner at the court, for which the most elaborate feast and the most brilliant decorations were prepared. His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, did the honors at one of the large tables, and Her Majesty, the Empress Ludowika, at

the other. Here all the monarchs dined with their courtiers. At the other tables sat the rest of the distinguished guests. The interior of the dining halls was lighted by more than three thousand wax candles, and the whole was like a fairy garden, an enchanted world, such as only a poet can dream of.

The most distinguished ladies and gentlemen were still wandering through the flowery, fragrant rooms, looking with astonishment at this splendor, although accustomed to all the magnificence in the world; the crowd of noble guests, sparkling with gold and jewels, were still following their monarch's lead, when, suddenly, at a fitting spot, two ladies made their way out of this whirl, and, with a quick movement, stepped behind one of the flower walls.

"I can go no farther," cried one of them, half aloud, sinking half unconscious onto a divan near her.

"For Heaven's sake," whispered the other, "what is the matter with you, Countess? you are pale as death. If Count Gallenberg should see you now, he would be beside himself."

"My husband will not see us here," answered the beautiful young woman, sinking upon the divan. He is in the Archduke Rudolph's train, and is, therefore, bound to him. Pray, dear princess, give me your vinaigrette for a moment."

The Princess Lobkowitz gladly rendered to her pale friend the service requested. But, as she was evidently recovering, her eyes grew weak.

"You are weeping?" asked the princess, amazed.

The young woman nodded.

"Why? Are you not, dear Julie, followed by good fortune? For six months you have been the wife of the handsomest and most amicable gentleman at the court of Vienna. You are passionately loved by young Count Gallenberg, and treated with the greatest regard. He took you, at your wish, to Italy, immediately after your marriage, and now, when you returned a week ago, and are everywhere received with open arms, you step into the midst of the glories of our congress, a bright star of beauty and loveliness."

"Ah, my dear princess," answered the young woman, with a sad smile which made her look even more charming, "these bewildering pleasures of the congress make me unhappy. I wish I were still Julie Guicciardi, and lived, as before, in retirement."

"Julie," cried the princess, in surprise, "it is well that your husband does not hear that. He would grieve himself to death."

Julie shook her head.

"Are you not happy with him?" asked Princess Lobkowitz.

"Happy?" answered the young countess, slowly. "No, I am not happy. He loves me, he treats me with affection, he is a noble man,—but ——"

"But? Can you be so foolish?"

"As to remain true, love? If you call that folly, yes, princess."

"It is not possible, my dear. The enthusiasm of youth and of a poetic temperament belong to the past. You have renounced them, and have given your hand to Gallenberg."

"Only by compulsion."

"Who could compel you?"

"No one in the wide world. Nothing but the conviction that otherwise I should break my mother's heart. She has always been an excellent woman, but in the point of difference in the social position, she is unapproachable like all of you."

"Enthusiasm has blinded my good Julie, who is otherwise so just on this one point. But why should we talk on a subject which we settled long ago. The Countess Gallenberg may honor her friend as truly as Julie Guicciardi."

"But she has forsaken him,—given him up to pain and despair,—forsaken him, the great man who is already so forsaken in his own terrible misfortune."

"Laying everything else aside, would not that be your misfortune also?"

"It would, indeed, be an unspeakable misfortune for me, but while I was helping him to bear his fate courageously, I should find a rich reward in the consciousness of duty fulfilled."

Here the countess shook her head impatiently.

"You are the same lovely enthusiast," she said, and a sarcastic smile at such contracted ideas played lightly over her face. "My dear, do not talk of the happiness of being married to a man who is wholly deaf."

"Oh," cried the young countess, pressing both hands to her eyes, in great pain, "that is what used to draw the tears and almost make me sink. Around me and all present were sounding the jubilant tones of music, and he, the sublime master of

tone, heard nothing! Life is forever silent for him,—for him the world is soundless as the grave.”

“It is, certainly, a horrible thought,” said the princess.

“No no,” cried Julie, absorbed by her grief. “It is a horrible reality of which no human understanding can wholly conceive. Deaf, deaf! He, who lives only in and for music, can never hear a musical tone again!”

“You excite yourself, Countess,” said the princess, laying her hand gently on that of her friend. But Julie did not hear her.

“To be alone, alone,—and always alone!” she went on in a tone of anguish, “surrounded by a terrible, eternal silence, like the grave, when worlds of tone still repose in the soul! Oh, it is horrible beyond all description.”

“Have you seen Beethoven again since your arrival?” asked the princess, to give another turn to the conversation.

“No,” answered the countess, “but I shall see him tomorrow, at the great festival concert which Vienna gives to welcome these distinguished rulers, for which he has composed the cantata. I dread the moment as if I were about to appear before the bar at the last judgment.”

“Haven’t you written to him yet?”

“Yes, indeed,” answered Julie, “I wrote to him the day after my arrival. I did not dare to write to him from Italy; but when I came here and learned the full extent of his misfortune, I could keep silent no longer. I expressed my feeling with all the ardor of my profound reverence, told him the reasons which forced me to give my hand to Gallenberg, the inexorable “No!” with which my mother opposed the alliance with him, as one not my equal in birth, in spite of the respect which she felt for Beethoven’s great genius; the equally decided opposition of all my relatives, and especially the strong conviction that if I should become his wife against my mother’s will it would break her heart. Bowed with grief, I wrote to him candidly, besought his forgiveness, begged for a few words of reconciliation,—they did not come,—he did not answer, for he hates, he despises me.”

Here the young countess let her beautiful head fall upon her breast, and tears came into her eyes again.

To the princess, who was incapable of comprehending such

a noble soul, and who judged the affections of a woman's heart only by her own fugitive emotions, her friend must have seemed an enthusiast indeed. How many worshipers she had seen, how many she had dismissed after a little trifling, without even having been pained by the sense of guilt. Her friend's behavior seemed, therefore, almost cowardly, so that she arose quickly and cried out —

“Forget him, then. We must meet the obstinacy of man with a double obstinacy.”

Julie stared at her friend. “How little you understand Beethoven,” she said, gravely. “Oh, I feel what this silence means. I have wounded his noble heart too sorely. Repulsed, as he believes by the world, betrayed by friendship and love, he has made his reckoning with the world, and stands alone, a dead man among the living. Alone, alone, with such a noble heart, forever alone. Oh, the thought crushes one.”

It was well that the monarchs, with their glittering escort, returned at this moment from their walk through the orangery and the magic garden. The Emperor Franz might now at any moment give the sign for supper, and as each of the noble guests had his appointed place, the two ladies could not be missing without creating excitement. The princess would not have been missing on any account, dear as her friend was to her. She, therefore, requested her to seize the right moment when they might join the train again as unobserved as they had left it. This was, of course, very painful to the young countess, but conventionality commanded,—the heart must be silent and obey.

This was not the hardest trial which Julie had to suffer. The next day was to bring her one much harder.

It was evening, and the whole fashionable world of Vienna was in motion. The city magistrate of Vienna was to give a festival concert to welcome to the capital the distinguished monarchs and diplomats, guests of the Emperor of Austria. A more important and joyful occasion than this congress of emperors, kings, and princes, now in session, old Vindabona had never seen, and this event, so glorious for Vienna, must not pass without homage being paid to those from whom this glory proceeded, and these were especially the conquerors of Napoleon.

The task of rendering this homage in a worthy manner, after all the honors paid, and feasts already given by the emperor and the Austrian nobility, was a very difficult one. Something extraordinary was needed to correspond with all this grandeur, and to create this in the domain of music, there was only one name, the world-renowned master, Ludwig Van Beethoven. He was already recognized as a mighty ruler in the realm of tone.

The magistrate of the capital of Austria, therefore, ordered a special cantata, *The Glorious Moment*, to be composed for the occasion by Dr. Weiszenbach, an Austrian poet, the music to be by Ludwig Van Beethoven. This cantata, with Beethoven's symphony in A major, and the grand work by the same composer, *Wellington's Victory at Vittoria*, were to make up the grand Beethoven concert, the direction of which, according to the express wish of the monarchs, was also to be given to the world-renowned master. The Mayor of Vienna had thus gained his object. The homage, which, in the name of the residents, he wished to pay to the great monarchs and diplomats, rose in a worthy manner above the countless mass of other festivals. Art came forward in all her dignity and grandeur, and her high-priest was the celebrated Ludwig Van Beethoven, famous for his great works as well as for his eccentricities.

People had been looking forward to this great concert for weeks with the greatest eagerness; now it was to be satisfied. The hour had struck, the carriages were rolling over the pavements toward the glittering rooms of the imperial assembly. Julie Guicciardi, now Countess Gallenberg, had just got into the carriage by her husband's side. The young count was as handsome as a picture, finely dressed in the court costume, sparkling with the richest gold embroidery; but, even more than his state dress, his elegant manners showed the gentleman; his eyes sparkled more brightly than the magnificent gold embroidery when he looked with pride upon his charming wife, who sat at his side. But many times a dark look, like deep pain and restrained anger, flashed over his face, for the count knew what was going on in his wife's heart. She had told him candidly before her marriage of her relation to Beethoven; now, from her emotion, he saw that she still loved him, but he knew that Julie would keep the promise which she had made him at the

altar. He was man enough to preserve his outward composure with the self-control which belongs to the higher grade of society. His old determination was unshaken, by constant regard and loving attention to gain Julie's esteem, and, in time, her love.

Had she not with her keen glance read this determination in her husband's heart on the journey to Italy? She rewarded it with her esteem, but today she could scarcely master her feelings. Her old wound was bleeding, and bitter reproaches were making her tremble like a victim led in fetters to the slaughter.

Husband and wife were now sitting side by side in silence, buried in their own thoughts, and were almost frightened when the carriage stopped. They went in among the streaming multitude.

What magnificence was displayed in the great hall! Here, today, as yesterday at Schönbrunn, the steps and vestibule were changed into a forest of oranges and laurel; light curtains from the ceiling, made of ribbons, in rose color and silver, fastened closely together, made a kind of magic sky. Costly silk covered the walls of the main hall, fastened with gold hooks to carved and gilded pillars. Opposite the stage for the musicians and singers were the seats of honor for the guests, and above these, in the centre, a showy stage intended for the imperial court and the foreign sovereigns. This rose like an immense throne resplendent in purple and gold. Eight thousand candles formed a sea of light over the whole.*

And now the toilets, rivalling each other in expense, more than filled the rooms, for over four thousand people crowded into the hall, the boxes, and the adjoining halls, wishing to see the monarchs and their escorts, and to hear and admire the tone-creations of the great Beethoven.

The rooms adorned for the festivities, the crowds of people, the general, almost feverish, feeling of suspense, made a solemn impression. Everyone felt that an important moment had come. Nearly all were in a state of excitement, increased by the sounds from the musicians who had already assembled and were tuning their instruments, and many a heart beat as before the beginning of a battle. The Countess Gallenberg's heart was almost bursting. Her beautiful pearl necklace rocked

*Count de la Garde. Congrès de Vienne, vol. 1.

stormily upon her bosom. Her face was as white as the satin of which her dress was made.

It was fortunate that her husband had left her. His duty called him away to receive the foreign diplomats on the stage intended for them. What a glitter and flash of uniforms and badges of all countries and thrones!

Just now in the foreground were Prince Metternich and Talleyrand, the leaders in the negotiations of the congress in whose hands lay the fate of Europe. Beyond these brilliant uniforms, and state-dressed, came the flower of the ladies, glittering in gold and jewels. Nothing could be more brilliant or more imposing.

Then came a flourish of trumpets from the orchestra. All present rose from their seats, the folding doors flew open, and the monarchs entered amid loud cries of rejoicing, all dazzling in their state-uniforms, and covered with badges.

The Countess Gallenberg had scarcely been able to stand so long. She needed all the energy of her character to control her senses. All were waiting now for one man, for Ludwig Van Beethoven, for the man whom she had loved, whom she loved again, and whom she had forsaken. Now she was to see him in his sublimity, but also in his incalculable misfortune. All felt this, and those who could appreciate the state of things felt an icy chill pass over them. A death-like stillness reigned.

Then Beethoven entered, accompanied by Kapell-meister Umlauf. He was received with thundering applause. He did not hear it. Silently, without changing countenance, without casting a single glance toward the hall, the stage, or the emperors' box, he went to his stand. All was soundless around him. In him lived but one thought, the best possible execution of his grand composition.

But why is this? Why does a second person stand by the director and behind the kapell-meister? And why are these two stands, contrary to etiquette, so arranged that both directors have their backs to the audience?

Why? Beethoven — the great Ludwig Van Beethoven — no longer hears a sound. Kapell-meister Umlauf had, therefore, agreed to assist him in the direction of this grand concert, indeed, in the cantata. Umlauf took the direction of the singers, and Beethoven the orchestra. Besides this, at difficult

points, Umlauf was obliged to guard against confusion by beating time firmly. The stands were turned toward the orchestra because no sound could penetrate Beethoven's ear, he no longer knew when the instruments were to come in, by the sense of hearing, but by the sense of sight. He was obliged to tell by the movements of the violin-bows, by the fingers of the flutists, by the taking up and down of the trumpets, whether they had chosen the right measure, whether they were going on in exact time.*

These things did not escape Julie Guicciardi, nor many of those present. They pierced his friend's heart like a two-edged sword; they awakened in all anxiety and painful suspense.

But Ludwig Van Beethoven was surely himself, and, unmoved by what was going on around him, stood with radiant face before his desk. Then the baton fell and the concert began. It seemed in an instant as if there was a stir in the clouds above, and heavenly melodies were coming down to earth. Oh, thou poor, deaf man, how is it possible that from thy soundless seclusion, from thy tortured heart, from thy ruined life, a world of quiet delights, of heavenly harmonies, can arise?

Surely you cannot understand it, ye children of men. But neither have you seen and felt the painful struggle of the lonely Titan soul for the crown of life, for the happiness of a grand, beautiful self-reliance. You surely cannot understand it. You are not able even to imagine the lofty hours of consecration, when the inner kingdom of music opens to him to whom its eternal kingdom is forever closed; the hours when the creative spirit moves upon the wings of the creator's rapture, and in the place of a crushed earthly love comes the blessed sense of the love of humanity, divinely pure, divinely common.

If you do not understand this, listen now to the master's glorious laments. They press the waves of sound together more and more strongly, they join each other in wonderful harmony, a rushing mountain torrent, which hurries on with tremendous force past sharp cliffs to its goal.

But why does the beautiful, pale countess tremble so? Because she knows the meaning of these touching, plaintive

*Schindler. Marx. Ludwig Van Beethoven's Life and Works. Part Second, p. 192.

tones, because she knows that they have grown out of the master's warm heart's blood; because she feels that what now moves her so deeply is the sorrowful wail over a ruined love. Now it is lower, now it flashes up again; now comes the awful grasp of fate, the heart is crushed to atoms, and the tones of the lament die away.

Julie Guicciardi's eyes close: she leans back in her seat senseless.

But the concert goes on, the symphony in A major dies away, louder, more thundering applause rewards the master,—he does not hear it. He stands turned away from the audience, immovable, sunk in deep thought, listening always to the tones which are dying away within him like the far-away choruses of retreating angels.

As was so often the case with him, the real world had vanished. On lonely heights, on the eagle-wings of his spirit, he was traversing the heavenly spheres of the ideal world. But the multitude who surrounded him had remained upon the earth. They wished to see his face, whose works they had admired, upon whom they were lavishing the applause of full hearts.

But Beethoven still stood turned away from the audience, immovable, at his desk.

"Beethoven! Beethoven!" sounded from a thousand voices.

"He does not hear it, the unfortunate man," they said here and there.

"Impossible," answered others; "he must hear this thunderstorm of applause."

But he did not hear it. Kapell-meister Umlauf was in the greatest embarrassment. Even the monarchs had not yet left their places, an evidence that they, also, expected Beethoven to turn round.

"Herr Van Beethoven, do turn round. Do thank the audience," Umlauf now cried as loud as he could.

The master did not hear him.

"For Heaven's sake," cried Herr Von Seyfried to Kapell-meister Umlauf, "the audience is growing impatient. They misunderstand Beethoven's delay." And, really, a few were beginning to be angry, because they thought that Beethoven was turning his back upon them from pride.

"Beethoven! Beethoven!" was shouted again and again, and there was no end of applause.

Then a happy thought occurred to Umlauf in his unbounded confusion. "Well, then, in Heaven's name," he cried, "I'll turn him round," and quickly, before the master was aware of it, he was seized by both the kapell-meister's arms, and turned with Herculean strength, so that he faced the audience and the monarchs' stage; at the same time, Umlauf pointed with uplifted arm toward the hall.

This last movement of the kapell-meister had a terrible effect. Beethoven's whole incalculable misfortune was unveiled before everyone, and in each individual of the thousands assembled there trembled a cry of the most profound compassion.

Honor to the great composer, and also awe at the horrible fate which the great man bears so grandly, thrills every heart, and, as if moved by a single thought, the whole audience rises, the princes and princesses rise, yes, even the king and emperor.*

Yes, thou poor, deaf man, yonder upon the stage stands the Czarina of Russia, the lovely Elizabeth, transported with enthusiasm, with tears of pity in her eyes, and the slight inclination of her head, the compassionate smile about her mouth are for you, for your greatness, your art, your misfortune. The Empress of Austria, the Queen of Bavaria, all the princesses and duchesses follow the Czarina's example. They are waving their handkerchiefs to you as your banners of victory.

It was a moment so great, so overwhelming, so thrilling, that scarcely an eye was without tears. All earthly greatness vanished before the grandeur of genius and misfortune.

Suddenly a laurel wreath was thrown from one of the boxes on the stage, and fell at the master's feet, and then, as if by a magic touch, a hundred bouquets of flowers rained down, for every lady spontaneously loosened the nosegay at her breast and threw it as a delicate homage to the master. Then came another storm of applause through the rooms. This time Beethoven did not hear it, but — he saw it.

Deeply moved by so much sympathy and appreciation, he made a low bow, and, as he did so, picked up the laurel-wreath. Ah, he knew from whom it came, he recognized her who had thrown it,—his dear Julie. Then she loved him still!

His heart glowed with delight, and, casting upward a glance

* Historic.

full of unspeakable gratitude, he pressed the visible token of the appreciation which love bestowed upon him joyfully to his heart.

Great master, upon thy head, at this moment, rest in fraternal union "the laurel wreath and the crown of thorns." *

THIEVES.

It was long after day-break, and Ludwig Van Beethoven was still sleeping. His servant had put his head in the door certainly ten times to see if Herr Kapell-meister did not want his coffee, and had drawn it back every time with a vexed expression.

"Confound it!" he said to himself, in an angry tone. "how this delays me! My master is always up and at work so early. Yesterday's concert must have exhausted him very much. I never saw him come home from work so excited. He certainly has slept late today, and the disagreeable part of it is that I shall not get to the stable in time. Very likely I shall lose a good customer by it."

Paul sat down grumbling, stretched his legs out at their full length, and gave himself up to his own thoughts.

"He is a strange fellow, this Herr Van Beethoven," he said at length, after repeated gapes. "I have been with him now four times; twice he sent me away, and once I ran away because I could not stand him any longer, and yet he took me again a few weeks ago, and sent his housekeeper to the devil."

He was silent, and gaped once more, then he went on, "A man can't stay with him long. In the first place, you have to strain your lungs shrieking at him, and then he don't understand you; then you get more storms on your head than bread in your stomach, and, lastly, the service is tedious enough to kill you. If he were not so kind usually, and if he didn't try

* Anton Schindler; Biography of Ludwig Van Beethoven, p. 98. Barn-hagen Von Ense. The Congress at Vienna.

to smooth over with money the wrong which he does to people in his anger,——”

Here Paul interrupted himself with a loud laugh. “It’s too queer,” he said, running his fingers through his bristly, red hair. “It’s too queer. Here, two months ago, Count Browne made him a present of a fine saddle-horse. He rode it once, but since I came, in his absence of mind, he has wholly forgotten the horse. Now, a man’s a fool if he leaves other people’s folly unused. I have let the horse for money every day that I have been in his service, and it has brought me a neat little sum. But that he may not be reminded of the horse, I don’t hand in any bill for fodder, and by the time the man comes with it I shall be off again.”

At these words Paul’s face shone with pleasure, and he would, perhaps, have gone on with his soliloquy if his master’s brother, the cashier of the Austrian National Bank, had not entered at this moment.

“Is my brother still at home?” asked the latter, rudely, and with a proud air.

“Yes, your honor,” answered Paul, rising, and controlling his anger, for he hated the cashier, because his conscience told him that Karl’s keen eye was especially to be feared.

“Is he at work?” pursued Herr Van Beethoven.

“No, he is still asleep.”

“Still? Why, it is after eight o’clock.”

“I have looked after him at least ten times.”

“You ought to have waked him.”

“To get a box on the ear?”

“Not so bad as that.”

“Why, sir, it would not be the first with which the kapellmeister has honored me.”

“And then balanced it with money.”

“Yes, he, at least, sees the wrong he has done.”

“And throws away his money on the unworthy.”

“I think ——”

“It is not your place to think. Do your duty and be silent.”

Karl Van Beethoven was about to turn and go away when evidently another thought came to him. It must have been a very important and welcome one, for it made Karl’s eyes flash wonderfully.

"I will wake him myself," he said. "Meanwhile, you can bring breakfast for two, for I will take some also."

With these words Karl went into his brother's room.

But Paul did not go. He glided gently to the door through which the cashier had disappeared, and, bending over, looked through the key-hole with the lowering glance of a cat on the track of a mouse.

Karl had also moved with cat-like tread, although he knew that, with Ludwig's deafness, the loudest step could not wake him. It is strange that a wicked man always creeps softly, like a serpent crawling through the dust.

Karl stepped on tip-toe to his brother's bed. He was still sleeping soundly, and a happy smile lay upon his face, such as was seldom seen when he was awake. Karl nodded with satisfaction. Then he crept softly to a cabinet, stuffed to the top with notes, papers, and books.

"They must be here," he said softly to himself. "It is true, they are only songs which he composed years ago in Bonn, before his departure for Vienna, and which he does not now consider worthy of his name,—but that is foolishness. If I only had them I could sell them, in his name, to some foreign musical publisher, and I pledge my word that I should have their weight in gold. If he makes a fuss about it when they are published, what matter is it? The thing can't be changed then, and—I shall have the money."

Meanwhile, Karl had been digging and fumbling among the papers, but the songs he was looking for were not so easily found. A thick dust rose and made him cough. He looked anxiously around. His brother slept quietly on. At last, he found a yellow package of notes and papers, on which was written, with Ludwig's hand, "Bonn."

Karl opened it quickly; his hand trembled with eagerness. Suddenly, his face lighted up, and a joyful "Here they are" escaped his lips. At the same instant the package disappeared in his breast pocket.*

Paul had seen all this very well through the key-hole, for the cabinet, of which we have spoken, stood against the wall directly opposite the door.

* Historic. Wegeler and Ries, p. 124.

"Ah!" he said, with the look of a rogue, stroking his chin with satisfaction, "Ah, my little man! now we are safe from you. If you reveal the affair of the horse, I have you caught with the theft of the notes. I only let my master's horse to keep it from getting stiff, but you have stolen from him outright."

He laughed triumphantly, and, seizing his hat to go and get the breakfast, he called out, with wicked pleasure, "A pretty brother that is!"

In the meantime Ludwig Van Beethoven had awaked. He did not yet see his brother, but when he first opened his eyes, and the consciousness of his miserable existence returned, a sharp pain pierced his soul and was reflected in his face. Ah! he had had such beautiful dreams of times when he was still happy, when his ear was not yet closed to every sound, when he still had friends, and she—she,—his Julie,—

The memory of those times, and the happy impression of the evening before, had blended beautifully in his dream. Now the beautiful dream was gone, and the cold reality lay like a mountain upon him. His first breath, therefore, when he woke was a sigh; then he said, softly, "Of what use is it? I must go out again into the misery of every-day life, into human suffering and necessity,"—and with these words he sat up in bed. Then he saw Karl standing before him. He was surprised at first painfully, but when his brother held out his hand to him, he took it with the old confidence, and pressed it lovingly. "It is my brother, after all," he added.

Karl bent down to his ear and cried, "I come to congratulate you on your success of yesterday. Such a thing has never been before. That will bring fine presents from the monarchs and princes."

Ludwig shook his head.

"Do not believe it," he said "they will soon forget holy art in their conventions and feasts. But that is nothing to me. I carry my reward in myself."

He was silent; but he cast his eyes around until they fell upon the laurel wreath which he had brought home yesterday from the theatre as a trophy, and had hung over the fine, English grand-piano which the Philharmonic Society of London had presented to him as a tribute of respect.

Karl held his watch before him, as a hint to him to get up. Ludwig sprang out of bed, horrified at his long sleep. Now began the well-known bathing operations which, on account of the daily wetting of the floor, had driven him from so many dwellings, because no housekeeper could endure it. While he was washing his hands the splashing began, and Ludwig's glance rested upon Karl's face with an unmistakable expression of anxiety.

"Brother," he said at last, "you look very badly,—are you sick?"

Karl shook his head. Then, bending down to Ludwig's ear, he cried, "Only I cannot get rid of that miserable cough which has troubled me for a year."

"Do not shriek so. It will hurt you," answered Ludwig, pointing to a sheet of paper and a pencil, both of which lay on the table, that they who wished to talk with him might carry on their part of the conversation in writing. "Besides, it is not necessary for you." Then he added, "If you speak slowly, I can understand quite well what you say by the movement of the lips."

"Has your trouble increased lately?"

"Since a week ago I have been entirely deaf," answered Ludwig, with a sigh of pain, and an expression of extreme grief. "The one ear with which I could sometimes hear a little has entirely refused its service."

"What does your physician say to it?"

"I must have patience."

"Does he give you nothing more?"

"Yes, there stands a mixture."

"But which you do not take."

"Why should I take it? It does no good."

"That is wrong. You owe it to yourself and us to save yourself."

"Well, I will take it," said Beethoven; and he went coolly to the window-sill, on which the glass of medicine stood, and drank half of it.

Karl went up to him, astonished, took away the glass of medicine, looked at the label and cried, as he bent over to his ear, "For Heaven's sake, what have you done now?"

"Why?" asked Ludwig, amazed.

"You ought to take only a table-spoonful of this every two hours."

"Well, well," said Ludwig, with great composure, "It will be all the same whether I tediously take twelve hours to take six spoonfuls, or whether I swallow the six at once; it is surely one and the same thing."

"Take care," cried Karl, who felt anxious about his living capital, "you might kill yourself in this way."

"Very well," answered Ludwig, who, meanwhile, had finished dressing, "then I must leave the medicine alone entirely."

"Why?"

"Because I am sure to forget to take the second spoonful."

Karl was about to reply when Paul came in with the breakfast.

Both brothers sat down to eat it together; but the cashier was now quite at home. He called out to his brother, in the tone of a bailiff, that in everything except music he acted like a child in leading-strings, and it was, therefore, his duty to follow him, his brother Karl, unconditionally in all matters. "So," here Karl Van Beethoven continued, "in your interest, I can no longer allow you to give up your compositions below the price."

Ludwig was amazed; but, in spite of his grief at his brother's improper conduct, a satirical expression came over his face.

"Really," he said, "you will not endure it any longer?"

"No!"

"Then will the cashier of the National Bank have the kindness to tell me every time what my compositions are worth?"

"Why not?" answered Karl, taking a long bill out of his pocket and laying it before his brother.

Ludwig glanced at it, then he flashed up and cried, "What can that be?"

"It is a price-list," said Karl, boldly, "which I sent for in your name, from a publisher in Vienna."

Ludwig did not read the price-list. Quickly, before his brother was aware of it, he had seized it, torn it in pieces, and thrown it at his brother's feet.

"Your impudence is beyond all bounds," he cried; and the blood rushed to his head so that both ears began to burn. "I will not hear another word. I have taken pleasure in sacrific-

ing myself for you and Johann, because you were my brothers. I make no claim to gratitude, but I may, at least, desire that you should respect my freedom, and not sell me as Judas did his Lord."

Karl was also beside himself with anger that Ludwig should have torn in pieces the price-list which he had taken so much trouble to obtain. His face grew even more yellow than it had been before, his breath grew shorter and heavier, his cheeks flashed with a fever-heat; scarcely able to control his words, he poured upon Ludwig a flood of abuse.

Fortunately, Ludwig heard only the first of this painful language, which was uttered close to his ear, then, with a glance of profound contempt, he turned away, and was just seizing his hat to take refuge in the street when he perceived that his brother was near choking from a convulsive cough, which he had brought on by anger and shrieking.

Ludwig had no sooner seen that Karl was growing red in the face when, forgetting all that had gone before, he sprang toward his brother and tried to help him. His face expressed the deepest anxiety as he patted him on the back, held him upright, and tried, in every possible way, to stop his cough. At last it yielded, and now Ludwig exhausted himself with excuses for his violent conduct.

"I am a very unfortunate man," he added, "whose sufferings keep him always in an irritated condition. You must be indulgent to your poor brother."

Karl, not being able to speak, nodded affirmatively. But Ludwig had not yet done enough. His brother's condition pained him, and he had now only one thought,—how he should restore him and make him happy again. He, therefore, ran to the cabinet, and the drawer which contained his valuables,—he had long ago forgotten that Karl had taken two gold snuff-boxes out of it,—took a valuable brilliant ring, and, handing it to Karl, said with a smile:—

"Here, brother, take this ring. I know you have always wanted it, because it fits your finger so beautifully. It is a precious souvenir from Prince Louis Ferdinand, but I do not wear it, so I shall remember the kind giver better if I see it on your hand than if it is in the cabinet under lock and key."

Karl's eyes beamed with joyful surprise. His falcon eye

had long since recognized the value of this jewel, and had begged his brother for it, but he had always refused it to him, because it was so dear to him as a souvenir. At last it was in his possession, and the joy at this thought had such an effect upon him that in a very few minutes he was able to talk and walk again.

"It's a real magic ring," said Ludwig, whom this rapid recovery could not escape, with a smile which had a slight tinge of satire. "May it, above all things, have the power to twine the old brotherly love about us as firmly as the gold ring binds your finger."

"So may it be," said Karl, who could not turn his eyes from the glistening stones. "Now I will go, and not keep you from your work any longer."

When Karl left the room Ludwig drew a long sigh. A mixture of contrary thoughts and feelings were crossing each other in his mind. He loved his brother, and yet——

Ludwig sank in a chair and covered his face with his hands.

When Karl, radiant with joy, passed through the front room with a proud step, he saw Paul, as he entered, draw his hand quickly away from his pocket as if he wished to conceal something from his officious gaze.

"He steals from my brother, too, so that the tears come into his eyes," thought the cashier of the National Bank. Paul made a low bow and opened the other door, but when Karl Van Beethoven was outside, he said softly, "He steals music. A pretty brother that is!"

Beethoven sat for half an hour. A stillness like that of the grave reigned around him. An awful grief was lacerating him. He was such a straightforward man that all wrong grieved him deeply. Alas, he had to encounter much wickedness among those nearest to him.

What had he not suffered lately from Maelzel, the inventor of the musical metronome, who had been his devoted follower? A long while ago, Maelzel had promised the great master to make him an auditory machine, which he could use in his interviews with the Archduke Rudolph and others, when writing delayed the conversation. In order to incite him to make the machine, Beethoven wrote a piece, which he called *The Battle Sym-*

phony, for the panharmonica,* an instrument recently invented by his friend. The effect of this piece was so unexpected that Maelzel called upon Beethoven to arrange it for the orchestra. The latter had long intended to write a great battle symphony, and so gladly consented to Maelzel's proposal. This was the origin of the *Battle of Vittoria*, which, on December 12, 1813, a year before the time of which we are speaking, was performed for the first time, for the benefit of a Bavarian warrior, who had become an invalid from injuries at the battle of Hanau.

What did Maelzel do? He misused, in a shameful manner, the confidence which Beethoven had placed in him in giving him this new symphony. He intended to go to England, he ordered this work copied for him secretly, declared the symphony his own property, and, as such, carried it to Munich and London to be performed. Beethoven, of course, protested against such a measure, whereupon Maelzel tried to excuse his conduct in Vienna by representing that Beethoven owed him 400 ducats, although his bill had only amounted to fifty ducats. The natural consequence was recourse to legal proceedings. The whole affair had a painful effect upon Beethoven. What a mournful influence this deceit, this artful conduct of a friend towards him, must have had upon Beethoven's character, naturally inclined to suspicion. More gloomy than before, he withdrew into himself; already mistrustful from his infirmity, he became so to such a degree that intercourse with him for any length of time was impossible.†

In this despair of humanity, the memory of that disgusting occurrence crept over his spirit like a black shadow. Many other bitter experiences he had yet to meet.

Only a few days before he had followed his beloved, fatherly friend, the noble Prince Lichnowsky, to his last resting place, where reposed Swieten, and so many who had been interested in him.

His heart seemed to him sometimes like a graveyard, where there were only sunken mounds and half-decayed crosses,—

*This instrument, like the musical clock, is composed of cylinders inside, and is set in motion by weights. It attracted much attention, as it played several instruments, and excelled in the distinctness of its tones and the exact time of its various instruments.

†Historic. Schindler, pp. 91-94. Ludwig Van Beethoven's Life and Works. Part Second, p. 187.

Lichnowsky, Swieten, Frau Von Breuning,—Jeanette living, indeed, but far from him, and lost to him. Countess Eugenie, Ries, had also gone away. Julie, following her fate, had become the wife of another.

“Oh, my God!” he cried aloud, rising, and putting both hands to his forehead. “Alone! alone! I am wholly alone in this world of woe,—quite forsaken,—alone, like the eagle high above in the air.”

He was silent. Then he nodded gently, and said, with a stifled tone, “Yes, yes, like the eagle high up in the air.”

SPRING AGAIN.

Months had passed away, and no change had taken place in Beethoven's life. He still lived shut up in himself and in his creative sphere, so that the doings of the outside world scarcely moved him. Europe, and Vienna in particular, was still occupied with the congress, but the congress was too little occupied with Europe and the welfare of its states and peoples. Now, as before, nations were quarreling in secret about lands and people. The rulers were bent only on increasing their own territory and strengthening their own power. Each one of the statesmen assembled there was intriguing in his own interest and that of the prince whom he served. This unhappy proceeding, this general want of harmony, was concealed under the cloak of gayety, manifesting itself in festivals of all kinds, and a whirl of pleasures such as the history of no second period can show.

All friends of the fatherland, all thinking and far-seeing people, turned away with pain and displeasure from this sort of life, no one more decidedly than Ludwig Van Beethoven, who had the whole matter so near at heart. Beethoven met the prominent men of the congress only at the reunions of the artistic Russian Ambassador, Prince Rasumowsky, and in the salons of the Archduke Rudolph. Even here it was the monarchs themselves who sought him out, and gladly recognized him

as monarch in the realm of tone. At the head of his worshippers stood the Emperor of Russia, whose kindness and amiability had a refreshing influence upon the master. What made Beethoven seem great here was his manner of receiving these attentions. He was by no means insensible to them, but they did not affect his conduct in the least. He was everywhere, and always Ludwig Van Beethoven.* This is illustrated by the characteristic expression which he used to Prince Louis Ferdinand with reference to his musical ability, "You do not play like a prince or a king, but like a good pianist."†

He knew very well how to keep his position in this society; and the great indulgence shown him proves most strikingly how well they knew how to appreciate his genius.

At the time, for example, when Prince Louis Ferdinand was in Vienna, an old countess gave a little musical entertainment to which, of course, Beethoven was invited. After it was over, and they went out to supper, the master cast a hasty glance at the table, and saw that places were provided only for the nobility and none for him. His eagle eye had scarcely perceived this than he uttered a few bitter words, took his hat and left.

A few days later Prince Louis Ferdinand gave a dinner, to which a part of this company, and of course Beethoven and the old countess, were invited. When they sat down to the table, the countess was placed on one side, Beethoven on the other side, of the Prince, a distinction which at once reconciled him, and which he always remembered with pride.

It was, of course, natural that behavior so original, such unusual distinction, the success with which his creations made their own way in the world, should awaken much jealousy and bring Beethoven many enemies. Within and without the country, on all sides, especially after his symphony in A major had been repeatedly executed and spread abroad in the world, it was said, "Now the extravagance of this genius has reached its *ne plus ultra*, and Beethoven is fully ripe for the madhouse."

The master only smiled at such criticisms, and quietly followed the flight of his genius. Meeting all the blows of fate,

*Schindler, p. 98. Marx; Ludwig Van Beethoven Part Second, p. 158.

† Wegeler and Ries, p. 110.

which fell so heavily upon him, with the unyielding strength of a great soul, the unwearied man now composed his Scotch Songs. The youthful glow of his heart was by no means extinguished. Love and art were still his inspiration. In fact, the old beautiful love was still glowing, though long concealed by the ashes of ruined hopes. Ludwig Van Beethoven's heart still beat for Julie Guicciardi, though his suspicious, irritable nature despised the Countess Gallenberg. She did not have the courage to stand up for her love with the decision and strength of a great soul was his constant refrain. His views of love, devotion, were so high, so ideal, that they could never suit themselves to practical life. What to him, the man of genius, full, self-reliant, were the restraints of conventionality? He did not consider that the hindrances which seemed mole-hills to him, to Julie, in her position, were Alpine chains. Because he still loved Julie, instead of hating her as he persuaded himself he ought, he hated this love and tried to suppress it. This was why Julie's letter, written after her return from Italy, remained unanswered; this was why he even suppressed the favorable feelings produced by the laurel wreath thrown by Julie's hand. True, her beautiful, pale face, flooded with tears, had said to him then, "She loves you still; yes, she is suffering, a victim to external circumstances."

The thought she was too weak to conquer the prejudices of her old rank, too weak to renounce a brilliant future for his sake, made his heart grow cold again.

So foolish man often is. We ridicule the nonsense of Indian fakir and Christian anchorites who do penance by self-inflicted torture of their bodies, but we do not think of the spiritual rack to which our souls are often bound by prejudices, passions, and distorted views of life.

Must not this everlasting conflict between flaming and subdued love, between longing for the old happy relations and the oppressive sense of the present, have been for Beethoven a perpetual fountain of trouble?

The approaching spring was to relieve him of a part of this burden by an excursion into God's wide, beautiful world. Many other unpleasant things could be shaken off in part there. His brother's guardianship, which had now become a perfect system of plunder, and the unbearable trouble of household

cares, which, with the constant changing of servants, might have brought the strongest spirit to despair.

In the diary, written by his own hand, we find:—

- "Jan. 31st. Dismissed the housekeeper.
- "Feb. 15th. The cook came.
- "March 8th. Dismissed the cook after two weeks.
- " 22d. New housekeeper came.
- "April 1st. Dismissed the same.
- " 17th. The cook came.
- "May 16th. Dismissed the cook.
- " 19th. The cook left.
- " 30th. The woman came.
- "July 1st. The cook came.
- " 28th. The cook ran away.
- " 30th. The woman from Unter-Döbling came.
- "Four hard days. Aug. 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, dined at Lerchenfels.
- "On the 28th of the month got rid of the woman.
- "Sept. 6th. The girl came.
- "Dec. 12th. The girl left.
- " 18th. Dismissed the cook.
- " 22d. The new chamber-maid came."*

Was there not in such domestic confusion a hell of care, vexations, and torments which might have driven the calmest man to distraction.

Yet Ludwig's cup was not quite full. He saw his brother Karl evidently fading away with consumption; saw his beautiful, but thoughtless, wife throwing herself with less and less restraint into frivolity; saw their child, a promising, lovely boy, led on to more and more certain ruin.

How often the poor man, when in dark hours he thought over this complication of misfortunes, cried out, "Oh, my God, wilt thou not, for a short time, take away from my heart all this distress of earth?" But it could not be. Even when he hoped to be free, when he thought he would have money enough to take a longer journey, perhaps to Bonn, to visit his dear old

friend Wegeler, or even to England, his brothers would come again and take away what he had, and he could not see poor, suffering Karl perish in want, not to consider Johann, who had sold his drug store and bought a country-seat.

Ludwig was often deprived even of the necessities of life, and wrote, as he expressed it, '*Notes in Need (Noten in Nothen)*.'

Karl lived gaily in spite of his suffering. Brother Johann, in recent possession of a country-seat, bought a carriage and horses; and Ludwig Van Beethoven, before whose works of genius the world was bowing, was lonely, forsaken, deaf,—and writing '*Notes in Need*.'

How many would have given up. With Beethoven, in such situations, the fact was precisely the contrary. The energy of his will redoubled his strength and lightened all his privations and sacrifices. It found constant nourishment in his inspired ideas. But there were moments which had power to press from even this mighty spirit in its excess of suffering the outcry of despair. Such a moment was now passing.

He had just received some money from Thompson in Edinburgh, for whose musical publishing house he had written his Scotch Songs. Spring was decking the earth with its beauty, the weather was wonderfully fine, and Beethoven's longing for some decided change of scene had reached a climax, so he decided hastily to go to Bonn.

Ludwig was as delighted as a child at the prospect; he was at last, for a little while, to escape from all the misfortunes which, in Vienna, bound him to the clod with iron chains. He was to see again his dear home, the glorious Rhine valley, Wegeler and his wife, Eleonore Von Breuning.

Stephan Von Breuning had already made known his friend's decision in his native city, and Ludwig had made the necessary preparations for the journey, when his brother Karl, who now always looked very pale and haggard, rushed into Ludwig's room paler than ever, and with troubled face, and told his brother, with heaving breast and horrible coughing, that, on account of a debt on a bill of exchange which he could not pay, he should have to go to prison the next day. Of course, in that case, he would lose the position of cashier of the National Bank, and he with his wife and child would perish. The most disgraceful

part of it was that his brother Johann had the bill in his hands, and the prosecution came from him.

Ludwig was almost stunned, and had scarcely recovered from his astonishment when his brother Johann also came in, and a fearful scene ensued in the master's presence. The two brothers, united at first in their plans for extorting money from Ludwig, had been so stung by jealousy and ambition, especially in the sale of the drug store, so much discord and enmity had arisen about the *meum* and *tuum*, that their brotherly love had changed to open and inexorable hatred, each seeking, with cannibal delight, the destruction of the other.

This hatred discharged itself fearfully when they met at Ludwig's. He did not, of course, hear the slandering and reviling, but he saw their distorted faces,—yes, their shrieks must have passed all bounds, for the sound waves produced by them struck with such force against his diseased ear that it began to pain him terribly.

His intervention was in vain. In vain his attempts to turn their thoughts; even his entreaties, that they would have pity on him in his suffering, were of no avail. The passion of the quarrelsome brothers reached the highest point,—they came to deeds.

Ludwig Van Beethoven, his whole body trembling with excitement and horror at this behavior of his brothers, threw himself on a chair, and held both hands to his ears with pain; but when Johann put out his hand for a chair, and Karl was about to do the same, his measure was full. Starting up like an angry god, and with all his athletic strength, seizing both and tearing them apart, he cried:—

“It is enough. Can your brother's misfortune not produce in you so much feeling that you can respect and preserve the one thing left to him,—his rest and solitude, the peace of the one little corner where he conceals his misery? After what I have just seen, who knows but I may yet be witness of a brother's murder? Not a word more here. Not a movement. Not a motion of the eyes.”

He ran to his writing desk, took two rolls out of the drawer, each five hundred florins, threw them on the table, and cried:—

“There you have all I possess to the last penny. The money for my immediate support, for my travelling expenses,—my hopes and my happiness. Now the exchange and——”

His excitement would not permit him to say any more, but he snatched from Johann's hand the paper which he had brought to show Ludwig, threw it at Johann's feet; then he took his hat and rushed out.

Hours passed before Ludwig Van Beethoven knew where he was. Benumbed by this experience, he had run away from home, away from the city, away, away,—would that it had been away from the world. The world, life, existence, were distasteful to him, and the certainty of sinking the next minute into utter annihilation would have been bliss indeed.

His brain was burning up, an unspeakable pain was raging in his heart. Beethoven remained a long time in this stupefied condition. He could not grasp a thought, nor did he wish to. Without a will, a burden to himself, he rushed on over meadows, where the first violets were unfolding their cups in the young grass; through fields, from whose furrows the shooting seedlings lifted their bright, green heads; past pretty, flourishing villages, whose inhabitants stepped timidly aside when they met him. What sort of villages they were did not dawn upon his consciousness, though he knew them all well, and had been in every one of them a hundred times.

IN THE SPLENDOR OF HEAVEN AND THE DARK- NESS OF EARTH. BLOW AFTER BLOW.

"Oh, good Heavens!" cried Frau Streng, Herr Ludwig Van Beethoven's housekeeper, after a fearful thunder-clap. The good woman held both hands to her ears when the thunder had ceased to roll, crossed herself reverently, courtesied, and sprinkled herself with holy water, which she had got by dipping her middle and fore-fingers into a vessel which hung in the corner of the room.

"Oh, good Heavens," she repeated, and turned her timid eyes to the sky, made doubly black by the night and the storm-clouds. "This is a fearful storm. Flash after flash, clap after clap, and our poor master's not at home."

"Well," answered a pale, sickly-looking man, who sat on a table with his legs crossed, cutting, "he must be with the Baroness Von Ertmann in his musical Boa, as he calls the thing."

"Stoa," said the woman, correcting him, with an expression of superior knowledge. "Boa is a serpent, and Stoa was the name the old warriors (*kriegers*) gave to an academy."

"Who?" said the tailor, looking up, as he drew out his thread, while a proud smile played around his mouth, "Who?"

"The old *krieger*."

"Bah!" cried the man with the needle, laughing. The old Greeks (*Griechen*)."

"What do I care, *Krieger* or *Griechen*?" answered Frau Streng, offended. "It is Stoa and not Boa."

"I believe it is," said the tailor, to satisfy her; "but, dear Frau Schnaps, where did you get all this wisdom?"

Now there was a jerking and a threatening storm in the many furrows of the woman's face. "My name is not Frau Schnaps, but Frau Streng," she cried; and quite a violent outburst of anger seemed to be approaching. "None but the master may call me Frau Schnaps, because he likes the joke, but when you open your disrespectful mouth, you will address me as Frau Streng, an honorable person."

"Oh, don't get angry so quickly, Frau Streng," answered the tailor, prolonging the last words emphatically. "I didn't mean any harm."

"Yes, you did," sputtered the housekeeper; but, suddenly, she uttered a loud cry, fell on her knees, bowed her head almost to the floor, and stopped her ears again.

A terrible flash of lightning darted like a sea of fire across the sky, followed by an interminable clap of thunder.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God," cried Frau Streng, with a deep sigh as she rose quickly. "God knows, I never saw such a storm as this."

"And that is saying a great deal," said the tailor.

"Well," said the housekeeper, with a contemptuous glance at the thin figure, "you are not so very young either."

The tailor seemed to have no desire to operate in this direction any longer, so he took a side leap in the conversation, and said, with as much amiability as he could muster, "To come back to the wisdom. Who told you, Frau Streng, that it was Stoa and not Boa?"

This tone, and the respectful manner of address, brought spring-weather back to the old woman's face. "Oh," she said more gently, "Herr Schindler told me that, the master's friend and pupil."

Then came another flash and a peal of thunder, which made the old woman cry out and stop her ears again.

"If the master were only at home," she murmured, "then I would lie in bed, and bury my head under the pillow. Oh, my goodness, how the rain pours down from the sky!"

The tailor had laid his work aside, snuffed the candle, and said:—

"I ought to take an umbrella to the master."

"Where would you take it?"

"Why, to the baroness."

"Oh, yes, today is Wednesday."

"Right, and the Boa—I mean the Stoa—only takes place Sundays."

"And in the morning."

"Where can I find him, then?"

"Perhaps at the Blumenstock."

"It's too late for that. When the clock strikes eight, he has smoked his pipe there, drank his glass of beer, and read the *Augsburg Zeitung*.

"Perhaps he is with Herr Schindler, after all."

"That is possible," said Frau Streng, thoughtfully. "He is a faithful soul," she went on, good-naturedly, "young as he is, he is almost the only one who stands by the poor old master. Years ago, when he was still at college, he had such a reverence for him that he used to pass Herr Van Beethoven every day, just to say 'Good morning' to him, or to have a look or a pressure of the hand from him. Later, he came to know the master better, and then his greatest pleasure was to take walks with him."

"How did Frau Streng learn all that?"

"I happened to be in the master's room once when Herr Von Schindler was talking about it, and he has never left him since."

"Yes, yes," repeated the woman, with a sharp, decided tone, "he is the only one, except me, who keeps his love and devotion for him."

"And me?" asked the tailor.

"Yes, you, too.—for the moment. But even Hofrath Von Breuning, who has known the master longer, and was a friend of his youth, seldom comes to see him now."

"Dear Frau Streng," answered Kugler, for this was the name of the tailor, who was also Beethoven's servant, "it is very hard, indeed, to get along with the master."

"As if I did not know that," answered the housekeeper, who noticed, to her great satisfaction, that the storm was gradually passing, although the rain still poured down in torrents. "Surely," she went on, with complacence, "there is no one who knows and loves the poor deaf master as I do, and so I bear everything from him. He has sent me away at least a hundred times. Did I go?—or, if I went, was I not always on the spot again when I saw that he could not get along with anyone else?"

"Certainly."

"Well," cried Frau Streng, violently turning, with reddened face, to Kugler, "what is the meaning of this '*certainly*' a yard long?"

"Oh!"

"Out with it."

"I was thinking that good Frau Streng did not suffer much by it."

"Why?"

"Because the master always made her a handsome present when he had offended her or sent her away."

"Oh," cried the housekeeper, prolonging the word at least a few seconds, "then you think I make a business of quarreling and running away to get rich by stealing from my master?"

"I did not say that."

"But thought it."

"No. I only thought that you might bear a great deal."

Frau Streng turned her back upon the tailor with a look of profound contempt, and made preparations to leave the room. But Kugler, who had jumped up from his tailor's table, stepped in her way.

"Offended again," he cried. "Dear Frau Streng, do not take it ill; it is as hard to live with you as with Herr Van Beethoven."

"If you think ill of me——"

"As if there was any harm in laying up economically what was given you."

"If I lay up economically this money which it has cost me so much to earn, you know what I do it for?"

"Why, for the future."

"For whose future?"

"For your own future, of course, Frau Streng."

"By no means," cried the housekeeper. Then she went up to Kugler, laid her right hand on his shoulder, and said softly, leaning over to his ear, "I am saving this hard-earned money, to the last penny, that I may have something for our poor, good master when his money is gone this way and that, or his brother Johann robs him, or his nephew's expenses take the last farthing."

As the woman said this her eyes shone with pleasure, and a tear glistened in her eye.

Even Kugler was almost moved. "Why, that's good of you, Frau Streng. I have all respect for you. I will not call you Frau Schnaps any more;" and he added, almost ashamed, "if the master gives me any more money for his offenses, I will put it with yours."

"Good," said the old woman, "your word of honor," and she put out her hand and shook Kugler's joyfully. Both now went to the window and looked out. The storm had spent itself, but it was still raining with full force.

"I am so worried," cried Frau Streng again; "I do hope he is not on the way."

"Why not?"

"As if it would be the first time that he had come home in the night from walking a mile. If he were on the way, he would see the storm coming."

"Kugler," cried the old woman, "what are you prattling about? Isn't the master most always absent-minded? He cannot hear, and he does not see because his mind is buried in music."

"Yes, that is true," said the servant. "It seems to me sometimes as if Herr Van Beethoven lived only half in the world. I once knew a story of a fairy who stole the soul of a handsome young prince, and the poor son of a king wandered

about the world, but it was only his body; his soul was with the wicked fairy who loved him, and would not let his mind and heart go."

"Ah!" said the housekeeper, "that story fits the master pretty well, only *his* fairy is music. I would have no objection if it did not give rise to such bad stories."

"What? That he floods his room every morning when he bathes?—an old story."

"An old story? Certainly; but the landlord spoke of it again today. We have moved from one house to another for the sixth time this year. And what did the master do yesterday morning early, when you were attending to the front yard. He wanted to have the table free for writing, but he was so absorbed in thought that he forgot that he had already put the ink-stand in its place. One sweep of the hand over the table,—books and papers fly upon the floor, and the ink-stand onto the fine English piano."

"Indeed!" said Kugler.

"In the evening," the housekeeper went on eagerly, "the whole house is filled with smoke. I look everywhere. There is no fire here nor in the kitchen; then I try the door of his room, and — God be merciful — the master sits quietly composing, and close by him the flames are blazing up."

"That's why it has smelled all day as if something was burning. Where did the fire come from?"

"The master had thoughtlessly thrown the burning match with which he had lighted a second lamp to see better into his paper-basket."

"That is a fine story," said Kugler; "we might all burn up some day. But Frau Streng mentioned a little while ago a nephew who cost so much money. How does that happen? He has a mother living!"

At this question the housekeeper shook her head, thoughtfully. "That is a bad affair," she said, "which has caused our poor master much trouble."

"Won't you tell me about it?"

"I don't like to speak of it."

"But it is better," said Kugler artfully, "that I should learn the truth from Frau Streng's lips than to hear it distorted and mixed with untruths from other people."

"You are certainly right," said the housekeeper; and, as the storm was coming back, or another seemed to be approaching, for it was thundering and lightning more fiercely than ever, further conversation with Kugler was the more welcome, as she hoped thus to hear and see less of the thunder and lightning.

"It is all the same to me," she said, with a timid glance through the window. "I will take my spinning-wheel."

"And I will light a pipe," said Kugler.

They did so, and when Frau Streng and Kugler sat down the former began:—

"It is now about five years since one of master's brothers died of consumption."

"His name was Karl, was it not?"

"Yes, and he was cashier of the National Bank."

"Rich?"

"Certainly," answered the housekeeper, "but rich in debts."

"Debts," repeated Kugler, thoughtfully shaking his head at the memory of his own. "Debts are always bad things."

"But Mr. Karl left two worse things behind him," said Frau Streng.

"What were they?"

"A frivolous wife, and a son eight years old, and badly brought up."

"A poor inheritance."

"But, as in his will he had requested his brother to take the guardianship of the child, and as the child was as talented as the mother was bad,——"

"The master was generous enough to take the guardianship," Kugler supplied.

"Exactly."

"That is quite like him."

"But he took not only the guardianship, he took the nephew from childhood, and this was the beginning of all the mischief."

"That is the way when people are too good," said Kugler.

"Of course," said Frau Streng, in her positive way. "The man had enough to do already to take care of himself. But—hear the rest—it's strange, but from that time forth misfortunes came, blow after blow."

Just then, to the horror of the good, shrieking Frau Streng, came a fearful thunder-clap, which re-echoed in long peals from the roofs.

Even Kugler had grown pale, and bent down before the thunder and lightning as if he were afraid of being struck. But now, ashamed of his fright, he summoned all his courage, and said :—

“It is nothing, Frau Streng.”

But the housekeeper was a cautious woman. Muttering to herself a few *Pater Nosters* and *Ave Marias*, she went to the mirror, took down one or two consecrated palm branches, and, laying them on her lap, sat down to the spinning-wheel again.

“If the master were only at home,” she added. But Kugler’s “Go on” reminded her of her tale. So, in spite of the beating of her heart, she took up the threads of her flax and of her story.

“Then came the quarrel between the master and the mother. The mother wanted to have the child with her, but master insisted that the child must go to some school, and be separated from his mother.”

“Why?”

“On account of her bad way of living.”

“What happened?”

“What happened? There was a horrible suit, which lasted a year, which, you might as well know, Kugler, ended only two months ago.”

“Good Heavens! That must have cost money.”

“Money, and time, and vexation.”

“How did it come out?”

“Oh, after the boy, during the five years, had been sometimes with us, sometimes with his mother, and sometimes at school——”

“He must have grown good,” Kugler interrupted.

The housekeeper made a motion of her hand as if in denial. “A bitter fruit which will cost the master many evil days yet,” she was just saying, when a new thunder-bolt pealed above her head, like an angry confirmation of her thought.

A slight pause ensued, when Kugler, who found the conversation a source of encouragement in the bad weather, began again :—

“How did the suit end?”

“The master won it. The child is acknowledged to be his adopted son, and is at the Institute with Herr Del Rio; but the affair cost him a part of his life.”

"How was that?"

"In the first place, Prince Lobkowitz failed at that time, and so our poor master lost what little of the pension remained to him, and then——"

"And then?"

But just at this moment came a terrible flash, followed by a thunder-clap so fearful that Frau Streng cried aloud, threw over the spinning-wheel, and fell first on her knees and then onto the floor. Kugler had also jumped up, and was trembling all over; his pale face assumed the color and expression of death; and an odor of brimstone pervaded the air around him.

"God help us," he cried, and the words almost died on his lips. "That struck!"

"Oh, good Heavens," cried Frau Streng, raising half her body on her arm as quickly as she could, "where, where? Not here?"

"Certainly," cried Kugler, looking about with a horrified expression. "Don't you smell anything?"

"Sulphur! sulphur!" groaned the housekeeper, listening breathlessly for a fire-alarm on the street. But all was still; only the rain, which poured down in torrents, beat against the window, and the storm howled madly through the streets. Even when Kugler had so far taken courage as to open the doors and then the window, and to look through both for blazing flames, everything was dark and still. But the smell of sulphur in the room and through the house lasted a long while. Meanwhile, the other inhabitants of the house had also become rebellious. It must have been what is called a cold strike. At all events, the housekeeper's limbs were so affected that she could talk no longer. She took her old, worn prayer-book in her hand, sat down in the farthest corner of the room, and began to repeat the prayers to be offered during a storm. She did not need to see. She knew them by heart. Kugler paced to and fro. He was on his guard, and constantly afraid that, in addition to all this, fire would break out.

So Kugler lost an important part, and what Frau Streng had on her mind, and was on the point of telling him. It was the story of *Van* and *Jon*, remarkable from a psychological point of view, and having a deep influence on Beethoven's character.

VAN AND VON.

The case was as follows. The suit between Ludwig Van Beethoven and his sister-in-law was brought before the court of justice of the nobility of Lower Austria, and conducted for a long time.

The opinion that the *Van* before Beethoven's name, like the German *Von*, indicated noble descent, seemed to have been accepted in Austria from ancient times. The court, therefore, required no farther proof of this. In fact, the suit was for a principle of law, not for *meum* and *tuum*, but Ludwig Van Beethoven had only to bring proof that his sister-in-law was an immoral woman, and, therefore, unfit to educate her son.

What a painful task this was for Ludwig Van Beethoven, who, from his earliest youth, had held nothing higher than moral purity? How wounding this must have been to the moral sense of one to whom a character equivocal in morals was so repulsive that he could scarcely hear it spoken of, still less endure it near him? And now, to be obliged to disclose before a court of justice the mode of life of a person so nearly related to him, in order to save a growing human being from ruin!

What a horrible, crushing thought,—of seeing the name honored throughout the world, the name he held so dear, and which he regarded with just pride,—the name Van Beethoven,—openly compromised; of bringing dishonor, to some extent, upon his own brother in the grave, by the revelations which he must make of his wife's manner of living! How exciting, how very annoying it must have been to a person so extremely delicate in temperament, in moral feeling, and, therefore, so susceptible and easily excited?

Indeed, excitability is a characteristic of every artist, be he poet, musician, painter, or actor. His artistic power is largely based on this excitability of the nervous system. It is the wide-open door to receive the impressions of the outside world in larger measure than is common. It is, also, the key to the more exalted moods, unlocking the artistic sense, and where there are corresponding endowments, awakening the creative power. With this comprehension of what is beautiful, this

enthusiasm, transporting heart and mind, and with original conceptions and creations, the excitability is greatly increased.

If, through over excitement, the soul, with all its powers and energies, is no longer in tune like Apollo's lyre, then the strings make discordant sounds and spring too easily.

Beethoven's excitement at this time was immense. Courage, strength, pleasure in his work were almost gone. In fact, they would have been lost at least for a long while if another of earth's sorrows had not prevented it. 'Notes in Need' was the unfortunate and yet fortunate call which aroused the old spirit of Beethoven, and kept it from perishing. If the master had not been absolutely forced to work at this time, to support himself and his nephew, who was left to him provisionally by the court, we should not have seen a single great work produced by him during that inauspicious period, for, fortunately, even the eighth symphony was conceived and even partly composed before the beginning of the suit.

Now followed a new blow, which proceeded, it is true, from Beethoven's peculiar and unpractical way of looking at things.

Suddenly, a protest was entered in court against the legality of the suit being brought before a court of nobles. The court, in his protest, called attention to the fact that the little word *Van* of Dutch origin, did not, according to the laws of Holland, ennoble a family, and that its rank was the same in the province of the Rhine where Beethoven was born. Consequently, this *Van* could not be considered a prefix of the nobility in Austria or in any other country.* Beethoven was, therefore, required by the court to produce proofs of his nobility.

It was evident now into what a state of nervous excitability Beethoven had been thrown by this unhappy suit against his sister-in-law, by the failure of Prince Lobkowitz, by his deafness, and by the necessities of life.

The removal of the suit from the court of nobles to the city magistracy drove him almost beside himself.

"My nobility is here—and here," he said, pointing to his head and heart, in the consciousness of his personal and artistic worth, but with complete misunderstanding of practical matters in the government of the world.

*A. Schindler's Biography of Ludwig Van Beethoven, p. 106.

The whole affair justified Beethoven's momentary outcry, but his insisting in his view, as if he had received the most unpardonable insult, as if this treatment was a neglect and humiliation of the artist, could only find an excuse in the excited condition of the nervous system. It was also a peculiarity of his strange and passionate nature that he never could find a middle path. He wished now to go away, away,—to leave Vienna and the State of Austria entirely. In vain his friends, Stephan Von Breuning in particular, explained the matter to him clearly and reasonably.

The heaven-storming giant would hear nothing of the conclusions of cold reason so opposed to his self-confidence, his comprehension of pure art, and his ideal views of life. It was only after a long conflict and untiring effort that his excellent lawyer, Dr. Bach, the court advocate at the time, succeeded in appeasing him, and retaining him in the country.

Was this the end of the countless annoyances of this unhappy suit?

Oh, no. Blow after blow followed. New vexations, new entanglements, new loss of time, new dissensions. In its first decision, the court of nobles had recognized Beethoven's guardianship over his nephew. The Vienna city magistracy now rejected this decision, and appointed his sister-in-law guardian of her son. The nephew passed from hand to hand, changing his methods of instruction and education as often as he changed his coat, and the suit began again. At last, after five years of ceaseless annoyance and wearisome debates, the court of appeal confirmed the first decision of the Landrecht of lower Austria and Beethoven gained the victory.

But what a victory! How deep and mournful was the influence of this period upon Beethoven's life!

WITHDRAWN FROM EARTHLY THINGS.

Every storm spends itself at last. After Frau Streng had repeated all the prayers for a change of weather at least twenty times, she noticed, to her extreme satisfaction, that the lightning

now came in dim flashes, and the thunder could scarcely be heard. The rain, too, was less heavy, and Kugler was completely at rest about the cold stroke. The smell of sulphur was entirely gone, and no trace of fire was to be found anywhere. One thing only was alarming and mysterious,—Ludwig Van Beethoven was not at home. The good woman's uneasiness increased immensely. She ran to the window every five minutes, opened it, and looked out into the darkness—in vain. Then she drew her head back, shook it, pulled at her cap, took a pinch of *contenance* out of the little snuff-box which she always carried with her, then ran to the door again to light the steps, crying always, in an anxious tone:—

“Something must have happened to the man.”

The conversation between the housekeeper and the servant, who was gifted with the tailor's art, began again, but it was conducted in monosyllables, and consisted entirely of mutual expressions of wonder and anxiety at the master's mysterious delay.

The clock in the neighboring tower struck ten. “Sh!” said Frau Streng, with an eager, listening look, raising the forefinger of her left hand.

“It's nothing but the gray cat creeping along the floor,” said Kugler.

“May the evil one——” muttered the housekeeper, though the gray cat was usually a favorite of hers.

Then came another pause. Steps were heard on the grass.

“He's coming,” cried the old woman, and ran to the door with a light.

But it was only passers-by, who, for the sake of comfort, had been waiting in the tavern for the storm to be over.

Frau Streng came back grumbling, for the good woman could be very ill-natured when she was offended, or anything went amiss in the household.

“He ought to come home,” she said, turning to Kugler, after she had put out the light, as she stood with arms akimbo. “Is this the way to behave?—to stay away from home so long,—in such a fearful storm, too,—an old man who can't hear, and so is all the more liable to get hurt,—leaving his folks at home worried and anxious. He ought——”

“But, Frau Streng,” Kugler interrupted, looking at her like

a child who is threatened with the rod, "what are you going to do to me! I am here, large as life."

"Oh, you are a donkey," sputtered the irritated woman. "Did I mean you? He might be stolen from me. You have no real attachment to your master, or you could not be so phlegmatic now." Here Frau Streng suddenly uttered a loud cry, followed by the words, "Jesu Maria! All good spirits praise the Lord!"

Kugler sprang up in horror, and even he started back a few steps. A tall figure had entered, with a pale face, but serious and stern, a wild energy in the expression, and yet a dreamy air. The lower lip was drawn up, the bushy eyebrows looked as if they had been made with one stroke, the eyes were staring forward with a look of unfathomable depth,—wet through from head to foot, without a hat, the wild, disheveled hair, dripping with rain, hung down in long, stiff streaks from the majestic brow.

"Jesu Maria!" repeated the housekeeper, with folded hands, "all good spirits praise the Lord! Is this your ghost, Master, or is it you, yourself?"

Ludwig Van Beethoven did not hear, but the light which she held toward him, as he stood there trembling from head to foot, seemed to wake him from a deep and heavy dream. He passed his hand thoughtfully over his face, then looked surprised at his hollow palm, as he felt that the movement had made it wet.

"What is this?" he said, astonished.

"Oh, good Heavens," cried the housekeeper.—"The man looks—Oh, gracious goodness! Oh, Herr Kapell-meister, you look like a drowned rat!"

Beethoven, who had gradually come to himself, was not a little astonished at the amazement of his servants, but he was still more astonished at his condition. Now his own sensations and the sense of touch told him that he was really wet through and through.

Frau Streng followed his movements with shakes of the head.

"Yes, yes," she cried, "wet from top to toe. Oh, good Heavens! and where in the world is your hat?"

As she said this, she put her hand to her head, and Beethoven imitated her.

"My hat?"

"Yes, your hat."

The master thought a moment, then he began to laugh merrily.

"Oh, yes," he cried, "now I remember all about it. I went to walk, as usual. I was thinking about the Grand Mass which I was composing. Thought after thought came to me. I was noting them down, pondering on them, and—if I remember rightly, I was overtaken by a storm."

"If you remember rightly!" cried the housekeeper, and clapped her hands to her head. "Oh, gracious goodness! Then you didn't go in anywhere?"

"What?" said Beethoven.

"Why didn't you go in somewhere?" shrieked the woman, with all her might.

"I didn't think of it," said the master, shrugging his shoulders, and going toward his room.

"And the hat," Frau Streng went on, pointing to her head again.

"The hat," answered the master, very calmly, "I believe the storm carried it away,"—and thereupon Beethoven made preparations to sit down at his writing-table and note down quickly on paper the thoughts which were running in his head.

But Frau Schnaps' patience was exhausted, and it was lucky for Beethoven at this moment that he was deaf, the old woman stormed so about the folly, madness, and unreasonableness of men.

Then, with a few significant remarks to Kugler about standing around gaping when there was something to do, she called him to her, and, with his assistance, she seized their master to take off his wet clothes. Beethoven resisted at first, saying:—

"Are you mad, Frau Schnaps? What does this mean? Let me write."

But he soon had to laugh at the old woman's zeal, her angry face, and the contortions of her mouth, which indicated a hail-storm of reproaches and invectives.

But the old woman did not laugh this time, as she usually did when poor, good master grew merry for a minute, she was too anxious about him and his health.

"What next?" said Beethoven, when the old woman had brought him a dry shirt.

"The old child must go to bed," she said, angrily, pointing to her master's couch.

"To bed?" repeated Beethoven. "And my writing?"

Frau Schnaps made no reply, but she took the candle, put it on the night-stand which stood by the master's bed, seized a few sheets of blank music paper, which always lay ready, and laid these with a pencil by the side of the candle.

"You are a domestic tyrant!" cried Beethoven, laughing,—however, he followed her advice, with Kugler's assistance, for he was now really shivering with the cold.

But Kugler had not yet taken off the master's clothes, when the latter had withdrawn from earth again, and, giving himself up to his musical thoughts, was humming to himself a few passages of the 'Gloria' which were floating before his mind. Meanwhile, Frau Streng was making the fire in the kitchen, and preparing a hot drink. When she brought it to the master, he remembered, for the first time, that he had eaten nothing since noon, but the tea satisfied him, and, feeling very tired, he fell asleep.

THE MUSICAL STOA.

What a powerful master-piece this was which was keeping Ludwig Van Beethoven, at this time, so wholly above the earth. It was The Grand Mass, that sublime work which he had begun as long ago as 1818, and finished four years later, in 1822.

The Archduke Rudolph, Beethoven's distinguished patron and pupil, had been appointed Archbishop of Olmutz. Although it had always been troublesome to the master to give him instruction, on account of the regard he was obliged to pay to conventionalities, he brought his honorable pupil to a high degree of cultivation. In fact, he was the only one at the time whom Beethoven was instructing in harmony. The esteem which he felt for the art-loving prince, and the debt of gratitude which he owed for his kindness to him, made him doubly attached to this scion of the imperial house.

Beethoven, therefore, resolved to give definite expression to his regard by creating a grand mass for his installation. He had, for a long while, been impelled to return to this branch of the art of tone, the most sublime, and also the most difficult.

The thought once conceived had taken root, and so the master went about the task with the full power of his mind, and all the genius with which he was endowed. But Beethoven was peculiar. Although he was a Catholic, he stood at too great a spiritual height to be inspired by a religious necessity, as Mozart had been when he wrote his Requiem. Not his own faith, not devotion to the church service, but Beethoven's free, creative fancy could, therefore, alone produce this mass. What gave it inspiration, soul, depth, and tenderness, were the original and peculiar views of the artist himself, permeated by his undogmatic though reverent devotion to the thought of the Eternal.

But what was most important was the fact that Beethoven's genius, when he was composing this mass, surrendered itself entirely to this creative thought. His feelings in these moments were those of the true poet, whose heart is wholly filled with a single idea.

With what pride and power the eagle soared toward the sun of fame ! What a tremendous work towered before this heaven-storming giant !

From the very beginning of it, his whole character seemed to have taken new shape. The energetic flight of his spirit gave strength and elasticity to his body. Beethoven, who was certainly a little bent by passing years, now walked erect again. Though the artist's heart burned at times, he pressed on, manifesting everywhere that cheerful energy which was the key-note of his life ; but the man who, by his deafness, was cut off from the world had almost trodden the world and external life under foot. Beethoven was, at this time, in a condition of absolute retirement from earth.

Shut up within himself, kept apart, by his deafness, from all social intercourse, repelling his friends, with the exception of the ardent and enthusiastic young Schindler, by the rudeness of his manner, Beethoven now threw himself into the study of philosophy when highest musical work did not claim him immediately. His intellect sought nourishment, refreshment,

comfort. He found them all in that remarkable epoch which the history of the world was unrolling before his eyes,—he found them in the bright thoughts of philosophic minds, in the unchanging truths which their systems often concealed. These philosophic studies, indeed, added to his sad temperament; and his hard fate gradually gave to Beethoven's ideas, without his knowing it, a dark coloring which, of course, extended to his compositions.

He, therefore, became more systematic in his musical creations, but also more positive in his gloomy defiance. He threw off contemptuously the fetters which had bound him before, and, with his gaze directed toward the infinite, reached out with creative energy toward perfect freedom and unfettered creation.

It is true that this freedom from restraint in his compositions was often mysterious to other people,—the wild, extravagant genius was almost terrific; the melodious thought lost its clearness of tone in the bold construction; the harmony often became harder; the effort toward new surprising, significant forms was more conscious,—but so much the more grand, powerful, and imposing was the structure,—this gigantic mass, full of ravishing beauty and sublime thought.

Under the circumstances, could it fail to have a powerful reflex influence on Beethoven's style as a composer? The fact shows that from this time Beethoven's style took that well-known direction which gives to his gigantic master-pieces the peculiarity of a spirit who is waiting to this day for an *Oedipus* who shall solve its riddle.

Thought, far-reaching, introspective thought, took a prominent place in Beethoven's music at this period.

But what is music,—to judge from its origin? Music has become only a universal language on condition that it shall remain an impersonal language, and one addressed to reason. It addresses itself to men, not considering their countless peculiarities; it expresses the state of the soul, not of the mind, and though these are related to each other like cause and effect, yet, in musical expression, this connection is wanting, because in music everything causal necessarily disappears. The impossibility of being logical is the negative quality, but, at the same time, the finest prerogative of an art which charms and comforts more than any other, because it alone produces that brief but

complete forgetfulness of life and of ourselves,—that forgetfulness which the happiest need that their happiness may not be tedious, the unhappy to alleviate their sorrows, all to lift the oppressive burden of existence if only for a few hours.

But what shape was the case assuming with Beethoven? Thought was rising gigantic and victorious; but where flowed the soft, lovely spring of mild, beneficent feeling?

Whence could he draw his inspiration? Only out of the depth of his own heart, his own soul, only by looking at all humanity, and out of the mines of everlasting truth. Where else could he find it?—among men? He fled from them. From love? Through a lofty friendship with Julie, it cast only a gentle, fading, evening blush over his life. From friendship? He did not believe in that any longer, after so many painful experiences. From nature? He had grown older and colder, and his gaze was lost in the spaces of infinity.

In the sad reality which surrounded and oppressed him he had no refuge save in the solitude of his own personality; but this personality toward which he was growing was powerful, serious indeed, hard, sharp, full of peculiarities, but yet a colossal form reaching out into the centuries.

The composition of the mass, owing to its broad dimensions, as the master had planned it from the beginning, went on but slowly. He lived buried in this work, and one thing alone lifted him sometimes into the light of sociability,—the musical Stoa of which his servant Kugler had spoken on the evening of the tempest.

This Stoa was a little union, consisting of a few artists and cultivated friends of art, in which Beethoven's music, especially chamber music, that inexhaustible fund of deep, rich melody, was cherished by the better part of the Viennese artists.*

It was the task of this modest society to execute classical music in the chamber style, most particularly Beethoven's music, before a little circle of thoughtful listeners. Herr Karl Czerny gave the impulse, and was really the leading spirit of this little artistic society, memorable in history.

The meetings were held every Sunday morning at his house, and at the house of the Baroness Dorothea Von Ertmann,† and were continued for three years with increasing interest.

*Schindler, pp. 110-112. † Beethoven dedicated to her his Sonata, Op. 101,

Herr Czerny enjoyed the great good fortune of having Beethoven go through many of his greatest works with him, sitting by his side often as he executed them, and, by his presence, exciting all to enthusiastic sympathy and attention.

In executing the parts for the piano-forte, Herr Czerny had the Baroness Von Ertmann, Herr Von Felsburg, and Pfalter as valuable assistants. In the enthusiasm for Beethoven then prevailing in Vienna, great crowds, of course, attended this musical Stoa, as Beethoven himself called it, where everyone learned the best music, or at least gained a few clear ideas of it, and many congenial souls found an opportunity of knowing and esteeming each other.

Many foreign artists and lovers of art, who, in other lands, had been able to get but dim ideas of the character of Beethoven's music, sought out these musical Stoa of Beethoven's, which had become everywhere famous,—this fountain of the purest poetry of tone, which had not flowed so pure and clear since the memorable days of Prince Lichnowsky.

In fact, it was a kind of divine service which was held in these halls of art. Who is this tall, fine-looking, womanly form standing by Beethoven, like a priestess of Apollo, with the expression of quiet, sad happiness upon her face?

It is Julie Guicciardi, Countess Von Gallenberg. That she had once loved Beethoven, the count knew. He had heard it from her own lips before their marriage; that she loved him still, as an old friend, honored him as an artist, pitied him from the depths of her soul as one of the most unhappy of mortals,—yes, that she felt under obligations to raise up again him whose happiness she had trodden under foot. But she also declared to her husband, firmly, that she had kept, and should always keep, inviolate the faith which she had pledged to him even to the most delicate spiritual relation.

There is something which gives to a noble woman a wonderful power,—to her words, her expressions, her whole being, a convincing force which borders on magic, and which, in the dark period of the Middle Ages, was often believed to be magic. It is the majesty of moral purity and simple virtue.

Count Gallenberg allowed his wife to continue her intercourse with Beethoven, to meet him in the circle of friends, and to treat him as a friend.

This, then, was the relation of Ludwig Van Beethoven to the Countess Julie,—that beautiful relation, a benefit to them both, a pleasant evening light over the master's days which had been so full of trials.

They had met today at the musical Stoa. A sacred worship, a common enthusiasm, had united them again; a look into each other's eyes had given to each a new existence. Since the first time that they saw each other, their love had never left the sphere of the ideal.

But, it is a very common fact that, in human society, what is great succumbs to the evil that sneaks in the darkness. The mouldering wood destroys the strong building, and the blind mole that wallows in the dark can ruin all the vernal bloom of a paradise.

‘KYRIE ELEISON.’

Spring had come, and was decking the earth with loving care, like a beloved bride. The seeds were sprouting, the forest was green, and the larks were warbling in the air.

Beethoven had never been indifferent to nature. The irresistible impulse stirred within him to go into the open country and throw himself upon the heart of the re-animated mother of all things.

He went to Döbling, but even there there was a vast difference between the old times and the present. Beethoven had become quite another man,—in fact, he lived only partly in this world. Formerly his spirit talked with nature and nature gave reply, opening to him endless mines of grand musical thought. Now he rushed through field and wood, through valley and meadow.

He needed fresh air and exercise in the open country, but this necessity was wholly physical. His mind had no share in it, he lived in other spheres. Besides the creation of the Grand Mass, he was occupied with philosophical problems, inquiries into the development of mankind, and with a new, great idea intimately connected with these meditations, that of setting Goethe's *Faust* to music.

He felt that if any mortal was fitted for this task it was he.

He was very much interested now in Goethe, although personally these two great men could not get on together, as had been proved when they met at Toplitz.*

Goethe's poems, on the other hand, both from their subject and rhythm, had great power over him. He said, himself, "I am incited to composition by this language which builds itself up to higher rank as through the agency of spirits, and carries in itself the secret of harmony."

In Goethe's Faust were combined the grand, leading thought, and the view of life which was founded upon it. The plan, then, of setting this powerful poem to music, and the composition of the mass, absorbed him so entirely that he cared as little about going to Döbling as the swallows that twittered in front of his window.

Happily for him, his second self, his enthusiastic pupil and worshiper, Schindler, stood by his side, helping and addressing him affectionately, while Frau Streng and Kugler took the care of inferior temporal matters.

The two last were busy in the house, which he had hired in Döbling for the summer, unpacking and arranging the things which they had brought with them from Vienna.

The windows and doors of his pleasant dwelling stood open, so that the fresh spring breezes could come in from all sides, and they did come in and showed their gratitude for this politeness by bearing on their light wings the precious fragrance from all the neighboring shrubs. Then the sun shone in so warm and pleasant, the little birds tried to remember their old songs, the beetles buzzed and hummed, and Kugler, the pale tailor and Beethoven's servant, as he carried in from the wagon one volume after another of Beethoven's music books, was singing.

"Why, Kugler," Frau Schnaps called down from the kitchen window, "what has got into your head today?"

"Why?" asked Kugler, astonished, as he was just taking up another bundle of notes.

"I have been shrieking myself hoarse after you, but you don't hear me with your lamentable sing-song."

"Lamentable sing-song," repeated Kugler, offended. "What

*Marx; Beethoven's Life and Works, Part Second, p. 180. Schindler, p. 84. A. Oulibicheff; Beethoven, *Ses Critiques et ses Élèves*, p. 62.

kind of a way is that to talk? As if a fellow like me might not enjoy this beautiful spring-day as well as the flies dancing in the air yonder."

"Oh, yes," cried Frau Schnaps, grumbling, "the trouble is that you are dancing with the flies in the air while I have my hands full of work. You are surely light enough for that."

"What!" said Kugler, offended. "Light? Does that refer to my trade, Frau Schnaps?"

"My name is not Frau Schnaps," was heard from above; and the housekeeper, who held an iron pot in her hand, raised it toward the tailor's head for a tremendous blow. But Kugler had slipped under the wagon, and only cried out, "I forbid you to abuse me."

"You are a donkey."

"I certainly am," Kugler called from under the wagon, "or I should long ago have been in some work that I did not have to share with you. If I didn't stay to please poor, deaf master Herr Van Beethoven——"

Kugler did not finish; but he gave a sly glance with his left eye out from under the wagon to see what impression these words made upon the housekeeper. Certainly the hand which held the pot went down, and the brow began to grow smoother.

"You may not be able to please him this time, but you can do your duty to your master."

"Perhaps I haven't done anything," said the tailor, crawling out from under the wagon. "I am lame all over with dragging notes and books."

"That's right."

"But they must be brought up stairs, too."

"First comes the kitchen, so that I can cook something for the master's supper."

"What have I to do with the kitchen?"

"You must take the basket and put all the candles, snuffers, spoons, and dishes into it and bring them up to me, so that I can unpack them and put them in their places."

"Where is the trash?"

"Kugler!"

Kugler shuddered, for he thought of the pot in Frau Schnaps' hand. But this time it was only a warning.

"Haven't you any eyes in your head?" was the impatient

inquiry from above. "The chest with the things in it is right before your nose."

"Oh, Heavens!" cried Kugler, "I really believe, Frau Streng, you have put an extra wrapper on every piece of the old rubbish."

"Yes," said Frau Schnaps, sharply. "I didn't forget anything but you. Does the foolish man think that I am indifferent to my master's property as I am to him? Does he suppose that I didn't see how he tossed the master's boots helter-skelter into the big chest as if they had been rubbish?"

"But——"

"Hold your tongue!" cried the housekeeper, angrily. "I took them out again and wrapped them up myself while you were loafing about."

"What was I doing?"

"You were loafing," Frau Schnaps called out, and the pot came in sight again. Quick as lightning, Kugler disappeared under the wagon.

"That's a lie!" he cried, fiercely. "At that time I was buying that bunch of flowers that is in the water up there, with my few kreuzers, to please the master."

A slight pause ensued.

"Did you really do that, Kugler?" was asked from above, in a gentle tone.

"Yes," he called out from under the wagon, "as true as I live."

"Then come up here," said Frau Streng, with something like emotion in her voice, "and we will make peace."

"Where is the pot?"

"I have put it away."

"Truly?"

"By all the saints."

Kugler slipped out cautiously from his fortress under the wagon.

"Now, do as I told you," commanded the housekeeper. "If you don't, it will be night before we get the house in order."

Kugler obeyed, and the work went on quietly, Frau Streng only changing her plan in so far that she left the kitchen furniture still unpacked, that she might arrange Beethoven's room first of all. She did well, for, to her horror, he came to Döb-

ling an hour later, accompanied by Herr Schindler, his friend and pupil.

"Oh, my goodness!" she cried in amazement when she saw them coming in the distance, "there they are already. Good Heavens! we are not half in order. What will the master say? What shall I do? We shall have a fine storm."

"Well, well," said Kugler, "don't be discouraged, Frau Streng. We have done our duty, and, though he may scold and storm never so loudly, he can't eat us up after all."

"It must be something very unusual that has brought him home so early. He promised me faithfully not to come till evening."

"Well, we shall soon see," returned Kugler.

Meantime, Beethoven and Schindler had come nearer the house which was to be the summer home. A few dark furrows lay on Schindler's brow, but Beethoven looked like an angry lion.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God!" groaned Frau Schnaps, crossing herself when she saw them. But Kugler, in his distress, took his master's night-stand and carried it into the cellar.

In the meantime, Beethoven had come in, and, as soon as he reached the foot of the steps, he called out:—

"Where are those confounded people? Where is Schnaps? Where is that fellow Kugler?"

But neither the housekeeper nor the tailor, who was crouching in the cellar, was in a condition to reply. Kugler was in pain from fright.

"Where are the miserable set?" shrieked Beethoven again. "I'll have them both put in prison. I'll have them hung if my 'Kyrie' is not found."

Schindler laid his hand soothingly on Beethoven's arm, but the master pushed him back impatiently.

"What, am I to be calm?" he cried, angrily, "when these satanic people have stolen my 'Kyrie?'"

This was too much for the honest Frau Schnaps. Her cheeks colored with anger, and coming forward courageously she shrieked in Beethoven's ear, so that the whole population of a churchyard might have been awakened:—

"What do you say I have stolen?"

"My 'Kyrie,'" Beethoven snapped out.

"The Lord have mercy upon us! Christ, have mercy upon us!" groaned Kugler in the cellar.

"What kind of a 'Kyrie?'" cried Schnaps, astonished.

"From my Grand Mass," cried Beethoven, striking his forehead in despair. "Good Heavens! if you were not so stupid, you would understand that when a man has once composed a piece, if it is lost or stolen, it is not easy for him to compose it again. Oh,—and it was such a success." He ran to his room, where whole piles of music books lay on the piano, and looked, but in such despair and in such haste that he scarcely saw what was in the volumes or on the sheets. One pile after another flew out of his hand onto the floor,—right, left, this way, that way, just as it happened. But the 'Kyrie' did not appear.

In the meantime, Schindler was endeavoring to make the housekeeper, who was trembling from head to foot with anger, comprehend the state of the case.

It was so unspeakably annoying that Beethoven could really not be blamed for his anger and despair. For two days he had missed from his glorious work, the Grand Mass, the whole score of the first phrase of the 'Kyrie Eleison,' 'The Lord have mercy upon us,' with which the mass begins.

It was a master-piece in thought and composition, whose place could not be supplied; as the master himself said, "To create over again from memory anything which has once been created is a task to the powerful intellect not only disagreeable but almost impossible."

Schindler's explanation satisfied even Frau Streng, so they all proceeded to look for it. Even Kugler made his appearance, and the whole house, the closets, the chests, the furniture, still standing in confusion, the large volumes of music, in short, everything that might contain the 'Kyrie,' was searched through and through.

But the unhappy 'Kyrie' did not appear. At last everything had been searched for the third time. Beethoven sank down exhausted on a chair. Schindler paced restlessly to and fro, Frau Schnaps groaned, and Kugler, who was hungry, in spite of the horrible noise, had crept into the kitchen to get a piece of bread and a sausage, for he had already discovered that a few sausages were to be found among the wrapped-up kitchen utensils.

He was creeping along on his toes, looking for the big basket, that he might get his supper, and rest after the terrors of the day.

At last the basket was discovered. He reached in and looked among the wrapped-up candles, snufflers, cups, and such things.

"Ha!" he said softly, "I feel something soft; it must be a sausage."

He pulled his head out; but Kugler had not yet secured his booty when he received a terrible box on the ear, and tumbled backwards onto the floor.

"I've caught you, old fellow!" cried Beethoven's voice of thunder. "You were going to steal it again, were you?"

"Oh!" groaned Kugler, pale and astonished, as he pressed both hands against the unfortunate cheek which had come in such unpleasant contact with Beethoven's right hand, making horrible grimaces. "Oh, your honor, it was only a sausage, and I ——"

But at the same instant, Beethoven uttered a shriek which filled the whole house. Friend Schindler and the housekeeper rushed in pale as death. Beethoven stood like a stone, holding out to them in one hand the sausage, in the other a paper covered with grease, in which it had been wrapped. His eyes were staring at both objects in horror, as if they beheld the head of Medusa.

Schindler, the housekeeper, and Kugler understood nothing of all this till Schindler took courage and held out his hand for the paper. Then he uttered a cry of horror.

"Good gracious," he cried, "the 'Kyrie!'"

"Lord, have mercy upon us! Christ, have mercy upon us!" prayed the tailor, with chattering teeth.

"Oh, good Heavens!" stuttered Frau Schnaps, as she fell on her knees.

Beethoven's hands, holding the sausage and the paper, were still stretched stiffly out before him, while he gradually returned to the consciousness of which his fright had really robbed him. Then he began to talk again.

"Wretched woman!" he roared at Frau Schnaps, who was still kneeling and wringing her hands before the master, in unutterable anguish and despair, quite forgetting that Beethoven was deaf.

“Have mercy and compassion, Master,—I did not know that—the sheets were so large and fine,—made on purpose for wrapping,—and the volume lay on the floor among some old things.”

But Beethoven's thought had taken quite another direction.

While Schnaps was lamenting and entreating, and Kugler also still kneeling, and, his teeth chattering, was repeating a whole litany, the master, following the example of his friend Schindler, had rushed upon the baskets and chests which contained the candles, snuffers, cups, glasses, boots, shoes, sausages, etc., to protect which, the ‘Kyrie’ from the Grand Mass had been used.

With the zeal with which miners rummage through the fields in search of gold, the two men now unwrapped all these things, smoothing with awe and laying carefully aside the large sheets of paper, some of which were still whole, while others were torn in pieces. At last the work was finished and, oh, joy, not a sheet was lacking of the score!

Beethoven and Schindler drew a long breath. A mountain's weight was lifted from their hearts; but when Beethoven turned round and saw Kugler still on his knees, looking like a culprit, and trembling from head to foot, he broke out involuntarily into that fearful laugh, peculiar to him, which could make the walls of the house tremble.

Beethoven laughed so heartily, and the scene seemed so comical, and everyone was so happy at finding the ‘Kyrie,’ that even Schindler was compelled to laugh, and the tailor, whose cheek was still burning, and Frau Schnaps, over whose faded cheeks the tears were running down in rivulets.

Beethoven made himself merry over the two culprits. “I ought to have you both hung,” he cried, in the happiest mood, “but you are not worth the rope. If anyone ever touches my notes again, I will chop off his ten fingers with my own hand. Now,” he went on, “get the house ready, so that an honest man can sleep in it tonight. Schindler, let us go into the nearest inn and get a bottle of mountain wine, for I feel the fright still through all my limbs.”

Beethoven and Schindler went out, and Frau Schnaps got up slowly.

“Frau Schnaps,” said the tailor, “will you scold me now because I did not wrap up the master's boots and shoes?”

"Hold your tongue," answered the housekeeper. "My limbs ache all over. Do give me that bottle yonder. I must have a swallow or I shall faint away."

"'Kyrie Eleison,'" said Kugler, and went to obey Frau Streng's command. "I have certainly learned today what that means,—'Lord have mercy upon us.'"^{*}

LAND-OWNER AND BRAIN-OWNER.

Ludwig Van Beethoven had come home from the musical Stoa in very bad humor. The last entertainment had been held today at Baroness Von Ertmann's. Spring was already decking the earth with its snowy blossoms, and—Countess Julie Gallenberg, contrary to her custom, had not been present.

Beethoven could not explain her absence in any way. He had come from Döbling to the city that he might not miss being with his beloved Julie for this single hour. He knew, too, how much Julie thought of these brief meetings, which had become such a restful habit for them both. This was the last for a long time.

Was Julie sick? Had anything happened? Beethoven had asked the baroness. She answered both questions with a shake of the head, which seemed to the master to be accompanied by embarrassment. He was troubled, restless, out of humor,—and yet he had a fatal walk to take,—his lawyer was expecting to make known to him the final judgment on another suit which, alas, he was obliged to bring.

Prince Kinsky was dead. As is well known, he was one of those four noble-hearted men who opposed Beethoven's call to the court of Westphalia by paying the great master, the pride of Vienna, a yearly salary of 4000 florins in bank-notes. The finance patent had already diminished this salary. Prince Lobkowitz had been obliged to suspend payment, and thus Beethoven had lost an important part of it. Now, at the death

^{*}The whole occurrence is historical. Schindler, p. 119. Oulibicheff, p. 63.

of Prince Kinsky, his heirs refused to pay their part, and Beethoven was on the point of being reduced to the small sum which remained from the Archduke Rudolph.

Fortunately, he had better news today. His lawyer informed him that he had gained his suit, and that the Kinsky heirs would be obliged henceforth to pay him annually a little more than 300 florins.

Three hundred florins! What were these at this time to Beethoven, who had to pay for the education of his nephew alone,—for he made it the end and aim of his life to raise him up to be a good and wise man,—nearly twelve hundred, for his housekeeping eleven hundred, for his servants nearly nine hundred florins.

Alas! the yoke of earthly care pressed more and more heavily upon him. He had never felt it more than now, as he left his lawyer and went toward home; but, as usual with him, the more the hand of fate sought to bend this strong character, the more forcibly did his energy manifest itself.*

"Then I must practice the greatest self-denial," he said to himself. "Nothing must be wanting to the boy's education."

For the next few days Beethoven's dinner consisted of a glass of beer and a few rolls.†

But are not light and shadow inseparable? From this time forth a certain niggardliness showed itself more and more in Beethoven's character. How could it have been otherwise? Had not fate been niggardly toward him?

The deaf man, almost wholly alone in the world, now living only in the sphere of his musical creations, and his quiet philosophical dreams, gradually reduced the necessities of life to a minimum. But Beethoven's intellect, which had trained itself from earliest years by the great characters of classic antiquity, which, from childhood to the present hour, had never ceased to bid defiance to the blows of fate, had itself assumed something of that ancient grandeur.

Uplifted above the storms of fate, like the rock which towers to the sky from out the foaming sea, looking the inevitable in the face with a firm, bold defiance, Beethoven had accustomed himself to regard this life not as an end but as a means

* Wegeler and Ries, p. 140. † A fact.

toward perfection. He held this view, which our elders called trust in Providence, fixed and unchangeable in all the conditions and chances of life. The incalculable gain to him was this,—that this faith placed in his hands the key with which he could find his way out of the labyrinths of life, and, like his ideal Plato, could retain a wonderful repose of soul.

Physical privations were, therefore, nothing to him if only the ideas for which he lived could remain untouched.

At one time during the suit, touching the guardianship of his nephew, Beethoven wrote to the court:—

“My wishes and efforts have no other aim than that the boy, whose talents seem to justify the brightest hopes, may receive the best possible education, and that the expectation which his father built upon my brotherly love may be fulfilled. The twig is now easily bent; but, if more time is wasted, it will grow crooked away from the gardener’s training hand, and its uprightness, intelligence, and character will be forever lost. I know no more sacred duty than the superintendence of the education and formation of a child.” *

Beethoven was in earnest in what he said, as well as in everything that he did. All the greatness of his heart and mind was shown by the fact that the son of that brother who had caused him so much anxiety and trouble, and had cost him a whole fortune, was adopted by him, and considered as his own son. Yes, and who knew of this generosity except his valued friend Schindler? From this time forth he regarded the little savings in the shape of bank-stock, which he had been able to rescue from his brother’s grasp, no longer as his own possessions, but as the property of this brother’s child, whom he had adopted.

The yoke of earthly care now often pressed with an iron weight upon the master’s neck, but it did not bend it. He, before whom emperors and kings had bowed, who had dwelt in the palaces of princes, for whose friendship the great ones of the earth had been rivals, bore it with that cheerful characteristic energy which defied all the storms of fate.

Beethoven was sitting in his house in the city, reading the newspaper, and eating his dinner. Frau Schnaps, who was still

* Schindler, p. 108.

at Döbling, supposed that he was at some good restaurant. He had just eaten one slice of bread, a second lay before him, with a glass of beer beside it.

He must have been reading something peculiarly interesting, for a sarcastic smile passed over his usually serious face.

"My dear brother Johann was right, then," he said, taking a swallow of beer, "when he assured me, a few days ago, that I should not get on in the world as well as he had done, for the paper says he has been elected to some post of honor. Oh, well," said the master, shrugging his shoulders, "why not? by means of the drug store which I bought for him, he has become a rich man, and keeps a carriage. I do not grudge it to him, for he is my brother. It is true that he might be a little more affectionate and less haughty toward me since he is what he is only through me. For instance, I should have liked very much to speak to him today, and I know that he stayed at the great hotel by my house as well as he knows that I am here. Indeed, he drove on in his elegant carriage as I was going to the baroness',—he saw me, too, very well."

Beethoven laid the newspaper down, took another swallow of beer, then he said quietly to himself:—

"There is nothing more childish than pride. On what merit does it rest? Instead of raising himself to intelligence, and thus proving his dignity as a man, the proud man is satisfied with his own egotism, claims rights which do not belong to him, makes the most of them before other people, and thus gains honor and esteem."

"Yes," he continued, after a short pause, in which he consumed the whole of his extremely simple meal, "if men only knew what pride is in the noblest sense of the word. It is the consciousness of his own dignity, which belongs to man as a reasonable, free, divine being,—but, of course, his pride is only expressed by the fact that he maintains this dignity in all circumstances of life."

Just at this moment, Kugler, who had accompanied his master from Döbling into the city today, came in and handed a visiting card to Beethoven. The master read:—

"JOHANN VAN BEETHOVEN, LAND-OWNER."

Ludwig smiled compassionately. Then he took a pencil out of his vest-pocket, turned the card over, and wrote on it :—

“LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, BRAIN-OWNER.”

When he had done this, he handed it to Kugler, with a serious face, and said :—

“Take it back to my brother. He boards at the hotel close by.”

Then Beethoven quietly took his hat and went to attend to other business.

FORGOTTEN.

Everything is changeable, subject to the influences of time. Who has not experienced this truth in himself, and in his surroundings? Kingdoms come and go, thrones are built up and overturned; new laws, received at first with rejoicing, are crowded out with the scorn of succeeding years.

Of course, that which man has recognized as great and noble at one time should remain great in his eyes for all time, but, alas, here comes in fashion, that offspring of human weakness.

Everything is subject to change. Thus it was with the opinions and musical taste of Vienna.

In its time, German music and the German opera, and its brilliant lights, Glück, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, had been greeted with astonishment and enthusiasm, and Beethoven was honored in Vienna with a worship which bordered on idolatry.

Was it not the first men of the nation who treated Ludwig Van Beethoven with so much affection? Did not all the leaders in the nobility, in science, and art stand at the head of his innumerable worshippers? Did not all hearts belong to him? Was it not the pride of the least of the Viennese to count Beethoven among his fellow-citizens?

Since the death of Glück and Mozart, the people of Vienna were enthusiastic about the German opera; since Handel and

Haydn, about the German oratorio; since Beethoven, about the symphony. But Beethoven was more victorious than all at the time of the congress of Vienna, in those days when emperors and empresses, kings and queens, princes and princesses, were rivals in his favor; when, like a Grand Mogul, he received the homage of the potentates of Europe in the palaces of the Archduke Rudolph and Prince Rasumowski,—the times of the great Beethoven concert, when everyone rose in triumph to acknowledge him, Ludwig Van Beethoven, as absolute sovereign, as the highest monarch in the realm of tone. Indeed, from that time forth, Beethoven stood like a prince in public opinion. Never, till then, had a man attained this proud but dizzy height of fame,—none will ever attain it again.

How was it in Vienna now, ten years later? German music had yielded to the Italian. The multitude, busy with Rossini, had entirely forgotten Ludwig Van Beethoven. His friend and biographer, Kapellmeister Schindler, says on this point:—

“For a few years the Italian opera in Vienna had taken possession of the halls dedicated to the art of tone, where, since Glück’s time, German music had been cultivated and cherished; but, although for the last ten years the signs of the times had seemed to incline to sensuality and materialism, yet there was still stirring among the people of Vienna so much noble material that, if the desire had been strong to cling seriously and faithfully to the music of the fatherland, it would never have been possible to crowd it out, or rather to drive it, from its native ground.

For the German opera had still among her votaries firm supporters, who, by holding together, ought for a long time to have resisted the foreign intrusion, and kept the edifice from its approaching fall. But the administration did not seem to have sufficiently comprehended the demands of the time to yield with caution, and so change nothing essential. The public grew impatient, and when the first Italian *solfeggio* was heard in those halls of art, the banishment of the German opera was as good as sealed.”

All were carried away by the irresistible force of the stream,—was it to hell or to heaven? No one asked, for all were intoxicated, charmed, beside themselves, with the *roulades* of Rossini.

How was it with Beethoven? As monarch in his own domain, he was almost as much forgotten by the crowd as if he had never existed; and no other honors were paid to him except that outward respect which caused even persons of the highest rank to turn aside as he passed along.

How deeply this ominous condition of things must have pierced Beethoven's heart! how unspeakably heavy must have been the burden! He did not comprehend the character of these miserable people, who, after the storms of the Napoleonic period, were taking their recreation. They wished to be at ease again in the old way, to quiet their nerves, to relax their minds, to consider music as an obedient, living slave, who might drive away their *ennui*, when, after a luxurious dinner, they rested for digestion in their boxes at the theatre.

Rossini became their idol; Beethoven was forsaken and forgotten.*

With immense and unheard of expense the Italian opera entered the field against the German. Through what distinguished talent did these flatteries of Rossini, full of sensual charm, make their way to the dominion of the world. The Italian opera company, then in Vienna, counted among its members Lablache, Donzelli, Rubini, Ambrogio Ciccimarra, and the ladies, Todomainville, Dardanelli, Ekerlin, Sonntag, and Caroline Unger.

Who can wonder, then, at the intoxicating charm which held all Vienna at this time? Beethoven, the great Beethoven, was so wholly forgotten that it was only secretly, and as an after-thought, that the idea occurred to the Society of Austrian Lovers of Music, which had existed for ten years, and during that time had elected many native and foreign artists as honorary members, that it would be a disgrace to them if they did not also elect their great fellow-citizen, Ludwig Van Beethoven. They did so, at last, but Beethoven was so deeply offended that he was on the point of sending back the diploma, and it was only with difficulty that he was persuaded to accept it without a reply.†

* Schindler, p. 143. Marx. Oulibicheff, p. 81.

† Schindler, p. 135. He had already received, in the fall of 1822, the diploma of honorary membership of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, at Stockholm.

Can it be that he was understood, this great, secluded genius,—he who, in his colossal tone-creations, had torn open the gates which lead into the realm of the vast and the unfathomable? Glowing flashes dart through the night of this realm, and ghostly forms appear and disappear, shutting us in more and more closely, threatening to annihilate us, and yet lifting us to Heaven.

Little souls, it is true, started, and still start, at the omnipotent, fearful spirit which appears in Beethoven's great works, as from out a thunder-cloud, transfixing all by its force.

Surely, they do not understand these wonderful windings of counterpoint which unite again in one glorious whole.

These sounding waves rush by like the rhapsodies of a genius; but where is the soul that is not held by the gentle syren voices in this brilliant variety of splendid movements, and enticed deeper and deeper in the spirit-world? Oh, look, look at the ghost-like dance of these strange forms! How they separate, sparkling, shining, as they chase each other in groups! Hark, transported soul, to the magic language of the spirit-world, and learn to understand all the divine forebodings, thoughts, and feelings which unite to rise above the childish nonsense of earth,—which permit you, at least for a few moments, to look with astonishment and delight into the depths of the spiritual life of one of the greatest and most powerful of men of genius.

Beethoven had just closed his eyes. His sleep had been short and disturbed today, partly because he had been composing all night, partly because the storms of the cold winter raged so wildly and fiercely around him. But it was too cold and too dark in the room now to get up,—too dark because it was only six o'clock, and even in the bright light of noon scarcely light enough came into the little windows for a person to see to read easily,—too cold because Frau Schnaps had had forethought enough not to make any fire in the stove. Beethoven would not leave his feathers yet.

So the master turned on his side again, closed his eyes, and tried to sleep.

A quarter of an hour later Frau Schnaps was kneeling before the stove, trying to make a fire. The good woman blew and blew, but it would not draw; and the smoke beat back in

thick clouds, so that she had to lean back and try to wipe the smoke away from her eyes.

At this moment, Kugler, who had been to get rolls for breakfast, came up the steps. The pale, thin, little tailor was puffing and blowing terribly when he reached the seventy-second step leading to his master's rooms.

"Oh, Heavens!" he groaned, when he saw Frau Streng, and stood on the upper step catching his breath, "if these confounded rooms were not so terribly high! I — shall — get the consumption!"

"And I shall stifle from this horrible chimney," cried Frau Schnaps, wildly. "Just see now how that is smoking again. Everything is full,—entry, parlor, and kitchen. Oh, my goodness, we shall have a pretty fuss here when master wakes. It will be all my fault. I didn't know how to make a fire,—pay no attention to him,—have no feeling for him."

Just then there was a furious ring. "There it is," said Frau Streng, with horror, and started up. "Now we shall have it."

"Mercy on us!" groaned Kugler, sighing, and scratching himself behind his ears.

"Frau Schnaps! Frau Schnaps!" Beethoven called out from his room, in stentorian tones. "In the name of all the devils, do you mean to smother me, or do you take me for a ham that you are smoking?"

"Good gracious!" said Frau Streng to Kugler, almost weeping. "it has been so every morning since we've been here."

"Why don't we move, then?" asked Kugler.

"Why?" repeated the housekeeper, making a face at Kugler, which imitated in its expression the tailor's own stupidity. "Why? Because——"

"Frau Schnaps," was thundered again from the bed-room. "Good Heavens! Open the window, or I shall choke."

The housekeeper drew another deep breath, gathered up her energies, and went into the lion's den. Beethoven was certainly right. The whole room was so full of smoke that he could scarcely breathe.

"What are you doing now?" cried Beethoven, in utter despair. "Almost a thousand years old, and can't you make a fire?"

The housekeeper shrugged her shoulders.

"Isn't it your fault this time?"

The housekeeper shook her head.

"Then tell the landlord."

"Yes, indeed," muttered the old woman to herself, "that great rough man who treats Herr Beethoven like a day-laborer."

"What?" shrieked Beethoven, who, of course, had heard nothing.

Frau Streng was silent, and opened the window.

"I shall move again today," said Beethoven. "After breakfast find me another house, and not so high or so dark as this, — a little sun, and, above all, no smoke."

The old woman drew a deep sigh, and put the light on the table.

"Did you understand me, Schnaps?" said Beethoven.

A long, sorrowful glance fell from the housekeeper's eyes on her master. Then she went to the conversation book, which lay on the writing-desk in the next room, and took a pencil and wrote in it:—

"My good master has perhaps forgotten that the owner of this house will not let us go out because we owe him two quarters' rent."

Beethoven read it, then he threw down the book, turned on the other side, and lay down in silence.

Two big, hot tears stood in Frau Schnaps' eyes when she took the book up again.

"Ah!" she said, with choking voice, "how gladly I would pay the rent from my savings, but that brute of a landlord demands the whole year's interest, and — there would be nothing to eat."

Beethoven seemed to be asleep again; and as the smoke had disappeared a little, and the cold, piercing air came through the open window, the housekeeper shut it again and crept out.

The master's heart was heavy. He was thinking of his dear brother Johann, the brain-eater, as he called him, who had hired the house for him because it was very cheap, and he could thus save a little of his income. But it was only for a moment that he followed this train of thought.

"Bah," he cried, turned on the other side, and concentrated his thoughts with characteristic energy upon the great musical

ideas which were occupying him, and which afterwards took the colossal form of the ninth symphony.

He was meditating upon Goethe's *Faust*, and, from the depths of his heart, tortured by the sorrows of earth, came the words, "Renounce! Thou shalt renounce!" and these thoughts became sounds in his mind, expressing forcibly the conflict of the soul in its struggle for peace with the hostile forces which stand between man and earthly happiness.

An hour later Beethoven rang again. He longed to get out of bed and put his thoughts on paper. He called for a light and breakfast. Frau Schnaps brought the first, and also a tin box closely locked. When she had placed them upon the table, Beethoven took a small key from his almost empty purse, and opened the box. A strong, refreshing fragrance rose from it. It contained parched coffee.

With a solemn face, and great care, Beethoven now counted exactly sixty beans, and laid them in a little heap. "One cup," he said, brushed the heap back a little, and counted sixty more with the same exactness. "Second cup," he said.

Frau Schnaps brushed the coffee off into a cup, keeping, of course, each little heap separate. Beethoven locked the box, and the housekeeper carried it to its place. Now Kugler came and brought his clothes, and the washing scene began, the master running, as usual, back and forth, and composing, even stopping several times to write the notes. Then came Frau Schnaps, grumbling, and wiped up the water on the floor. The master was dressed now, and went to work.

But he had scarcely had a quiet hour when Frau Schnaps came in. This time she was dressed to go out, and had her market basket on her arm. There was something unusual in her expression, which seemed to proceed partly from embarrassment, and partly from emotion.

"Well, what do you want again so soon?" said Beethoven, when he saw her.

Frau Schnaps made a movement with her thumb and forefinger, as if she were counting money.

"What" cried Beethoven, starting up, "more money already? I gave you twenty florins the day before yesterday."

"Not the day before yesterday," Frau Schnaps wrote in the conversation book, "but three weeks ago."

"It is a lie!" Beethoven snapped out. "She has pocketed the money. She steals my money."

"Herr Van Beethoven!" cried Frau Streng, and tears came into her eyes.

"Where is the money?" cried the master, still furious with anger. "I will not trust any human being any longer. They are all my enemies, all traitors, too. Because I am a poor, deaf, unfortunate man, they all think they have a right to make fun of me, to tread upon me, to lie to me, to deceive and rob me,—but I will not suffer myself to be betrayed and cheated,—I will send you and that fellow Kugler to the devil, and be my own servant, and cook for myself."

"But I will not go," Frau Schnaps wrote.

"We shall see."

"But I will not go," Frau Schnaps wrote again.

"Why?"

"Because I love and honor you, and have compassion upon you."

"Foolish stuff," said the master. "Not a soul in God's wide world loves me."

"Except me," said Frau Streng, pointing to her heart. Then she put her hand in her pocket, pulled out a little book, opened it, and laid it before the master, pointing to a certain place.

Beethoven read. It was the old woman's housekeeping book, in which the last twenty florins were accounted for with the greatest exactness.

"Well, I don't care," he said, sullenly, "you cannot have any money."

"Why?"

"Because I have no more," Beethoven cried out again, angrily. "I have offered, through Schindler, my largest and most successful work in manuscript, the Grand Mass, to the European courts, great and smaller, for the sum of fifty ducats. Only six have subscribed,* and I have no money from any of

*A fact. Only four courts, namely, the Russian, Prussian, Saxon, and French, accepted the offer. Prince Anton Radziwill subscribed for the fifth copy, and Herr Schelbe for the sixth, in behalf of the St. Cecilia Society in Frankfurt-on-Main. Prussia commissioned her Ambassador, Prince Hatzfeld, to inquire whether Beethoven would not prefer to receive an order instead of money. Beethoven did not consider it for an instant, but replied with emphasis, "Fifty ducats." Schindler, pp. 122, 123.

these. Now you know how I stand,—now do as others have done,—go and leave me in the lurch.”

“No,” said Frau Streng, shaking her head, while two great tears ran down her cheeks.

“What?” asked Beethoven, roughly controlling his emotion.

Frau Schnaps wrote, “I will not leave my good, old master at all, but I have one request to make of him.”

“Well, what is it?”

“Of course, I cannot buy the Grand Mass, of which I can only think with terror, on account of the ‘Kyrie,’ but perhaps I can help you, and you can help me.”

“How?”

“Herr Van Beethoven will pardon a poor servant who wishes to make a little money.”

“Make your story short.”

“I will advance you two hundred florins till you have money, if you will pay me the usual interest,” the old woman wrote, with trembling hand, in the conversation book.

A burning flush passed over Beethoven’s face, while Frau Streng turned pale, and looked like a person awaiting a sentence which might bring pardon or death.

A long pause ensued.

“Schnaps,” said Beethoven at last, and his voice trembled, “you can stay, and I will take your money at interest, of course, but now make haste and go away, or else——”

But Frau Schnaps was extremely happy. She seized the great master’s hand violently, and, while she kissed it fervently, her hot tears fell upon it.

Beethoven started.

“Stop your nonsense,” he said, with forced roughness.

“No, no,” she said merrily, and, taking the pencil, she wrote again:—

“Now I have one thing more to ask.”

“What is it?”

“Write a few lines to good Herr Schindler, your dear pupil and friend, and ask him to dine with you today. I will take care of the dinner, and see that you have some good shell-fish. I must see my dear, good master merry again at last.”

Beethoven read it and laughed.

“Well, just as you please,” he said. “You have me under

your thumb, Schnaps, and I see that I shall be obliged to do as you wish."

Beethoven took pen and paper, and wrote:—

"DEAR SCHINDLER,

Frau Schnaps advances money for the entertainment, so come to dinner today at two o'clock. We have good news, too, but let it be between ourselves, that the brain-eater may not know anything about it.

BEETHOVEN."*

"Now," said the housekeeper, beaming with delight, "I will bring you the money, then I will deliver the note, and at noon you shall enjoy the fish."

And Frau Schnaps did as she had said. It was after two o'clock when Beethoven and Herr Schindler, who had lately received the appointment of musical director of the Josephstadt theatre, sat behind the much-talked-of fish. Beethoven, whose delight at finding in his desolation a few friends who still clung to him with ardent love, had at length driven away his melancholy, was cheerful, and, as he used to say, free and easy. Of course, it was, as usual, hard to carry on the conversation, and pen and paper were necessary, but Beethoven did most of the talking himself to-day. By his side sat the only man in whom he still had confidence, whom he understood, and by whom he was thoroughly understood in return. He expressed himself with enthusiasm on his new composition, the idea of which had been in part suggested by Goethe's Faust. But this did not prevent him from having in view the composition for the drama itself. They talked a long while on these subjects; then Director Schindler asked what the good news was to which he referred in his note of invitation.

"Oh, yes," said Beethoven, "I had almost forgotten it."

He jumped up and brought out several letters which he had received from London. One was from his pupil, Ferdinand Ries, who was then living in England, and had gained quite a reputation as a composer. Another was from the Philharmonic Society in London. They all contained urgent invitations to Beethoven to come as soon as possible to England, offering the

* Schindler, pp. 159, 160.

most promising terms, and assuring him that he would be enthusiastically received. The presentation of his great work also promised a handsome income.

"What do you intend to do?" asked Schindler, by means of the conversation book.

"What do I intend to do?" said Beethoven, and his eyes were lighted up with unfathomable depths of feeling. "Why, I shall, by all means, make the journey next autumn, and you, Schindler, must accompany me."

Schindler joyfully assented.

"The journey will take us through the provinces of the Rhine," Beethoven continued,— "I shall see my dear, glorious, native land again. In Bonn we can visit Wegeler and his wife,—who was once my little scholar, Eleonore Von Breuning,—Father Ries, and the good Simrock. It will be fine, and it is an honor to receive the invitation."

Schindler nodded assent to the master, but his soul was pierced by a deep sorrow. His clear judgment told him that nothing would come of this proposed journey, first on account of Beethoven's physical condition, and because bad reports had already been circulated about his nephew.

At this moment Kugler entered and presented a visiting card, announcing the Countess Schlaigotseh, an old acquaintance and admirer of the master.

Beethoven received her in his little, dark, smoky house, where they sat at the unfinished meal with as much ease as if he had been in Prince Liehnowsky's palace. The countess found it difficult, it is true, to repress her astonishment at the great man's wretched surroundings, but people were accustomed to all sorts of things with Beethoven, and even this might be the strange whim of a man of genius. It was only in the spring of last year that he left, in the utmost haste, the fine suit of rooms which Baron Von Pronay had assigned to him in his beautiful villa at Hetzendorf, simply because the baron made too low bows every time he met him.*

With Beethoven all things were possible. The countess, therefore, reconciled herself to this appearance of poverty. Ah, she did not dream that this man whom she so much admired

* A fact. Schindler, p. 132.

could not escape from this wretchedness because he owed a half year's house rent. She could not dream that the dinner, a part of which still stood on the table, was paid for with the money which the housekeeper had advanced that day. It did not occur to anyone to make the future of this extraordinary man secure and comfortable. Not a soul in God's wide world thought to keep him free from care, and refresh him for the work which they all admired. Beethoven was, indeed, forgotten by the world, and yet fate had brought him now to one of the happiest moments of his life.

The Countess Schlafgotsch had come from Warmbrunn to Silesia; but it was not only the desire to see Beethoven which led her to seek out the master; she had brought with her something which must be very welcome to him. It was the first mass with a new German text, written by Herr Scholz, music-director at Silesia.

When Beethoven heard of this he seized the manuscript hastily, opened it, and ran over the lines.

A profound silence followed. Schindler and the countess looked with loving interest upon the celebrated man, whose hair the storms of life had already whitened, on whose stony features the marble hand of fate had stamped the impression of such a deep and heavy sorrow.

Beethoven read and read with increasing attention and interest. But when he came to the 'Qui Tollis,' the eyes of this man, who never wept, suddenly overflowed with tears. He was overpowered by his feelings and compelled to stop reading, but with his bright eyes turned upward, he cried out:—

"Oh, what a remarkably fine text. Yes, that was the way I felt when I wrote that."

Beethoven remained silent and absorbed for all the rest of the day. A new chord in his soul had been touched and responded wonderfully. The countess took her leave. Schindler's duties called him away, also. Beethoven was alone again, and would remain so, undisturbed,—for Vienna had forgotten him.

THE THREE HATTI-SHERIFS.

Ludwig Van Beethoven, who had now been deaf ten years, had completed his ninth symphony, that gigantic musical structure, that wonderful colossus.

"Renounce, thou shalt renounce!" had been the call of his own fate, and had rung in his ears with a wonderful echo from Goethe's greatest work.

The idea of his ninth symphony was the grandest conception of the struggle in his own soul for freedom, light, and divinity against the pressure of what is earthly.

This is the idea of Ludwig Van Beethoven's ninth symphony. It is the agonizing struggle of a lonely soul for the happiness promised at birth to every human being, and the victorious conquest of this happiness by gaining the highest and noblest views of life.

From a musical point of view, this gigantic work is grand. But Beethoven had been deaf ten years, and this is spiritual music which cannot wholly be comprehended within the domain of harmony.

Unfettered, with world-storming energy, Beethoven, the great stormer of the world, laid hold upon what was free and without form or measure.

It is not possible to find a greater contrast than exists between this music and Rossini's; but it is as natural that Rossini's light, flattering melodies should attract the multitude as that Beethoven's colossal creations built upon ideas should remain incomprehensible to the masses,—yes, should even repel them. But, was it not Beethoven who had introduced this sphinx into the world? Was he not, and did he not remain, in all his countless creations the great unequalled master of tone? Was he not the favorite of Vienna, alike with the nobility and the common people? Why was he now betrayed, and so utterly forsaken?

But, no; there were still hearts in Vienna that felt otherwise.

Beethoven was sitting at a writing-desk, but not composing. His head was resting upon his arm; he was gazing forward without stirring, and the lines on his face were painted with bitter grief.

He had received a report from his adopted son, and it was this report at which he was gazing so sadly. The boy had ripened into a young man,—but how little he fulfilled the proud hopes which his uncle had rested upon him? Frivolous to the highest degree, he did nothing well, and as, in spite of the strict commands of his adopted father, he contrived to keep up secret connection with his mother, who provided him with money, there was no lack of wild and wanton ways.

But little attention would have been paid to this effervescence of youthful spirits, which is founded in human nature, if these tricks had not always been mixed with unmistakable wickedness and corruption. Complaint after complaint came, often of a kind to inflict the deepest and most sensitive wounds upon Beethoven's fatherly heart.

Such was the report lying before him; yet the master knew that he had left nothing undone to make of his nephew a good and useful man.

Beethoven sacrificed for his nephew everything that he possessed. He even starved himself that his nephew might want nothing. How hard, how crushing, must have been the ingratitude of this loved one, the only member of his family who was really dear to him. His brother Johann had long ago forfeited his regard if not his brotherly love.

Beethoven sighed deeply. It seemed as if his heart would burst with grief. Entirely forsaken and forgotten by the world, he had fixed all his hopes upon his nephew, given him all his love, and now this hope was to be destroyed.

He rose and passed to and fro a few times in his little dark room. It seemed almost as if a curse rested upon his head.

His Julie had left Vienna long ago. Gallenberg, who now held the post of foreign ambassador, had determined not to return to Vienna. Julie Guicciardi, his grand ideal love, was, therefore, irrecoverably lost to him.

Now, appearances seemed to make it more and more probable that his last bright hope in life was to fade away.

Beethoven went to the window, and stood a long while absorbed in thought, watching the flight of passing clouds. Then with a calmer, braver decision, he went to the table and wrote two letters,—a reply to the report, and a letter full of affectionate warning to his nephew.

When they were finished, sealed, and directed, he laid the pen aside, and a feeling of unutterable loneliness and desolation came over him. Beethoven was thinking of death with longing.

After a half hour, during which the master had been sitting there immovable, Kugler came in. He announced that a deputation was in the front room, waiting to present a document to Herr Van Beethoven.

"Tell them to give the document to you," said Beethoven, sadly.

"The gentlemen wish to see the Kapell-meister himself," said Kugler, "and receive an answer."

"I am not well," said the master, "and wish to read the paper first alone."

After a few minutes Kugler brought in the document. The deputation had left.

When Music-Director Schindler entered a few minutes later, he found Beethoven with the letter in his hand.

"I have just received a memorial," he said quietly; "I wish you would read it." And Beethoven stationed himself at the window again, and watched the clouds as they hurried on in strange and ghost-like forms. The music-director took the paper and read :— *

"TO HERR LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

"From the wide circle which has gathered about your genius at the city of your adoption in wondering admiration, a small number of disciples and friends of art come before you today to give full but modest expression to their long-cherished desires and withheld requests. But as the number bear but a small proportion to the multitude of those who acknowledge your merit, and what you are to the present and to all coming time, so their requests are by no means confined to the few who speak in behalf of these hundreds of souls. All these to whom art and the realization of their ideals are more than means of passing away the time dare maintain that what they desire is desired by countless others, and that their requests will be

* A fact, and the whole memorial is given word for word, as it gives such a good idea of Beethoven's situation at the time.— Schindler, pp. 144-148. Marx, Part Second, p. 318. Oulibicheff, p. 81.

repeated aloud and in silence by everyone whose breast is inspired with a sense of the divine in music.

"It is the wishes of the lovers of native art in particular which we bring before you today, for, although the name and creations of Beethoven belong to the whole world, and to every land where a susceptibility to art exists, yet Austria may call him especially her own. Among her people a due sense of the great and immortal work which Mozart and Haydn have accomplished in the bosom of their home, for all future time, is not yet dead, and they acknowledge with joyful pride that the sacred symbols of all that is highest in the realm of spiritual music has sprung from native soil.

"Therefore, it is all the more painful to them that foreign powers have invaded this citadel; that over the mounds of the dead, and around the dwelling of the only one of this band that is left to us, apparitions which can boast no connection with the princely spirits of the house have been leading their ghostly dance; that falsehood has misused the names and symbols of art; and that this unworthy sport with what is holy has dimmed and effaced the sense of truth and everlasting beauty.

"Therefore, they feel more earnestly than ever that the one thing needful at this moment is a new impulse from more powerful hands, a new appearance of the sovereign within his own domain. It is this necessity which brings them to you today; and in behalf of all to whom these desires are precious, and in the name of native art, they address to you the following requests:—

"Withhold no longer from the public enjoyment, withhold no longer from our offended sense of what is great and perfect, the performance of your master-pieces.

"We know that a fine composition in church music has been composed to succeed that in which you have immortalized the sensations of a soul penetrated by the power of faith, and illumined by the light of the spiritual world.

"We know that a new flower has bloomed in the wreath of your glorious and incomparable symphonies.

"For years, since the thunder of the victory of Vittoria has died away, we have been waiting and hoping to see you lavish upon your friends new gifts from the fullness of your riches.

"Do not disappoint any longer the expectations of the public.

Enhance the impression of your latest creation by the pleasure of first becoming acquainted with it through you. Do not suffer the youngest offering of your genius to be introduced one day to their birth-place by strangers, perhaps by those who are strangers to your name and spirit. Appear as soon as possible among your friends, your worshippers, and admirers.

"This is our first and most urgent request. But other claims upon your genius have also been publicly made.

"The wishes which were expended, and the offers which were made, more than a year ago by the managers of the court opera, and afterwards by the Society of Austrian Lovers of Music, had been too long the unexpressed wish of all venerated of the tone art, and of your name, and excited too many hopes and expectations not to have been quickly known far and near, and to have awakened the most general interest. Poetry has done her part in sustaining these bright hopes. Worthily material from an esteemed poet's hand waits for your magic fancy to give it life.

"Do not permit this earnest summons to such noble work to be heard in vain. Delay no longer to transport us back to those departed days when Polyhymnia's song touched and delighted the hearts of the multitude as well as the consecrated priests of art.

"Shall we tell with what deep regret we have long been filled by your retired mode of life? Is it necessary to assure you that, when all eyes were turned in hope to you, all perceived with sorrow that the man whom we called, in his dominion, the highest among the living looked on in silence while foreign art encamped on German ground in the seat of the muses, German works were heard with an echo of foreign style, and a second childhood in taste threatened to follow the golden age of art?

"You alone are able to secure a decided victory to the efforts of the best among us. The German Art Union and the German opera call for new flowers of art, renewed life, and a new reign of the true and the beautiful over the power which threatens to subject even the eternal laws of art to the fashion of the day.

"Permit us to hope that the wishes of all who have been penetrated by your harmonies will now be fulfilled.

"This is our second and most urgent request.

"May the year which has begun not end until we have rejoiced in the fruit of our entreaties; and may the unfolding of one of these long-wished-for gifts become for us and for the whole world an occasion of double promise.

"VIENNA, February, 1824.

(Signed.)

PRINCE KARL LICHNOWSKY," *et als.*

Schindler had finished. His eyes were radiant with delight. Beethoven, too, was deeply moved.

"It is very beautiful, is it not? It gives me great pleasure," he said, turning to his friend.

Schindler nodded assent, and wrote in the conversation book that Beethoven must be convinced that he would have sufficient support if he should decide to give a concert at which his latest work should be performed.

"What!" cried Beethoven, after reading what his friend had written. "They do not want me any longer. I am not fit for the age of ballets and *roulades*. Rossini! Rossini! is the watchword. Away into the lumber-room with Beethoven and Sebastian Bach! We want no ideas, no depth, no greatness. Mozart may be thrown away with them. Rossini and his rabble are to live! Do you know," said Beethoven, turning to Schindler, with a bitter laugh, "do you know, my dear friend, what would have made a fine composer of Rossini?"

"What?"

"If his teacher had given him a shilling a little oftener."*

"You see from the memorial," Schindler wrote, "with what earnest longing the performance of Beethoven's work is expected."

"By a few people," said Beethoven, sorrowfully. "What does that amount to?—and what can I have performed,—the *Fidelio*? They cannot give that, and do not wish to hear it."

"Symphonies," wrote Schindler.

"No, no," said Beethoven, decidedly. "The public lives mid a confusion of superficial ideas. The spirit of the musician is changed, and neither is any longer susceptible to anything great."

* Beethoven's own words. Schindler, p. 138. By shilling in South Germany is meant a kind of blow.

Beethoven was silent, and read the paper again; then he said quietly, "Let us go out into the open air."

What intrigues, what obstacles, now presented themselves when Beethoven yielded at last to his friends and admirers. Music-Director Schindler, to whom Beethoven entrusted the arrangement of the whole affair, was scarcely able, in spite of his ardent zeal, to overcome all these plots and machinations. The performance was to take place at the court theatre, at the Karuthner Thor. But how was it possible to harmonize the claims of the manager and Schindler's demands? It was like bringing together flint and steel. There were constant sparks, but no yielding on either side.

Weeks passed, and no conclusion was reached. Beethoven's friends wrote, talked, and worked on day and night with the noblest and purest enthusiasm in their hearts,—it came to nothing.

In order to secure the co-operation of one of the contracting parties, *Beethoven himself*, Schindler endeavored to meet Count Lichnowsky and Herr Schuppanzigh at Beethoven's house at the same time, but the meeting must appear accidental to Beethoven.

The plan succeeded finely. Half in jest and half in earnest, Beethoven was induced to give a list of his plans and to sign the agreement.

The friends secretly rejoiced. They had succeeded in bringing Beethoven's name and fame before Vienna and the world again; they were on the point of obtaining a rich pecuniary testimonial to the master,—then—Beethoven suspected what they were doing. His suspicious nature, made much worse by ten years of deafness, and by the sad experience of his life, was alert. Where there had been nothing but the truest and purest love and care, he saw falsehood and treachery, and, in almost feverish excitement, this man, usually so great and glorious, wrote the following sultan-like *hatti-sherifs*:—

"TO THE COUNT MORITZ VON LICHNOWSKY.

"Falsehood I despise. Visit me no more. The concert will not take place.
BEETHOVEN."

“TO HERR SCHUPPANZIGH.

“Visit me no more. I shall give no concert.

BEETHOVEN.”

“TO HERR SCHINDLER.

“Do not visit me again till I send for you. No concert.

BEETHOVEN.”*

ENTIRELY ALONE.

The establishment of the platonic republic had always been Beethoven's most earnest desire, and his world had never been anything else than a world of ideas. He did not wish the platonic republic to come gradually, but to be established by Napoleon, for there was something Napoleonic in him. As, however, instead of finding his ideas realized, he was always coming in collision with men's coolness and moderation, his natural spirit of defiance, and the unfortunate physical affliction by which he was wholly excluded from society, produced a bitterness of feeling which led him into many strange mistakes.

In this lies the explanation of the three sultanic *hatti-sherifs* to Count Liechnowsky, Schuppanzigh, and Schindler. But had not these three men long known this poor, deaf Beethoven, whom fate had so tortured. They knew him well, and their love and reverence made them overcome even these authoritative commands.

Schindler himself says, “But Beethoven did not send with these the silken cord, consequently we all three remained alive, let his anger die out, and went on supporting each other in doing what was for his best interest.”

So the concert really took place. The hall was crowded, the gross receipts 2,220 florins, of which, subtracting 1000 for the hall, and 800 for the copying, there remained for Beethoven the miserable sum of 420 florins. Every box was crammed, with the single exception of the emperor's, which remained vacant.†

* A fact. Schindler, pp. 151, 152. † Schindler, p. 153.

When the concert was repeated, the hall was only half full, so that the managers had to pay 800 florins out of their own pockets. The applause with which Vienna received the Italian Signor David when he sang the favorite *cavatina* '*Di tanti palpiti*' was loud in proportion.

Beethoven was deeply hurt, and fell into such a disagreeable humor that he was scarcely approachable by anyone. But even this was not enough for Johann Van Beethoven. His wickedness must crush his brother still more; he must make the unfortunate man even more wretched. Ludwig had a friend and admirer who often stood in the way of the 'landowner's' selfish purposes, whose influence upon the master he feared. This man was Music-Director Schindler.

What did Johann do? He caused Schindler, this good and noble man, so full of enthusiasm and devotion, to be suspected of having cheated the latter at the first concert. With diabolical wickedness, Johann sowed this poisonous seed in the dark soil of Ludwig's displeasure. He knew that the demon of suspicion, which is the curse of deafness, would bring it to maturity.

At a dinner-party, which Beethoven gave a few days afterwards to the two directors of his concert, Kapell-meister Umlauf and Schuppanzigh, at which Schindler was also present, he could no longer restrain his anger, but declared that he had been informed that Schindler, in conjunction with the manager, Herr Dupert, had cheated him.

Schindler was stunned. Such an insult, in return for so much love and self-sacrifice, was unheard of. In vain Umlauf and Schuppanzigh endeavored to convince him that every piece of money had passed through the hands of the two cashiers of the theatre, and their accounts of the receipts exactly corresponded. A fraud on either side was out of the question. Beethoven, controlled by the demon suspicion, and excited to the highest degree by Johann, would not take back his accusation, so Schindler rose indignantly and withdrew.*

Beethoven had trifled away this friend also. As Johann wished, he stood now entirely alone in the world.

*This incident will serve to show what it was to be Beethoven's friend. Schindler, pp. 157, 158.

AUTUMN BREEZES.

Two years passed, and the world heard almost nothing of Beethoven. He had hired pleasant rooms in the previous spring at Penzig, near Schönbrunn, but he had been there almost as little as anywhere else. The room was bright and sunny, and pleased the strange, deaf, gloomy old man, but there was one important objection. The beautiful country house which Beethoven hired was situated close by the river, not far from a small foot-bridge. When the report spread abroad in Penzig that the strange, deaf man with the sombre face, the gray hair hanging in confusion about his head, the simple almost shabby dress, who wandered about so absorbed in thought,—that this was the celebrated Beethoven,—people, attracted by curiosity, and knowing that the great master always came over the bridge, stationed themselves there often in crowds to see him.

After three weeks, Ludwig Van Beethoven was so annoyed by their staring that he left Penzig, and hired a house for the summer in Baden. Four hundred florins had been paid in advance for the house in Penzig. But spring and summer fled away, like youth, and the fruitful period of life had vanished; when the winter came on, Beethoven was attacked by a severe illness.

It was fortunate now that he was reconciled again with Stephan Von Breuning and Music-Director Schindler. Beethoven's characteristic readiness to acknowledge his hastiness, and his earnest efforts to make good his faults, were proofs that he had, on the whole, a noble soul. Schindler, even more than Breuning, could forget and love again, when his musical nature was touched by such warm reverence and devotion.

How terribly lonesome the old man would have been—sick, deaf, driven almost to despair by his unhappy fate—if this friend had not stood by his side, if his faithful old Frau Schnaps and Kugler had not stayed with him, with touching love and loyalty, in spite of his severe treatment.

These few who were near Beethoven were compelled to bow before his overwhelming greatness, for, in spite of his many weaknesses and peculiarities, he stood in the battle with fate,

like one of those old kings and knights, of whom the legend relates "He fought until the last man in the whole hostile army fell, and the last drop of his own blood streamed from a thousand gaping wounds."

Beethoven was great in every respect, even if he had not been without a rival as a musician, for he was one of the few strong characters who have the courage to struggle with fate, man to man, without weariness or cowardly submission.

Surely, none had more need than he to struggle with fate. Two heavy blows now fell upon him with terrible weight.

Early in the year 1824, Beethoven received from a Russian Prince, Nicholas Von Galitzin, a very flattering letter, with the request, on acceptable terms, to write and dedicate to him one or two instrumental quartettes. This was followed by a second letter of similar purport; and, wonderful to relate, as, according to the story, certain serpents charm their victims by a look, so Beethoven, usually impenetrable to flattery, seemed to be held, yes, charmed, by the Russian prince. He at once left an oratorio which he had begun, and hastened to respond to the prince's wish.

Before the first two quartettes were finished, Galitzin requested a third, and so fascinated Beethoven that he thought no more of the oratorio nor of the tenth symphony, nor of that work which had been the highest purpose of his life, the key-stone, as it were, of his artistic work,—this task was no other than that of setting Goethe's *Faust* to music. So the master laid all these plans aside, that he might devote himself the more exclusively to finishing the quartettes.

Prince Nicholas Von Galitzin had promised to pay Beethoven one hundred and twenty-five ducats.

Time passed; the quartettes were sent off; but the master, who was the more in need of money, as the education of his nephew consumed immense sums, received from St. Petersburg nothing but letters with inquiries on certain disputed or doubtful points in the quartettes, with enthusiastic praises and hearty greetings. Of money there followed not a ruble.

Then came sickness, and Beethoven's financial difficulties increased. At last Beethoven asked the prince for his money, informing him of his straightened circumstances, but not a word of reply followed. Beethoven wrote again, at the same

time requesting the Austrian ambassador and Steiglitz's banking-house in St. Petersburg, in separate letters, to use their influence with the prince.

No reply either from the prince or from the ambassador. At last a letter came from the banking-house to the effect that Prince Nicholas Von Galitzin had just gone to the Persian army without leaving any orders that Beethoven should be paid.

This was a new and painful blow. Beethoven was even more grieved by the shameful conduct, by the abuse of confidence, by the cowardly manner of the theft, than by the pecuniary loss, though he was sorely in need of money at the time. But what was all this in comparison with the stroke of fate which was now to come upon him.

After a long sickness, Beethoven was beginning to recover, slowly, it is true, and sadly, for he was bowed with anxiety about his nephew. This anxiety was of two kinds; first, about the course which the youth was pursuing, and then as to the means of meeting the expense not only of his education but also of his dissipated habits.

When Beethoven found that he was cheated out of the pay for the quartettes, he had to try, first of all, to find some new source of income. He, therefore, made an agreement with the Brothers Scott, musical publishers in Mainz, by which these gentlemen were to pay him for the Grand Mass and the ninth symphony 600 florins, and 260 ducats in addition for five other works. So the master found himself all at once in possession of more than 300 florins, a sum which might have kept him for a long while above all the annoyances of poverty. But what did Beethoven do?

He said to himself, "You have adopted this nephew as your son, you must, therefore, care for him like a father, even though he rewards all your love and kindness, as he has done, with rude ingratitude." And Beethoven invested the whole sum quietly in state bonds, considering these and all the money he had laid aside for his nephew as no longer his own property, but as the inheritance of his adopted son.

Great and noble heart! no one saw this act; no one knew of it until the moment when that heart ceased to beat; but thou hadst thy satisfaction and reward in the consciousness of duty fulfilled.

How did the nephew reward him? Beethoven had given the boy an education which might better have fitted the son of a prince. To Beethoven's great delight, the boy, who was endowed with extraordinary talent, developed both physically and mentally with surprising rapidity.

Beethoven's whole heart now clung to his protégée. The master's last earthly hope in his loneliness rested upon this last descendant of his family, the representative of the noble name. The youth's happiness was his happiness. For him he saved, for him he starved himself. What pleasure Beethoven took in raising up for the world a great and good man,—a character firm, open, full of truth and manly virtue.

But, alas, it soon became evident that here, too, misfortune was to fall upon the master. The young man's character at once took a distorted shape, and frivolousness, craftiness, and untruth were his most prominent characteristics. From the very beginning of the suit he had passed continually from hand to hand, changing constantly his mode of education, spoiled at one time by his uncle's love, then systematically trained to craftiness and untruth by secret intercourse with his mother. Accustomed to extravagance through having too much money, and, more recently, when he was attending the course of lectures on philosophy at the university, made too early independent by Beethoven's indulgence and confidence, the nephew hurried on to utter ruin.

Bragging of his uncle's great kindness, excited against his benefactor by his mother's diabolical lust for revenge, he abused his freedom more and more from day to day, neglecting his studies, and, with rebellious ingratitude, bidding utter defiance to Beethoven's decided wish that he should have no intercourse with his mother.

This conduct stabbed Beethoven's soul like a two-edged sword. Crushed with grief, the deaf old man, alone in the world, who had scarcely recovered from a severe illness, wrote from Baden to the youth who had so utterly disappointed him:—

“Hitherto it has been only a matter of conjecture, though everyone has assured me that you are once more holding secret intercourse with your mother. Am I again to experience this horrible ingratitude? Shall the bond between us be

severed? So be it then. You will be despised by all impartial people who shall hear of your ingratitude. Am I to be forced to entangle myself again in these abominations? No, never again. Is my love oppressive to you? In God's name, my old heart, wounded by the countless blows of fate, will survive even this hardest blow of all. So be it,—it longs for rest, which it will soon find. I leave you to Divine Providence. I have done my part. With joyful courage I can stand before the Supreme Judge of all. God has never forsaken me. Someone will be found to close my eyes.

I know that it is no pleasure to you to be with me,—of course not. The atmosphere is too pure for you. You need not come on Sunday, for your conduct is inconsistent with true harmony and concord. What is the use of this hypocrisy? Rather throw off the cloak. You need not deceive me or hide yourself from me. Candor is better for your character in the end than the falsehood in which you deck yourself.

Oh, my son! My lost son! If you knew the unutterable pain with which I write this,—thus you are reflected in me!

But of what use are loving admonitions? You will be angry in any case. But be not anxious. I shall care for you always as I have done.

“Farewell. He who has not, indeed, given you life, but the support of life, and, what is more than all else, the culture of your mind, with a fatherly, yes, more than a fatherly, care, earnestly entreats you once more to return to the right path,—the path of goodness and truth.

“Your good and faithful father.”

Twenty-four hours after this letter was mailed, Beethoven received the information that, on account of frivolousness, neglect of study, and immorality, his nephew had been expelled from the university.

A GREAT MAN.

Ludwig Van Beethoven sat at home in what is called the Schwarzpanier house, situated on the glacis of the suburb of Währing. It suited him well, had plenty of sunshine, and com-

manded an extensive and agreeable prospect over the city and several suburbs.

But the pleasant view for the great Beethoven was, alas, only outside; within, all was dark and gloomy. His tragic fate was moving slowly on to its fulfillment.

What terrible suffering Beethoven's nephew had recently brought upon him. The news that his nephew had been expelled from the university on account of dissipation, neglect of study, and immorality had come like a thunder-bolt upon Beethoven's head. So his name, of which he thought so much, which he had made so great and glorious, the purity of which had always been his pride, was disgraced a second time. All the high hopes which he had fixed upon his nephew, so fortunately endowed by nature, were utterly destroyed. He had lived to see that the sacrifices which he had joyfully made for this dear boy had been in vain. Love and kindness, his earnest entreaties and warnings, had been of no avail. An unutterable grief was consuming the master's soul. His eyes sank deeper into their sockets, the lines on his face grew sharper, his form was thinner and more withered.

But Beethoven's spirit remained strong, his heart unchanged in its greatness and its love. When his nephew wrote to him again, full of repentance, the master replied as follows:—

“My dear son,—No more of this. Come to my arms. You shall not hear a hard word. Oh, God, go not away in your misery. You will be lovingly received. We will talk over again, affectionately, what is to be done in the future. I give you my word of honor that there will be no reproaches, since they would now be useless. You may expect from me only the most loving care and assistance. Only come. Come to your father's faithful heart.

BEETHOVEN.”

“Only be obedient to me, and affection, peace of mind, and worldly prosperity will be our united lot. You will enjoy an inward and spiritual as well as a material existence. But let the former be preferred to the latter.

“A thousand times I embrace and kiss you, not my lost but my new-born nephew. For you, my restored child, will your affectionate father ever care.*

BEETHOVEN.”

*The original letter word for word. Schindler, pp. 175, 176.

What magnanimity! What an inexhaustible fountain of precious love in this torn and tortured breast!

When the nephew was required to work up several old examinations, he ended by attempting to take his own life.

Ludwig Van Beethoven's heart had received its death blow from the only person whom he loved on earth.

The attempt failed, it is true, but, according to the laws of the land, the young man fell into the hands of justice as a suicide, since the law maintains that nothing but want of religion can lead to so violent a step. Malefactors of this kind are, therefore, placed in strict confinement by the state, that they may receive the necessary religious training. Thus it was with Beethoven's nephew.

In the month of October, 1826, the time was drawing near when Beethoven expected to receive his nephew to his care again. He could not have him in Vienna, nor did he wish to do so, and his brother Johann offered his country-house to Ludwig and his nephew for a temporary residence until Hofrath Von Breuning, who had now been appointed by the government, should succeed in providing for the latter some other abode.

It was a sad day when Ludwig drove in a hired carriage toward his brother's house. He had asked Johann to send his close carriage, but the 'land-owner' wrote in reply, "A hired carriage will do. My horses are sick and need rest."

Ludwig Van Beethoven quietly laid aside this reply from the man who owed all he was and all he possessed to him. The blows of fate had gradually made him indifferent to such things. He lived shut up in his inmost self, and this last heavy burden, which was crushing his heart, had made him insensible to all other pain. Besides, he always looked upon the little meannesses of the ex-apothecary as constant proofs of his lack of self-respect and his pitiable spiritual darkness.

As we have said, the day was dull and unpleasant. A chilly autumn mist covered the fields, cutting off the distant prospect, while the dampness of the air gradually penetrated the master's clothes so completely as to make him shiver.

Beethoven covered himself up more closely, and lay back in the corner of the carriage. As was his habit, when he wished to escape unpleasant thoughts, he concentrated all his intellectual strength upon one of his musical creations. Today he

was thinking over his latest work, composed immediately after his illness,—the quartette No. 12, with the remarkable *adagio*, ‘*Canzona di ringraziamente in modo lidico offerta alla Divinità da un guarito.*’

Beethoven was soon so absorbed in intellectual work that the world wholly vanished, and pain and sorrow were entirely gone. It was late at night when he reached the house, but, when the carriage stopped in front of the elegant mansion, no one but the servant was there to receive him. Brother Johann informed him by a note, which the servant delivered, that he had gone with his family to a ball in the neighborhood, and that his room was ready.

What more did Beethoven need? He was tired, and was glad to have a good bed and be comfortable in one of the beautiful rooms of which his brother Johann had so many. But what is this?

“Where are you taking me?” asked the master of the servant, who was lighting the new-comer across the yard with a lantern.

The servant pointed to the house near, usually occupied by the gardener.

“What!” cried Beethoven, bluntly, “he does not know me.”

“Why not?” growled the servant lazily, going on without turning round.

“Do you hear!” cried Beethoven again, “what have I to do with the gardener?”

This, also, was fruitless. The man with the light went on to the small house, opened the door, and, when he saw that Beethoven did not follow him, he put the lantern on the ground, leaned against the door-post, and whistled a tune while he waited for Beethoven to come.

In the meantime, the master, angry at the man’s stupidity, had gone toward the door of the house. It was locked. He rang the bell, but no one came. The servants had taken advantage of the family’s absence and gone to a dance at the tavern in the neighborhood.

Formerly, under such circumstances, Beethoven would have gone on foot to Vienna without more ado, if it had taken all night. This idea really occurred to him now, but he felt that his strength was not sufficient. Besides, the cold night wind

felt so sharp through his wet clothes that he began to tremble from head to foot. What could he do?

Beethoven suppressed an outcry at this affectionate, brotherly reception, and went to the gardener's house. When the servant saw him coming, he took up his lantern lazily, and went up the narrow steps leading to the gardener's rooms. The master followed. When they were up stairs, the guide entered, lit a lamp, let the master in, and went away whistling.

The master looked around. Could it be that this low, plainly-furnished room was intended for him? There was a bed made up, and here on the table the supper was served,—a little butter, bread and cheese, a plate with five thin slices of sausage, and a bottle of good small beer.

Ludwig Van Beethoven said nothing. It seemed as if a marble hand had crushed his heart with a single grasp. Then a strange feeling came over him. He was home-sick for his own room in Vienna, a home-sickness which went deeper and deeper for everlasting rest and everlasting forgetfulness.

Beethoven left the supper untouched and went to bed. When he rose the next morning and went to the window he saw his brother's fine, comfortable equipage before the door of the house. A few minutes later Johann himself came into his room.

He was a pompous-looking man, and looked as if he did not know the meaning of the word care. His red face shone with pride, as if he would say, "Did I not tell you long ago that you would never get along in the world as I have," and the malicious smile around the ex-apothecary's mouth was sufficient comment on this question.

He nodded graciously to his brother.

"Good morning, Johann," said the latter, seriously and quietly.

"I am going to get Louis now," Johann wrote on the sheet of paper which he had brought.

"In the close carriage?" asked Beethoven.

The 'land-owner' assented.

"I thought the horses were sick."

"They are well again," Johann wrote.

"Remarkable!" said Ludwig. "Why am I stuck here in this miserable hole, in the gardener's house, while you have plenty of comfortable rooms vacant in your own house?"

"Because you ruin every decent room with your bathing, and your other disorderly habits," wrote Johann.

"I thought that my brother, the 'land-owner,' owed the house and everything in it to me, so I should think that I at least deserved——"

Johann turned and left the room without saying a word. Two minutes later the carriage rolled out of the beautiful garden, which was adorned with all kinds of birds.

Louis was to meet his uncle half way. When the 'land-owner,' Johann Van Beethoven, had received his nephew, they drove slowly back.

Louis was beaming with joy at being released from his imprisonment. Leaning back comfortably in one corner of the elegant carriage, smoking a fine cigar, he gave himself up with quiet delight to the enjoyment of which he had so long been deprived, while he entertained his uncle with a description of the efforts which had been made by the ministers during his time of correction to make him pious and holy. Louis was running over with wit and sarcasm, which he also applied to the anticipated meeting with his uncle Ludwig, his 'old growler.'

"The affair must be managed nicely," said the 'land-owner.' "The old man is a fool, with whom it is not necessary to have much ceremony. His eccentricity has gradually become insanity, as everybody knows, and as his latest compositions most strikingly prove."

"I knew that long ago," answered the nephew, with indifference.

"Then he must be treated like a weak-minded man," Johann continued. "You cannot do better than to assent to his way of thinking, and, as he has always been an idealist, an enthusiast for virtue, an impractical fanatic, I think it will be as well for you to be an enthusiast for virtue. It will certainly be something new for you. Play the penitent, throw yourself on his neck, swear to be a saint, and you will see that his heart will be touched again, and he will beg you himself to forget the whole affair."

"That is very tedious."

"But it is the best way to pass the matter over quietly."

"There will be a family scene at the end."

"I have looked out for that. He is lodged in the next house."

"Excellent," cried Louis, laughing. "Did he not rave because you did not put him in the chamber of state?"

"He was on the point of doing so, but I turned my back on him and left him alone. Then he grew tame."

"Will our meeting be without witnesses?"

"Of course."

"Well, I will follow your advice, uncle, but let us talk about something else now. The subject disgusts me."

So the conversation took another turn. Louis asked if no news had come from his mother. Johann said that they knew nothing about her.

Then the lieutenantcy has not come yet, thought the nephew. The young man was so frivolous that, whenever it was in his power, he always threw aside whatever was in the least disagreeable.

That a comfortable meal should not be lost on account of this painful meeting, they stopped at the last inn before they came to the country seat. The dinner had been previously ordered, and it tasted very good to the two travellers. Louis was in paradise, and Johann, who liked good company, almost laughed himself sick over the merriment of the youth who had so long devoted himself to prayer and penitence.

But at last the dinner was over, and the fatal step must be taken.

With what gentle earnestness, what grand self-denial, what inexhaustible love and kindness, Ludwig met his nephew, who seemed to be so crushed with penitence. No reproaches passed his lips. Nothing could be altered now, and he only wished to comfort, encourage, and cheer the man who had fallen so low, but who was, apparently, so sadly humbled. Beethoven never seemed so great, so complete a man. With a magnanimity truly astonishing, he had forgotten all the innumerable injuries, erased from his memory all the crying ingratitude, borne all the nameless sufferings which his adopted son had brought upon him.

Here was shown the fruit of a weary, struggling life, the result of an untiring reverence for the greatness of antiquity, the submission of a soul quietly striving for moral perfection.

Then came over Beethoven at this moment a blissful and uplifting sensation, very unexpected and unusual. It seemed

to him as if his soul widened to infinity, as if his mind looked into the depths of eternal wisdom, as if his heart embraced all humanity. He laid his hand gently on his nephew's shoulder, took Louis' right hand in the other, pressed it gently, and said:—

“Let this end the matter. But remember, my son, it is not enough to make good resolutions. Resolutions, to be good, to be active, to improve, and to do work which demands improvement, must not only be formed but must be kept. Better to fail in many things than to neglect all. A man who does anything has a certain merit. He who constantly refuses to act has none at all. The latter class is immensely large. They are weary souls, inactive dreamers, who, for this very reason, are never happy.

“Understand, I do not wish you to renounce any innocent pleasures, any agreeable feeling. You shall be denied nothing which nature intended for you. Far be from me that foolish and unnatural desire to destroy man, that by my absurd effort I may get a god out of the ruins.

“All I ask, my son, is moderation; and this for no other reason than because it is indispensable if I would keep you from pain and repentance. Nothing deserves the name of pleasure which is combined with the unhappiness of others, or the reproaches of your own soul. Let your heart and intellect share the pleasures of the senses, and let the senses have a share in the pleasures of the heart and of the intellect. Man, related on the one side to the beasts of the field, and on the other to divinity, is as incapable of being a mere animal as of being a mere spirit.

“He lives according to his nature and destiny only when he is constantly progressing; every step in wisdom and virtue which he ascends increases his true happiness within and without.”

Beethoven ceased, and left the youth with a warm, tender pressure of the hand.

When Louis closed the door behind him he laughed boldly, but a voice within called to him:—

“For shame, worthless man. What a miserable contrast to this grand soul.”

How was it with Beethoven? His heart was calm and happy once more.

The consciousness of one's own goodness is a blessed feeling. Be noble, and it will be well with you. The storms of life will not frighten you. Safe and serene, you shall wander through the paths of night, and misfortune itself can only exalt the majesty of your soul.

WORTHLESSNESS.

Since, according to law, Louis could not enter Vienna again, it was decided that Ludwig Van Beethoven should remain some time at his brother's country seat. Meanwhile, Hofrath Von Breuning, the new guardian, was using all his influence on the one side to repeal this decree, and, on the other hand, since the nephew insisted upon being a soldier, to interest Lieutenant Field-Marshal Stutterheim to give him a cadet's position in his regiment.

A letter from Stephan Von Breuning brought the news that both attempts had been successful. Beethoven was very much pleased, and showed his gratitude to the lieutenant field-marshal by dedicating to him his great quartette in C sharp minor.

But the stars were adverse to Beethoven, and it was not decreed that a pleasant light should brighten the evening of his life. From the day of his arrival, this nephew seemed to be as neglectful of him as his brother Johann, and it grieved him still more deeply to see that his nephew's good resolutions were so poorly kept. Instead of devoting himself somewhat to his affectionate foster-father, the youth troubled himself very little about the old man or his own future, but went roving about the country day after day with his uncle.

The 'land-owner's' elegant carriage was constantly on the road with these two, and often did not bring them back till late at night.

If Beethoven ventured to utter a word of warning the next morning, Louis followed his uncle Johann's example and turned his back upon him, leaving the lonely, deaf man to his silent grief.

More than this, Johann seemed to be making every effort to drive his brother Ludwig back to the city as soon as possible. His thoughtlessness of his elder brother and benefactor was incredible. The autumn weather was so intolerable that Ludwig Van Beethoven could not remain at the country seat. He told his brother this frankly, and, as he was not feeling well, being bowed with the grief which weighed upon him, and which he buried deep in his heart, and was thus unable to make the journey in one day, he asked Johann to take him to Vienna in his close carriage. A dark frown came upon Johann's forehead.

"I can't do it," was the reply. "The roads are too bad. My carriage will be ruined. You can go in my old carriage."

"But that is open," answered Beethoven. "The weather is horrible, and I am not well."

"It is a whim," Johann wrote. "Nothing but imagination. You can have my cloak, too."

When Beethoven read these words he was at first unable to speak, but his eyes flashed so terribly that Johann turned pale.

"Give me a pedlar's cart, for aught I care," cried Ludwig, in tones of thunder, "but I wish it to be brought immediately, for I will not tread the same floor with you another hour, and Louis shall go too."

A half hour later the old open wagon drove up in front of the gardener's house. Without a word of farewell, without a look at his nephew, who had angrily yielded to his uncle's command, Ludwig got in. The coachman, the same one who had received Ludwig, whipped up the horses, and away they went to Vienna. Beethoven's countenance was like marble.

When he arrived at Vienna he felt sick. A terrible cough threatened to choke him.

Four days had passed since Beethoven's return to Vienna. His illness had not diminished, but increased, and—the master was alone.

Alone!—for Kugler lay in the hospital. His nephew went out regularly every morning after breakfast, and did not return till night. Schindler and Breuning did not yet know of the master's arrival; and though Frau Schnaps, who had grown old and infirm, still clung to her poor master with the same faithfulness and self-sacrificing love, it was beginning to be hard for her to serve him, and her duties kept her busy in the kitchen and about her housekeeping.

Beethoven was alone!—and he remained so, for he could not go out any longer. At one time his limbs were shaken with chills, and these were followed by violent and long-continued headaches, accompanied with all the symptoms of fever. He had, also, a feeling of pressure, more particularly on his breast. Frequent, quick coughs, with sharp pains in his lungs, increased his sufferings. His face was flushed with the rush of blood to the head, and the painful shortness of breath increased till it threatened to choke him.

Beethoven was alone! He was sitting in his room, tired, sad, racked by his cough, and his pain. Out on the street the wild, merry life of Vienna was stirring. Whips snapped, wagons rolled along, soldiers passed by, and a proud, joyful march sounded like a shout of victory. Pedlars were crying their wares, the postilion on the post-carriage blew his horn lustily. Beethoven heard nothing. He had been deaf thirteen years, and the silence of death, in which he had lived so long, was around him now.

Beethoven was alone! His thoughts lingered in the distant past, which seemed to him like a lost paradise. He saw himself with Eleonore Von Breuning and her mother, little Rosa, and all the friends on the beautiful Godesberg. The sun was setting, and yonder lay the beautiful Seven Mountains with their rocky crowns; yonder, the venerable Father Rhine rolled his silver waves majestically along.

Alas, he had never seen his dear, beautiful home again, though he had sorely longed for it, and often planned an excursion to it. Therefore, he could not forget that one walk when the eagle's wings had rustled above his head, and he had envied its bold flight toward those lonely, soundless regions near the sun.

Beethoven sat alone,—in soundless stillness, in a solitude like that of the grave, thinking how wonderfully his life had shaped itself, and how it had many a time seemed as if a hand from out the clouds had pointed to a definite future. The course of thought led him to the crypt in the Kreuzberg, at Bonn. The dried corpses of monks long dead were standing there around the walls, and he could hear still his own cry of surprise at the question concerning his future,—the cry, “Dead among the living, or living among the dead?” All was still as

the grave, and the silence of solitude rested on all the region around him, but no sweet voice cried as it had done then, "Or living among the dead."

"Jeanette!" sighed Beethoven, and a happy, fleeting smile passed over his hard, marble features. But how strange. He could only remember Jeanette as she looked that evening when they were celebrating his birth-day, and she represented Fancy. How her dear, earnest face still shone upon him, how pleasantly she pointed out to him the laurel-wreath of everlasting fame.

Everlasting fame. Beethoven sighed deeply. At the same instant Jeanette's image seemed to dissolve into mist before his mental vision, but the mist seemed to be in motion, and soon it took another form. Now it is the head of a girl,—a picture, delicate, pale, ethereal. Yes, he knew the picture. It was his little Countess Eugenie. But what did she hold in her hand? He could not quite tell what it was, but it seemed like a crown of thorns. All at once, the delicate face grew pale as a corpse, the eyes grew fixed like a ghost's, the arms were stretched out as if averting some danger, and, with the words, "The cloud! the black cloud!" the picture vanished into the dark shadow.

Whoever had seen Ludwig sitting there would have sworn that he was standing before a bronze figure.

Other glorious memories came into his mind. The thunder of battle and shouts of victory, and a house rose before him, filled with countless dazzling men and women, with elegant ladies, emperors and kings, dukes and princes,—and all were shouting,—all were bowing,—and their shouts and their bows were for him,—the sovereign of the realm of tone,—for him, Ludwig Van Beethoven.

At this moment the master's eye fell upon an old, withered laurel-wreath, which had lost many of its leaves in the storm of time, and in Ludwig's many moves from one dwelling to another, but it had always been carefully hung on the wall over the English piano.

As Beethoven's eye gazed at the wreath it grew green again, and fresh, and full, and a beautiful woman's form came up, took it from the wall, and pressed it on Beethoven's head.

The master's face lighted up, his tired eyes sent forth eager

glances, his muscles grew tense, and a wonderfully-proud, happy smile played about the corners of his mouth.

This was only for an instant; then the golden sun-light faded, and the smile died away into an expression of indescribable despair. Beethoven pressed his hand to his head and cried:—

“Enough! Enough! Since the eternal, terrible silence, the stillness of the grave, this horrible loneliness, surrounds me, be silent, also, ye voices of happy memories. Be dumb for me, flee from me, as all the world has done.”

He was attacked by a severe coughing which continued till it almost choked him. Beethoven looked around in despair. He was alone! He tried to call the housekeeper, but he could not. His breath grew shorter, his face was red and swollen, his eyes projected, his right hand was pressed upon his breast, his left grasped the back of the chair convulsively, then the cough grew less violent.

But his strength was exhausted. He sank back on his chair, his eyes closed, while he whispered softly:—

“Then I am to die—quite alone—and forgotten, forsaken by all the world.”

A quarter of an hour later Music-Director Schindler came up the steps in good spirits. When he came to the kitchen, at a short distance from the house, he went in and greeted Frau Streng pleasantly.

“Well, Frau Streng,” he said cheerfully, “how are you? Have you no letters from the master yet?”

“Letters?” answered the astonished housekeeper, but, suddenly, she remembered that the music director had not been there for several days.

“Oh, yes,” she said, “letters, Herr Schindler, when the letter himself is in the house, alive but not well.”

“What? How is it?” returned Schindler, amazed. “Herr Van Beethoven is here again, and I knew nothing of it!”

“He has been here four days,” answered the housekeeper, stiff with amazement. “Did Mr. Louis not tell you?”

“Not a word,” said Schindler.

“Oh, dear, and master is so ill.”

But Schindler heard no more. He hurried to his beloved teacher’s room. As he tore open the door, horror deprived him for a moment of the power of speech or motion.

Beethoven lay in his chair unconscious.

"Great God!" cried Schindler when he recovered his speech and went up to his friend.

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Frau Streng, who followed him.

Fortunately, Beethoven opened his eyes again at this moment. He was still very weak, and some time passed before he could remember what had happened. How glad he was to see his faithful friend and pupil. With what loving care Schindler endeavored, with Frau Streng's assistance, to strengthen and refresh him.

"Why did you not come before?" asked Beethoven, with a weak voice, but without anger.

"Because I had not heard a word of your return," wrote Schindler.

"Did not my nephew tell you?"

"I have not laid my eyes on him."

Beethoven's head sank upon his breast.

Schindler, who, not a little alarmed at his friend's condition, heard from Frau Streng an account of Beethoven's sufferings, while the housekeeper brought a cup of the drink which she had provided for her master night and day, as he had no other physician.

"For Heaven's sake," he now wrote in the conversation book, "why did you not send for your old physician, Dr. Braunhofer?"

Beethoven read it. Then turning a look of bitter irony upon Schindler, he said:—

"Frau Schnaps went to him. Do you wish to hear what he replied?"

Schindler made a sign of assent.

"He replied that it was too far away for him."*

"What!" said Schindler, with an inquiring glance at Frau Streng, and a flash of righteous indignation in his eyes.

"Yes," she answered, with folded hands. "The same Dr. Braunhofer who was so long our good master's physician, and to whom, on new-year's day, I have so often carried a handful of ducats, made me that reply."

"But why did you not send then for Dr. Staudenheim?—he has often treated you,"—asked the music director.

* Historic.

"Schnaps went to him, also," answered Beethoven; "he said he would come."

"And?"

"And he did not come,"* said Beethoven, and his head sank upon his breast again.

There are experiences in human life when amazement at what is incredible checks for a moment the power of thought. It was so with Beethoven. How was it possible that men, that physicians, could be so unfeeling, so ungrateful, so forgetful of their duty even to the meanest man, and here—to one of the first and greatest of the century.

Schindler had not recovered from his amazement, which had given place to a righteous indignation, when there was a knock at the door.

Frau Streng opened it, and an elegant man entered. He was no longer young nor handsome, but his expression of kindness and sympathy was a great recommendation.

"Whom have I the honor of addressing?" asked Music-Director Schindler.

"Dr. Wawruch, Professor of Clinics," answered the newcomer. "I come to offer my services to Herr Van Beethoven."

Schindler looked at Beethoven with surprise. Neither of them knew Dr. Wawruch, but Beethoven, who was feeling very ill, wrote in the book:—

"You are very welcome to me."

Wawruch now examined the disease. It was, without doubt, consumption of the lungs, caused by the journey in the open wagon. The physician made the necessary arrangements energetically.

When Schindler escorted Dr. Wawruch out, he said, smiling:—

"I owe you an explanation of my reasons for making this visit, being a perfect stranger to you and Herr Van Beethoven."

"I confess," answered Schindler, "that I am doubly curious because it was so especially welcome."

"This morning," said the physician, "a letter from some coffee house near here was brought into my clinic. When I gave the man the prescription he needed, something seemed to be on

*Historic.

his mind. I inquired and learned that, two days before, Herr Van Beethoven's nephew, who was playing billiards, had commissioned him to find any physician he chose for his sick uncle. As he was ill, this was impossible, and he, therefore, asked me to come. Of course," the doctor added, "I hastened here at once, and it surely was high time." *

Schindler's face glowed with shame. He was scarcely able to express his own and the master's thanks to the kind man who now took his leave.

Could it be possible that what he heard was true,—that the man who owed everything to Beethoven—whom the latter had adopted as a son, for whom he saved and starved himself, upon whom he lavished love and kindness, who lived merrily on the fat of the land—was playing billiards, laughing and carousing, while his benefactor, his second father, was at home in danger of dying alone, and commissioned a servant to send any physician he chose to the sick man?

Schindler's noble heart was bleeding. Pressing both hands to his face, he stood a long while in painful agitation over the fearful, tragic fate of his teacher and friend.

THE EAGLE'S LAST FLIGHT.

It was on the 2d of December, 1826, that Ludwig Van Beethoven returned with his nephew, the serpent that he had nurtured in his bosom, from his unbrotherly brother's country seat, in an old, open wagon, to Vienna.

Four days later Schindler found him in his room, almost choked with coughing, and Dr. Wawruch said that the master, whom he greatly revered, was in consumption. The case soon grew worse; symptoms of dropsy appeared. The first puncture was on December 18th, the second followed January 8th, the third on the 28th of the same month.†

Toward the end of January, after long entreaties from Schind-

* A fact. † Schindler, pp. 131, 132.

ler, who had really exhausted himself by his devoted care of the sick man, the celebrated Dr. Malfatti was induced to prescribe for Beethoven. From this time, by the advice of both physicians, the only medicine which the sufferer received was a considerable quantity of iced punch daily, by which his system, completely exhausted by three operations, was so revived that he considered himself quite well again, threw away the volume of Walter Scott with which he had been trying to pass away the time, exclaiming, "The man writes only for money," and went to work again at a sonata for two performers, which he had been writing for Diabelli, although the physicians had positively prohibited any mental exertion.

A warm, cheerful sunbeam was once more to fall on his fading life, like a sorrowful word of parting. His nephew had decided to enter the army, as no news had come from his mother, and had gone to join his regiment.

Beethoven breathed more freely. His love was not exhausted, but it was crushed. His poor, wounded heart, so painfully racked by his nephew, needed rest. Beethoven, for whose favor all the nobility of Vienna had contended, who had been sought out by emperors and kings, to whom all true musicians and friends of art in the world had paid enthusiastic homage, now saw around him no one but the old companion of his youth, Hofrath Von Breuning, and his faithful pupil and friend, Music-Director Schindler. When these were prevented, by the duties of their calling, from being with Beethoven, the great master had a favorite companion and faithful nurse in Breuning's son, eleven years of age.

How often this handsome, intelligent boy, whose delicate face reminded Ludwig so much of Eleonore, and of the happy years he had spent at the Breunings' house,—how often, in his freedom from anxiety and ignorance of Beethoven's dangerous condition, the boy cheered his lonely hours. Fate was binding the beginning and end of a great human life together like a ring, and letting both blend into each other. When Beethoven looked at the little boy, his whole life lay before him, from the jubilant youth with its innumerable hopes, when his heart delighted in so many ideals which he must strive to reach, to this old age stripped of all its expectations. And, yet, could he not say, with a good conscience, that he had reached his goal?

Who, of all the musicians in the world, had held a higher position than he? Who, of all the composers, had risen to such a gigantic height, even to the extreme limit of thought and action? Where was the human being who, in the domain of harmony, excelled him in majestic sublimity?

Were not all the ideals to which the noble ambition of youth had built altars still uplifted in his heart and mind? Yes, Ludwig Van Beethoven looked down upon the invisible graves of sunken joys, but a majestic smile came over his face when, as he reviewed his life, he could say, with joyous self-approval, "Thou hast honestly performed thy life-task as artist and man. Thou hast faithfully served the eternal, the divine spirit in thy soul; thy labor was great, and rich in blessing, and the reward is—the immortality of thy name."

If he could but have been spared the misery and sorrow of earth. Like so many a great genius, the great Beethoven was pursued by sorrow to the grave. The world seemed to have forgotten him; he had been cheated and robbed; he saw a long sickness before him, and the necessity of work was greater than ever for the sick man, on his own account, and for his nephew. Beethoven shuddered. Want was knocking at the door.

Then the master thought of the Philharmonic Society, in London, which had given him many pleasant invitations, and always treated him with affection and regard, and Ludwig Van Beethoven, the pride of his century, here found support.

But why did he not turn to his own brother, to Johann, the 'land-owner,' who had grown rich through him? Why? When, in the course of the disease which attacked Ludwig, in consequence of Johann's unkindness, a hay-vapor bath was ordered, and Ludwig asked his brother to let him have some of his hay, Johann refused with the excuse that his hay was too bad.*

Beethoven wrote to Moscheles and Sir George Smart, in London, to use their influence for him with the Philharmonic Society, which had always been so friendly to him. What a sensation this letter from the first of German composers must have made among his worshipers in London? A hundred pounds sterling came at once, and the assurance on the part

* A fact.

of the Society that they were ready to render any further service necessary.

But the Fates, those inexorable sisters who spin the destiny of man with their growing threads, had arisen. Atropos was ready to cut the thread of a great life.

The morning of a beautiful March day lay pleasantly upon the earth. Beethoven was unusually excited by his iced punch, although the remedy was now often without effect. A peculiar, almost alarming, cheerfulness had come over him. Suddenly, he was as happy as if he were quite well, or, at least, would be so in a short time. He seemed to himself like a man upon whom the heavy, iron door of a damp prison had suddenly opened, and who, leaving behind him all suffering, greeted his liberty with a jubilant shout.

"I shall be well again," he said to himself, "I feel it, and then I will lead a life of repose far from the world, in undisturbed quiet. I will study nature, will meditate upon eternal truths, and give expression to both in new, grand musical creations."

Alas, poor man! He did not hear the wings of death rustling above him, and his bony hand gradually drawing away the heavy veil of this earthly existence.

His eye rested with pleasure on the child-like face of young Breuning, who was not far from him, turning over engravings in an old folio, and around whose fair head the rays of the spring sun, shining through the window, cast the halo of innocent childhood.

"Life looks so happy to him. May it not still have something pleasant for me?" thought Beethoven. "I have enjoyed but little good fortune. Good fortune—bad fortune?" he asked himself, contemplatively. "Viewed from a lofty stand-point, there is no bad fortune in the world. What are good and bad fortune but obstacles to the stream of our spiritual life? They must be overcome that the stream may flow on strong and clear." Beethoven looked at the boy again, who raised his bright blue eyes just then, and looked pleasantly at the sick man. The glance of the child moved the master deeply. He breathed it in like an elixir of life, and it seemed to strengthen him amazingly. Then the desire came over him to compose once more. He had already planned the outline for the tenth symphony.

The thought of it, now that he felt better able to work, electrified him. The genius raised his proud head; the eagle stirred his wings again.

Beethoven asked the astonished little boy to give him his sketch.

"But you must not work," the child wrote in the book.

"I feel quite well again," answered the master, gently caressing the boy's fair, curly hair. "A little work will amuse me."

In the meantime, the excitement and emotion had given so much energy to Beethoven's appearance, that it deceived the inexperienced little boy.

He gave Beethoven the sketch, which the master received with flashing eyes, and a strangely-hasty movement. Now all was lost and forgotten for him,—the world, life, sickness, joy and sorrow,—for he was composing,—Ludwig Van Beethoven was at work on his tenth symphony.

When, after long and deep meditation, he had chosen a theme for his symphony, which entirely suited his purpose, he did not hurry to begin. He turned the theme this way and that, in order to learn all the transpositions of which it was capable. He wrote the thoughts as they came to his mind without order or selection, and without troubling himself about the place they would take later in the symphony, for they always rushed in upon him in greater abundance than was needed for the most comprehensive composition. When he went to work again, he chose from the sheets he had prepared what seemed to him the best, and formed either in his mind or with the aid of notes the general plan of the work, in which the separate materials, collected and assorted, arranged themselves in proper order. Then came the details of the instrumentation and rhythm.

Truly glorious thoughts were rushing upon him today. He thought and wrote, stirred by a bold, powerful impulse. The work of a true artist proceeds from the idea alone, which gives it its direction and meaning, and is the reflection of the picture which he carries in his mind, while the form is to him only its visible representation: so it was with Beethoven.

The eagle raised his proud wings again,—but it was his last flight.

Beethoven suddenly threw the pen away, a death-like pallor covered his face, and, with a cry, he fainted. When he came to himself again, Frau Streng, the boy, and Hofrath Von Breuning stood near him. He gave a sorrowful look toward the few loved ones; then he said, in a sepulchral tone:—

“That is the last disappointment,—it is all over with me—”

From that day Beethoven looked upon his approaching end with Socratic wisdom and tranquillity. Plato and his lofty ideas of morality and the rule of reason were clearer to him than ever.

“I shall soon be at rest,” he said the next day to Schindler, with a quiet smile; “and this heart has surely need of rest, for it has been torn and tortured by men and by fate. But I close my eyes with the blessed consciousness that I have left one shining track upon the earth. I have much indeed to say of happiness, but there is no true happiness under the sun, neither with the village pastor nor with the prime minister. True happiness is nothing but the consciousness that in your life-work you have responded to the demands of the Eternal One.”

Beethoven now requested Music-Director Schindler to attend to the dedication of his latest quartette, and to choose one of his best friends. Schindler gladly consented, and promised to introduce whatever was necessary, looking with admiration at the man who, in spite of all the ingratitude he had experienced, was anxious, with his latest breath, to show his gratitude to his few friends and patrons.

Now Ludwig wrote his will with his own hand,—his last will,—by which, forgetting all injuries, he named his nephew and adopted son as heir of all his property. The legacy was the little sum which Beethoven had laid aside quietly from his income a long while before, and which had never been touched even when he was in greatest need. It was 10,000 florins.*

The 24th of March dawned, and with it the first signs of the end of all suffering and sorrow, the natural consequences of his condition. A long, fearful struggle between death and life began. Stephan Von Breuning and Schindler did not leave Beethoven. In response to a letter from Schindler, a friend, and worshiper also, came from a distance. It was Anselm

* Schindler, p. 19.

Hüttenbrenner, well known as a composer, who wished to see once more the dying man whom he loved and honored. The struggle continued through the two following days. Beethoven's powerful nature had had a hard conflict with death.

"Schindler," said Hofrath Von Breuning, on the afternoon of March 26th, sad and pale with watching the dying man, "Schindler, he will not live till evening. Let us hasten to secure a burial place in the Währing cemetery. It is at quite a distance, and I should like to be back soon."

As the struggle had grown less severe, and Hüttenbrenner remained behind, Schindler consented, and they went. It was an uncommonly sultry day for spring. Thick, black clouds were heaped upon the distant horizon, and a storm was approaching.

Schindler and Breuning walked along in silence. The stupendous moment, the depth of their grief, the sorrowful object of their walk,—finding a last, quiet dwelling place for their beloved friend and revered master,—convulsed their hearts and locked their lips as with an iron clasp. Schindler could think of but one thing,—it was Hardenberg's poem, which Beethoven had recited that morning with his feeble voice:—

Death sounds the wedding call,
The lamps their light are spending,
The virgins all attending;
There is no need of oil.
Let distant spaces echo
The music of thy train;
And let the starry worlds resound
With the sweet, human strain.

Take comfort. Life treads onward
To life forever more;
By inward glow expanded,
Our souls grow clear and pure.
The starry worlds will melt away
To golden, living wine;
We shall enjoy its sweetness,
And stars in glory shine.

When they arrived at the cemetery, a funeral procession prevented them from going farther.

Breuning asked, involuntarily, that he might divert his

thoughts a little while, who the dead man was, whom they were burying.

"An old miser," answered the person questioned, "who leaves an immense property behind him; one Dr. Fenchel," and the procession moved on.

Schindler and Breuning now did what was necessary; but the day seemed unfortunate in every respect. The storm came on with such terrible force that they were obliged to stop again on their way home.

Meanwhile, death was drawing nearer to Beethoven in cold and terrible majesty.

But Ludwig Van Beethoven lay quiet now. His thick, gray hair was damp with perspiration. His strongly-marked features were made more prominent by his sunken cheeks; his eyes, which had been so deep and earnest, were staring and motionless; his mouth was firmly closed.

The stillness of death reigned in the room. Hüttenbrenner sat by the dying man, and did not turn his eyes away from him. The faithful old housekeeper was kneeling by his bed, praying.

It seemed outside as if nature knew what was going on within; as if, by displaying her incomparable grandeur and majesty, she wished to celebrate the first moment when one of the glorious sons of earth returned to her.

The heavens were in a flame. Terrible lightning flashed through the air; the thunder rolled with such force that it seemed as if it would crush the earth to atoms; the storm howled on like a cry of agony, and the hail beat angrily against the trembling panes.*

The world did not think of him, the great Beethoven, to whom it had once paid enthusiastic homage, but the elements seemed to think of him. As in those powerful musical creations which he had left to the world his spirit often came forth out of a cloud, like a fearful flash of lightning, so now flashes darted out from the dark cloud above the heads of men, and the echoing thunder cried, "Tremble, and sink into the dust! Beethoven, Beethoven is dying! One of the best of men, whom you have shamefully forgotten, is breathing his last beneath these thunder-bolts!"

* A fact. Schindler.

The heavens and the earth trembled, and the storm howled "Amen, amen!"

Death also said "Amen." Beethoven's face was distorted, his eyes more fixed, glassy, and terrible. His breast heaved violently in its long, fearful struggle; the hand quivered, as if in the anguish of death; the throat rattled ——

Then a sea of fire covered the heavens, followed by a horrible thunder-clap; a gust of wind blew the windows open,—a shrill, rattling cry,—and — Beethoven was no more!

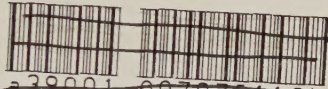
The church clock struck a quarter before six. The master had died in his fifty-sixth year. Hüttenbrenner closed his eyes, while hot tears ran down his face. Old Frau Streng threw herself upon the corpse and wept.

When Breuning and Schindler came in a quarter of an hour later they heard the words, "It is finished." But Ludwig Van Beethoven's face had grown peaceful, and was lighted up by a beautiful smile. The great man's sufferings and struggles were over, and a radiant spirit held above his head

THE LAUREL WREATH OF IMMORTALITY.

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